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THE

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New Hampshire State Magazine

VOLUME LII

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The Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS NUMBER:

AN INCOME TAX: PRO AND CON

By Hon. Albert O. Brown

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ALBERT O. BROWN

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LII JANUARY, 1920 No. 1

AN INCOME TAX PRO AND CON

By Albert O. Brown

The increasing volume of taxation raises the question of ways and means. For a hundred and twenty years, beginning with 1784, we were subject to the rule of proportion, copied into the constitution of New Hampshire from that of Massachusetts. But for the relatively unimportant and partially unused amendment of 1903, affecting inheritances and franchises, this rule is still in force. We are thus, except for polls, in the main restricted to the general property tax, and from it we derive most of the revenue for the support of government, state, county and local. It is believed, however, it cannot be relied upon to sustain any great increase in public expenditures.

The burden of federal taxation is heavy, how heavy it is difficult either to determine or to estimate. In this state, fortunately, the figures are at hand. In 1911 the property taxes assessed locally, that is, by the selectmen in the towns and the assessors in the cities, and mostly for the use of the towns and cities, amounted in round numbers to five and a half millions of dollars. In 1919 they amounted to eleven millions of dollars, an increase of one hundred per cent in eight years.

This statement, it must be remembered, does not include the million dollars more or less annually assessed against the statewide public service companies by the tax commission. It takes no account of the savings bank tax of $700,000, the poll tax of $360,000, the inheritance tax of $250,000, or the insurance tax of $125,000. Neither does it regard the multitude of fines and fees, including a half million dollars from automobile licenses, which add largely to the public income. It relates merely to the tax locally assessed upon local property, the average rate of which throughout the state for the present year is $2.28 on each one hundred dollars of a full valuation of all ratable estates.

Many still in active life will remember the almost oppressive taxation that followed the Civil War. During that struggle it was necessary for the cities and towns, to say nothing of the state, to incur large debts for bounties to soldiers and for other outlays which in the recent conflict they were able to avoid. In the late sixties these debts were in process of liquidation and taxes assumed unheard of proportions. To not a few confiscation seemed near at hand, and yet the per capita rate then was but one half of that which exists today.

Mindful of all the facts the legislature, when at the recent extra session it voted a bonus of $70 each to the veterans of the World War, also provided for the resulting expense by increasing the poll tax to $5 for five years and imposing it upon women as well as men in the event they are admitted to the suffrage. It was feared, and with good reason, that the measure would fail if the money appropriated by it were to be raised in the usual way through the medium of the property tax, already too high.

But it is apparent that, in the absence of retrenchment, much more money will be needed. The call of the schools cannot be denied. The needs of the highways—more and better good roads—are imperative.

And generally the high cost of government will assert itself.

The moral is plain. The red light is displayed. Of course poll taxes should go no higher. Property owners are already paying as much as they can afford. And this is especially true of the farmers on the hills and the small freeholders in the villages and cities who together constitute a large majority of the tax payers of the state. If this statement is accepted for truth, property taxes of the character that now obtain cannot be greatly increased. Therefore, should large sums of additional money be needed a new source of revenue must be found to supply them. The only such source in sight is a tax on incomes. This would rest principally upon interest and dividend receipts and would be far from inequitable.

Those who possess intangibles, whether with or without other property, are able to hold them only because of the protection afforded by the state. The courts are open to these persons and the police are at their service. They are entitled to attend and to send their children to the public schools. The highways, streets, sidewalks, sewers and lights are for their use. And in case they come to want, they are entitled to support at the public expense. In return they surely ought to contribute something on account of their intangible wealth to maintain the government from which all these benefits are derived. On the other hand, they cannot be expected to pay a full tax upon their securities, for they of necessity, have to bear the burden of a full tax upon the tangible property which those securities represent and which without diminishing itself gives to them all the value they possess. At current rates one can ill afford, directly or indirectly, to pay two full taxes upon the same property. The owner of a house is not required to pay a tax upon both it and the deed that conveys the title, or the poll tax payer to respond twice, once for himself and once for his image in the glass.

It is entirely feasible from a practical point of view, to classify stocks and credits for direct taxation at a rate commensurate with their ability to pay. This has been done in several jurisdictions and a flat tax of about four mills on the dollar has been found to afford a large return and to be otherwise satisfactory. The same practical result may be reached, however, by resorting to shares and money at interest indirectly through their income. And a tax on incomes has some advantages that classification as heretofore proposed in this state, does not possess. It may be made to apply to returns from business and personal earnings as well as from intangibles. On this principle a law was enacted in Massachusetts four years ago which has proved to be eminently successful. New York has just passed a general income tax law, and the trend in all of the states is toward income taxation.

If a tax on incomes from all sources were adopted as an adjunct to existing taxes, ample revenue could be provided at a low rate. The actual net income, seven-tenths personal and three-tenths corporate, returned from New Hampshire for federal taxation in 1917, which year furnishes the latest figures available, was $52,061,342. This sum may be too small for the present computation because $2,000 of income was excluded in the case of every personal return. If, however, it were to include in the case of personal returns all net incomes of $1,000 and over, as well as the net interest received by savings banks, which should be treated like other income, it would be increased to more than $60,000,000. But six per cent of this sum is $3,600,000. And six per cent is lower than any federal rate and higher than any we should need

to use. Of course we should have to forego the present tax on intangibles and savings bank deposits aggregating $900,000. The balance of $2,700,000 would represent the gain in revenue from income taxation. This with the increases from inheritances and automobile licenses, about to be realized, should satisfy our needs for many years to come.

It is impossible to tell from the printed tabulations just what part of the personal income returned from this state, as above, was derived from intangibles. But enough is known to warrant the assertion that it was sufficient, even if taxed at a low rate, to make a very important addition to present revenue. Indeed, many think it would be advisable, for a time at least, to confine an income tax to dividend and interest receipts exclusively.

In this connection it is appropriate to add that, from an economic standpoint, the law of this state governing the taxation of intangibles is especially absurd. Its effect, speaking generally, is entirely to exempt all stocks and to tax at full value all bonds and other credits, though the latter may be offset by interest bearing indebtedness, as they usually are. The result is that not five per cent of our intangibles outside the savings banks, estimated to be in excess of $300,000,000, contribute any revenue whatever to the public treasuries. Nor can the situation be greatly improved without an amendment to the proportional clause of the constitution. Obviously the question of an income tax, so far as it relates to intangibles, is not one of exemption but one of broad and inclusive taxation; not one of less but of greatly increased revenue.

A plan on the basis of the preceding paragraphs would add to our system a useful method of taxation. Flexibility would be one of its merits. The varying demands for revenue could generally be met by fractional changes in the rate of taxation. A portion of the burden of government now borne by the principal of property would be shifted to income and would rest upon the shoulders of those who are able and, for the most part at least, willing to bear it. Incidentally a wide spread demand would be satisfied and the forces of discontent depleted.

The tax would be easy to assess, as the amount of income could readily be ascertained from the return of the tax payer to the commissioner of internal revenue, or a duplicate thereof. It would also be easy to collect and easy to pay, since it could always be taken from income without liquidating fixed and unproductive property as is sometimes necessary under the present law.

But there is something before an income tax. Economy and efficiency are entitled to a trial. State and municipal affairs are seldom conducted with the prudence and sagacity that characterize private business. This is especially true of times like the present when the inflation of war, and, it may be added, its extravagance and waste, extend their influence to public finance. Reform is slow and difficult. It will come, however, whenever the people realize that their interest in government is several as well as joint. It will come chiefly through the town meetings and the boards of mayor and aldermen, where most of the appropriations are made and their expenditure authorized. If it were to come quickly the existing system of taxation, utilized to its utmost, would probably suffice for a considerable time. And it would avert a tax on incomes, which is otherwise inevitable within a few years.

All things considered, it is the part of wisdom, while a convention is at hand, so to amend the constitution that it will not condemn an income tax law if later its enactment is found necessary.

ALBERT O. BROWN

By H. C. Pearson

A periodical of national circulation has been printing a series of interesting articles about "the best farmers" in the different states of the Union. Its choices have provoked comment and criticism, which, doubtless, was one of the purposes in making them; but they have served, also, the better end of making the whole country acquainted with the splendid recent progress of agriculture in every section of the land. If its articles had been headed "The Best Types of Farmers" in the North, South, East and West, the appeal to the reader's curiosity would have been less strong, but there would have been little, if any, just ground for complaint as to the selection of men and of farms for description.

If this magazine should announce and print an article upon "The Best Man in New Hampshire," it might increase its circulation, but it would undertake an impossible task and would receive and deserve ridicule. But if the editor should be moved to discuss the best type of New Hampshire manhood and citizenship, not only would he have an interesting and comprehensive subject, but also one that could be illustrated with many individual portraits without giving any reason for adverse criticism.

If such a contribution were to be made to the pages of The Granite Monthly, this present writer can think of no man more worthy to be chosen as a representative of the specified type, "New Hampshire's best manhood and citizenship," than the subject of this article, Hon. Albert O. Brown of Manchester.

In the first place, Mr. Brown represents well the New Hampshire type because he is so thoroughly and entirely a New Hampshire man in every inch and ounce of his considerable height and weight. He was born and spent his boyhood on a New Hampshire farm. He attended a New Hampshire district school and then a New Hampshire academy. He is a graduate and a trustee of a New Hampshire college. He began the practice of his profession in New Hampshire and continued it there with eminent success for almost thirty years; turning then to the field of business and becoming the executive officer of New Hampshire's greatest financial institution. In public life he holds today two of the most important positions in the New Hampshire state government. In private life he is one of those kind friends, good neighbors and quiet gentlemen, upon whose steadfast, unassuming strength of character, in the mass, depends the safety and the future of our modern civilization.

It is thus seen how truly and essentially Mr. Brown is a typical New Hampshire man, by birth, residence, training, education, experience and service. How the value of his service and the depth of his loyalty to the commonwealth further qualify him to represent the Granite State at its best may be judged, though imperfectly, from the following brief sketch of his life, career and personality.

Albert Oscar Brown was born in Northwood, Rockingham County, New Hampshire, July 18, 1853, the son of Charles Osgood and Sarah Elizabeth (Langmaid) Brown, and the oldest of their three children. His great-great-grandfather, Jedediah Brown, removed from Seabrook to Raymond early in the eighteenth century and was the ancestor of many men and women who have played prominent parts in the life of

southeastern New Hampshire during the past two hundred years. Mr. Brown's mother was a member of a well known Chichester family, her brother, Edward Langmaid, being the leading citizen of that town for many years.

Mr. Brown's boyhood, like that of most lads of his time in rural New Hampshire, contained more of work and less of play than is now the rule; yet it was a happy one and one in which the right kind of foundations were laid for a strong, upright and useful manhood. The Northwood of that day was a prosperous agricultural community; a peaceful, wholesome environment; with a stage coach its one slight connection with the outer world, passing through every week day

In spite of its comparative isolation, Northwood had excellent educational facilities in the shape of unusually good common schools, and, in addition, Coes Northwood Academy, one of those preparatory schools of which so many, located here and there in New England country villages, have been a real factor in establishing high and true ideals of enlightenment and progress. In due time young Brown passed from the town schools into the academy and there fitted for college, which he entered in the fall of 1874. For his preparatory school, as for his college, Mr. Brown always has cherished a loyal and active regard. For many years he has been a member of the board of trustees of Coes Academy and for some time past the president of the board.

When Mr. Brown went to Hanover in 1874, he found Dartmouth still the small college which it was in Daniel Webster's day, and which it was to continue to be for two more decades. President Smith was soon to end his fourteen years of service as the head of that institution and President Bartlett to begin his term of fifteen years. The faculty was small, but strong, as the remembered names of Young, Quimby, Wright, Proctor, Parker, Lord, Noyes, Hitchcock and Sanborn will testify.

Most of Mr. Brown's classmates in '78 were country boys like him. They graduated 85 strong to become college presidents and professors, doctors of divinity and of medicine, judges of high courts, writers, publishers, editors, engineers and successful business men; not one of them, however, attaining a higher degree of success in life than has Mr. Brown. In college he was a member of the Zeta chapter of the Psi Upsilon fraternity; and his high standard of scholarship earned him an election to Phi Beta Kappa. He received the degree of Bachelor of Arts upon his graduation in June, 1878, and the honorary degree of Master of Arts in 1908. In 1911 Mr. Brown was chosen a trustee of the college and still continues to hold that office, the value of his services in that capacity being appreciated fully by his fellow alumni and by all who are interested in Dartmouth's future. He is a member of the committee of the board of trustees on Business Administration of the college and served on the special committee from the board which assisted in making the arrangements for the recent sesquicentennial of the founding of Dartmouth. His alma mater has no more loyal and loving son than he, nor one in whom capacity, desire and opportunity for valuable service are better united.

For three years after leaving college Mr. Brown was a school teacher acting as an instructor in Lawrence Academy, Groton, Massachusetts. In this work he was abundantly successful, but it was not his choice as a life career, and at the end of the period named he began the study of law in the office of Burnham & McAllister at Manchester,

later attending the law school of Boston University.

From this institution he graduated, *cum laude*, in 1884, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Laws; and in the same year he passed the New Hampshire bar examinations, at the head of his class, being admitted to practice in August. It was March 1, 1912, when he announced his retirement from the active work of his profession, so that the length of his distinguished legal career was almost twenty-eight years. Throughout this period he was associated with the late Judge Henry E. Burnham, for twelve years United States Senator from New Hampshire. The other members of the firm were the late Hon. Edwin F. Jones, George H. Warren, Esq., Allan M. Wilson, Esq., and Robert L. Manning, Esq.

It is probable that no other law firm in the history of New Hampshire ever handled a greater aggregate amount of business in a similar period of time or with a higher average of success. Certainly no such firm ever had a more honorable record or one more conspicuous for dignity, ability and integrity. It was counsel in a large number of the more important court cases of its time, while attending, also, to a great amount of business of an advisory and executive character. Its roll of clients was a notable one and its professional reputation was deservedly high and widely established.

During the long absence of Senator Burnham in Washington, Mr. Brown was the head of the firm, with the burden of its responsibilities upon his shoulders, and it is sufficient to say that its steady progress in the path of professional success continued without interruption under his direction.

In looking back over his professional career, Mr. Brown likes to remember that one of his earliest successes was in an important highway case to which his native town and two other neighboring towns were parties. It was sharply contested, and involved certain legal points of more than common interest. Winning it meant much to the young practitioner in the way of assuring his future success; but he was also glad to be able to begin so early the repayment of the debt of gratitude which he felt he owed his Old Home town for the wholesome environment and good educational opportunities which it provided him in youth.

Throughout the years of his activity at the bar, Mr. Brown devoted his energies and abilities without stint to the work of his profession, evincing a singleness of purpose in this regard which is one of the surest passports to success. He did not by any means shut himself off from other interests, but the practice of law came first with him and other things afterward; a manner of life which he never has had occasion to regret.

It was natural, in fact almost inevitable, that a man of the sound business judgment and great professional success of Mr. Brown should have his counsel sought in financial affairs and the benefit of his influence and advice desired by financial institutions. In 1894 he became a trustee of the Amoskeag Savings Bank of Manchester, the largest in the state. In 1905 he succeeded the late Otis Barton as its president, and in January, 1912, following the death of George Henry Chandler, he was chosen its treasurer.

Incorporated in 1852, it has long held the leadership among all institutions of the kind in New Hampshire and was so ranked when Mr. Brown became its active head eight years ago. It then had 23,000 depositors and $16,000,000 in assets. Today it has 29,000 depositors and $22,000,000 in assets. The figures speak for themselves, and eloquently both as to Mr. Brown's success as

a financier and as to the confidence and regard which he has inspired in the constituency of his bank. His position brings him in personal touch with the home and business problems of thousands of people, and it is among them, chiefly those in moderate circumstances, that he stands strongest today.

Mr. Brown was one of the special committee from the trustees of the bank which had charge of erecting in 1913 and 1914 the magnificent ten-story limestone office building, by far the finest in New Hampshire, which the bank owns, and in part occupies, and of which not only the city in which it is located, but the whole state, is justly proud.

Although Mr. Brown's devotion to his professional and business interests has been unusual, he has not allowed it to shut him off from participation in the social, fraternal, religious and other activities of his city. He is a member of the Masonic fraternity, the Elks, the Grange, and of the Derryfield Club in Manchester and attends the First Congregational Church, of whose work he is a generous supporter.

Mr. Brown was united in marriage at Ayer, Mass., December 20, 1888, to Miss Susie J. Clarke, and their home life has been happy at their residence, 395 Lowell street, Manchester. In an unusual degree, Mr. Brown has retained through life his interest in the affairs which pertain to youth, an interest which by affording opportunities for much-needed recreation has tended to keep him young in spirit and in body, and has also prompted many acts of advantage to young men of his acquaintance.

A Republican in political belief, conscientious in the discharge of his duties as a citizen, Mr. Brown always took an intelligent interest in the public questions of the day, both state and national, and lent the weight of his influence and example to the support of principles and candidates in accord with his convictions; but until within a decade the pressure upon his time was such that he did not feel that he could enter actively into public life.

And it was, in fact, through a professional engegement that he was first induced to accept a state office. In 1910 and 1911 he was associated with the attorney-general as special counsel for the state in the important railroad tax appeals then pending in the supreme court; prepared the state's side, and took a prominent part at the trial of the litigation against the Boston & Maine and other railroads over the assessment of taxes upon them by the state board of equalization.

How his work in this case was regarded by the justices before whom it was tried was made evident in May, 1911, when the court appointed him chairman of the newly created state tax commission for a term of six years; and that he fulfilled their highest expectations was shown by his reappointment in 1917 for a second term.

This state tax commission is one of the most important and valuable departments of the state government. William B. Fellows of Tilton and John T. Amey of Lancaster were named as Mr. Brown's colleagues upon it when the commission was formed and have so continued by successive re-appointments.

The difficult task of the state tax commission is three-fold in character, executive, educative and judicial. By state and district conferences and institutes, local tax officials must be given a broad view of their duties, as well as an intimate knowledge of all their details, and must be brought to work in harmony for an honest, effective, impartial, intelligent administration of the tax laws of the state. Justice must be done between all sections

of the state and all classes of its people. Problems must be solved, knots untangled, difficulties overcome, the rough made smooth and the crooked made straight.

How much has been accomplished on all these lines by the New Hampshire tax commission; how greatly it has improved Granite State conditions in its department during the less than a decade of its existence are well known and thoroughly appreciated by those acquainted with the facts. And that the tax commission has been able to make so good a record has been due in large part to the hard work, deep thought and ability as a leader of its chairman. Mr. Brown's training for the place had been of the best; he had a store of knowledge as to both urban and rural conditions; his long and extensive legal practice had brought him in contact with many taxation problems and had given him the ability to cope with them.

In an article published in this number of The Granite Monthly, Mr. Brown gives his views as to some changes that may need to be made in our system of taxation. His addresses on similar lines upon various occasions have attracted more than state wide attention and have caused him to be numbered among the authorities of national reputation on taxation. At the recent conference of New England tax officials in Boston, Mr. Brown was one of the presiding officers, and was chosen to make the reply to the address of welcome by Lieutenant Governor Cox. He is, also, a member of the National Tax Association.

Pending changes for the better in our laws governing taxation, those now upon the statute books have been administered and enforced by the state tax commission without fear or favor and with an efficient impartiality which is the one prime object to be achieved by such a body.

In the discharge of his duties as chairman of the tax commission, Mr. Brown has gone into every part of the state and become acquainted with its local conditions. At the same time he has added greatly to the already wide acquaintance among the people of New Hampshire which he had gained by his legal practice.

The regard in which Mr. Brown is held by the people and the estimate which they have formed of his ability and integrity was shown in a striking manner when the convention to revise the constitution of the state assembled at Concord, June 5, 1918. Mr. Brown had been chosen a delegate from his home ward, and when the time came for its permanent organization he received the striking compliment of an unanimous election as the president of the convention.

In moving that the temporary secretary of the convention cast one vote for Mr. Brown as president, a motion which prevailed without a single voice in the negative, Leslie P. Snow, Esq., of Rochester, said: "We are fortunate in having one member whose fitness for the high office of president is recognized by us all, a man of large experience, a man of sound judgment, a lawyer, a financier, and a public servant of tried capacity."

During the three days' session of the convention, at this time, Mr. Brown showed himself a dignified, impartial and capable presiding officer, making it evident that at the longer session, which has been called for January 13, he will so direct the deliberations of the convention as to secure a maximum of result at a minimum of time and expense.

During the deliberations of the convention in committee of the whole at the 1918 session, Mr. Brown took part in debate in a man-

ner which revealed to his hearers his quality as a logical thinker and clear, candid and convincing speaker, characteristics of his oratory which have been in evidence since his lawyer days and which add to the interest and value of the various public addresses he has been called upon to make.

The World War, which cut short the deliberations of the constitutional convention of 1918, and which demanded from every loyal citizen sacrifice and effort in proportion to his capacity, found Mr. Brown serving upon the New Hampshire Committee of One Hundred on Public Safety, by appointment of Governor Henry W. Keyes, and upon its subcommittee on Aid to Dependents, by appointment of Chairman John B. Jameson. He also was vice-chairman of the Manchester Thrift Committee and one indication of his work in the way of thrift was the fact that his bank enrolled more than 13,000 subscribers to the various Liberty Loans on the weekly payment plan.

Mr. Brown's prominence in the professional, financial and public life of the state has been such for many years that, united with his universally acknowledged ability, integrity and loyalty, it made it only a matter of time when his name should be considered in connection with the position of Chief Executive of New Hampshire.

In the minds of his fellow Republicans in the city of his residence, that time came last year, and in January, 1919, the fifty-two members of the Republican city committee of Manchester adopted unanimously a resolution asking Mr. Brown to become a candidate for the party nomination for Governor at the primary of 1920. Such unanimity of action on the part of the official representatives of the state's majority party in the state's largest city was in itself a remarkable compliment to Mr. Brown, and an indication of the strength which his candidacy would develop throughout the commonwealth.

Fully appreciating the personal regard thus shown for him by his fellow citizens, Mr. Brown did not make up his mind in regard to their request until he had canvassed thoroughly the situation as regards the whole state and had become convinced that there was a genuine desire on the part of the Republicans everywhere for him to become a candidate. Being assured of this fact, and seeing a great opportunity for useful service in the office of Governor during the coming term, Mr. Brown addressed to the Republicans of New Hampshire an open letter, concise, dignified and sincere, in which he announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination.

"If the Republicans of the state shall consider me fitted for the high office of Governor," he wrote, "I shall be grateful for their faith and will appreciate their support. In the event of my nomination, I pledge to them every effort to promote the success of their whole ticket, and, if elected, to give to the people, so far as lies in my power, prudent, progressive and efficient management for their common affairs.

"To be Governor of New Hampshire is a worthy ambition, but the quest of the office should be undertaken with the sole purpose of service to the state, opportunities for which will crowd the constructive years of the next administration. It is with a full sense of the duty and the privilege of this service that I announce my candidacy."

These are the characteristic words of a man of great ability, but of equal modesty; a man who, by hard work and tireless industry, has made the most of a fine mental and physical equipment in the accomplishment of things worth while. These are the traits of Albert O. Brown,

good citizen, valuable public official, successful man of affairs, as the public knows him. Intimate friends will add to them the possession of a quiet, kindly, democratic, always helpful personality, which endears him most to those who know him best.

COASTING

By Charles Nevers Holmes

In days of old—long, long ago—
When field and fell were white with snow,
And air was crisp and chill,
In boyhood days, upon our sled,
With cheeks aglow, we swiftly sped
Adown an ice-bound hill.

In homespun scarf and reefer dressed,
We reached at last the hill's long crest
And paused beneath its pine,
With running start we launched our craft,
Just like some small and sailless raft,
Upon that steep decline.

Adown that slope of ice and snow,
Like arrow shot from archer's bow,
We coasted on our sled;
The keen air whistled like a blast,
The landscape flew like lightning past,
Our course was straight ahead.

Mid solitude—all, all alone—
Our eyes alert, our body prone,
With skillful foot we steered;
Our little sled sped swifter still
Upon that smooth and shining hill,
Yet we were not afeard.

We reached the bottom—on we flew
Across a frozen field or two,
And stopped beside a lane;
Then, slowly, by its ragged rope
We drew our sled back to the slope,
And climbed the hill again.

Like other pastimes out-of-door
Our coasting all too soon was o'er,
Its transitory thrill;
But memory awakes once more
This scene when in those days of yore,
We coasted down that hill.

THE BRINGING UP OF BILL

By Arthur B. Rotch.

My family consists of one boy, aged three, named Bill.

No, to be accurate his name isn't Bill. He was named after the well known Norman Conqueror, and more immediately for his paternal granddad. But up to the present the youngster has no reason to suspect that the family Bible records him as William.

And while we are being so dog-gone accurate we may as well admit that the family also comprises Bill's mother, who looks after him, and me, who tries to provide the wherewithal. For the sake of a complete census, and to please the local Boosters' Club, which resents any underestimate of the village population, those two official family members may be recorded. Not that they make any real difference, though. Bill is the whole works.

Then there is the dog. He ought to count.

I never felt quite right about that dog until lately. Every year the pup had to contribute two dollars to the commonwealth, for which he received a small slip of paper and the right to wear a collar. I also paid a two-dollar poll tax. My receipt was bigger that his, and it entitled me to vote for any political candidate provided he was a Republican, to claim protection of the police and fire department, to declaim vociferously about the rights of an American citizen until another bird, also named William, denied those rights, and then it permitted me to register for military service. Nobody ever questioned my right to wear a collar. No, it didn't look like a fair deal for the dog. And as he is a highly intelligent animal, I always had a sneaking fear that he would someday reproach me for a taxation system which charged him the same rate it did me, and gave him so much less.

But now it is all right. The State has agreed to let the ladies vote and charge us all five dollars.

The case of the dog is the best argument I have heard for the high poll tax. I assume Senator Moses has no dog.

Bringing up a kid from nothing at all to three years is a very entertaining job. You do it, and you think you know it all, and nobody else has the real first-hand information. Then you chance to remember that it has been done before, several times. It sort of revives your interest and confidence in humanity, which may have begun to slip a little.

Also it gives you a bit of that feeling of insignificance you experience on a small boat out of sight of land, or when looking aloft on a cloudless night and trying to count the stars.

If one small boy can ask so many questions and demand so many explanations that your head feels like your brains had been scrambled with an egg beater, what must have been going on through past ages, and must continue throughout uncounted aeons?

But what a lot of fun it is!

A kid, you know, even a little young one like Bill, is a real individual. He has tastes of his own; likes and dislikes which nobody taught him.

It is flattering to find somebody who has tastes like your own, even if it is only a kid. So I am delighted to discover that Bill is fond of animals and detests most grand opera music, while showing a decidedly lowbrow fondness for the kind of

phonograph records his dad selects and which kind friends assure him are most "common."

Just now the youngster has resurrected an old one, entitled "Over There," and is playing it more or less continuously during his waking hours. I think he likes the drum and bugle. He may appreciate the sentiment. But probably he chooses it because his parents are thoroughly tired of it and let him run it all day without the annoying formality of changing the needle.

The kid likes birds, animals and flowers. His dad can't keep up with him on the flora, but entirely sympathizes with the fondness for beasts.

The aforementioned dog had gotten beyond puppyhood when Bill horned into the family group and ursurped the place of honor as head of the family.

Solicitous neighbors assured me that with the arrival of Bill the dog would have to go. He would be so jealous, you know. But we took a chance, and about the first creeping the kid did was up on the dog's back, with one fist in his mouth, and the other grasping an ear. Since that informal introduction they have been the best friends, and I stoutly maintain that no boy should be raised without a dog, preferably a mongrel.

They will maul each other around. The kid will occasionally maltreat the dog and the dog will sometimes take the baby's cookie. But there will grow up between them a friendship and love and understanding which no other animal can give, and which I suspect, only a child can give to an animal.

Sometimes the dog makes an amusing mistake, just like we all do.

A few weeks ago my wife was entertaining her aunt, a delightfully dignified lady of mature years. It came time for aunt to go, and she went out to the automobile which the dog regards as his, but which is registered in my name. She tried to get in, but nearly lost a finger when she tried to open the door. The dog was on guard and wouldn't let her come near. Soon Bill went out. The dog welcomed him gladly. In about ten minutes the kid's mother appeared, and found Bill and the dog waiting happily on the front seat, and auntie standing uncomfortably ten feet away wondering when something would happen to relieve the situation and give her a chance to sit down. Knowing the dog as I do I can assure her that she couldn't have laid a hand on that boy or that car if she had waited there ten hours.

At various times the kid has many other kinds of pets. For a while he had a large cat, who was in daily conflict with the dog. Puss could wallop the dog as easily as Dempsey can punch a newsboy. But the cat's nervous system didn't stand it. The daily scraps were fun for the dog, but the cat used to get all haired up, literally, and finally disappeared, much to everybody's sorrow.

Then came a kitten, who adopted a non-flight, non-fight, non-interference policy, and won the hearts of everybody, even the dog. It would actually purr while being toted about the house by the tail, and the only resentment ever registered was one day when the kid filled his toy washtub with suds and undertook to give the cat a scrubbing and put her through the clothes wringer.

Then there were the chickens.

The first lot were the bantams, and if the well-known guardian Sphinx of Thebes (or was it some other ancient metropolis?) had wanted a really baffling riddle to propound to travellers she should have inquired "why is a bantam?"

Those birds would roost in the tops of the trees, on the roof of the house, everywhere except in the cosy quarters provided for them,

rent free, including janitor, heat, light and water. It was my nightly job to locate 'em, pry them off the branches, and herd them back to their own apartment.

But we kept them. We kept them all summer, and then found a boarding place for them for the winter, just because Bill loved them. We didn't get them back, though. In the spring came a flock of nine baby chickens, real ones.

One of the nine died, and the other eight grew up into roosters.

In these days of rare and costly food, it is quite a chore to furnish feed for all the pets Bill accumulates. At one time he daily passed out fodder to his sweet kitten, his dear dog, his pet pig, his faithful fowls, his favorite captive turtle, his tame squirrels, his six goldfish and his one lizard. Some little menagerie for a family which doesn't pretend to be in the business.

Now Bill is counting on having a pet lamb next year, and PERHAPS a skunk. He hasn't found one yet, but he knows there are some around, and he is HOPING he can catch one. Here's hoping!

So far Bill hasn't shown any signs of wanting to hurt animals for the fun of it. If he ever does, his old man is planning to give him a paddling he will long remember.

He has a lot of these story books where the animals talk, and the bad animal always meets his just deserts. He takes them quite seriously. Some day I may try writing some of those yarns. Not that I have any idea how to do it. But just for the sake of variety I would like to see one in which the fox and the wolf were not the villains. The supply of stories now available at the toy stores give the wrong impression that the moral fibre of the average fox is far inferior to that of Little Pig. I don't believe it is true. But after hearing those stories read over and over again, read and reread by the hour by Bill's tired mother, I am beginning to appreciate the power of repetition by which you can make a man believe he is a goat if you only tell him he is often enough. Sometimes I have to be told so only once to begin feeling under my hat for the horns.

While Bill and I agree on animals we do not get together on this garden stuff. He likes it, and I don't.

Once during the war I tried to save humanity by planting a garden. If I remember rightly, I got five potatoes and ten blisters, one small sunflower, and one big sunburn, and raised an antipathy toward a garden hoe which will last a lifetime. My only regret is that we didn't have the poultry, lizard and goldfish then, for the bugs and insects which inhabited that garden would have been of some use as bait.

But this summer, against his dad's advice, the kid had a garden, all his own. It was a small one, for he is a small kid. Perhaps that is why he planted his crops one on top of the other.

First he put in some corn and radishes. Next day he decided on nasturtiums, and shortly after determined to grow prunes. Something came up and he watered it lovingly for weeks. I think it was a mullen.

I have long suspected that the missing kitchen scissors, a napkin ring and salt shaker, the garden trowel and perhaps an errant fountain pen might be found by careful excavations in the kid's garden. But it is sacred soil, and we will leave it undisturbed. Perhaps future generations will exhume those relics and deduce therefrom the strange customs of the prehistoric dwellers in the Granite State.

While the boy is encouraged in humane treatment of his pets he is allowed to exercise his predatory instincts on the various bugs and beetles which divide their time between devastating the trees and working

themselves into embarrassing places in the kid's mother's costume or hair.

If the State and town spend good money killing caterpillars, why shouldn't the kid do his bit?

His bit? Well, about the first caterpillar he ever saw he grabbed and bit it in two. He was about a year old at the time, and I don't think he has tried any bug lunches since. He may have, but I doubt it. Immediately after munching the browntail he learned to spit. That used to be a noble art in these parts, back in the days of the cracker barrel, the sawdust box and the pot-bellied stove. But I think for his age and weight and previous lack of practice Bill put it over anything yet produced as a fine and fancy spitter, tending rather toward the spray and through-the-teeth school.

A caterpillar, I am authoritatively informed, tastes sour. I have learned to like olives. I can relish some of the green-grass salads. Except for carrots I get along fairly well with most vegetables. But I haven't learned to enjoy a mixture of green stuff and meat in the form of caterpillar, and from watching the kid I don't expect to.

The kid is busy picking a vocation and every few days he decides on a different life ambition. A few weeks ago he had it all planned to be a painter. No, not one of these long-haired chaps with a small sash for a necktie, but a real painter, a useful one, like the one who came to color up the house and decorate the window sashes. That kind of a painter can go up a ladder, clear to the top, and stay there as long as he likes without any bothersome mother yelling for him to come down. Apparently nobody ever makes him wash his ears or clean his fingernails. That's the life!

A few days after the painter left the kid found his brush and a can of black paint in the cellar. After about an hour his mother became worried by the unusual calm, and investigated. She discovered her youthful heir on the cellar floor with a pile of rocks which he was busily painting. He announced that he was making coal, and as fast as he could color up the rocks he was throwing them into the coal bin.

They have all been through the furnace now, and I can't honestly see any difference between the $12-a-ton fuel and the hand decorated rocks. I have often wondered how the dealers ever got hold of such fire-proof coal. Now I suspect they have kids of their own. A large family of industrious children must be a wonderful boon to a poor struggling coal dealer.

The kid has at sundry times announced his intention of following the honorable calling of plumber. The chief charm, I suspect, is the utter disregard for personal cleanliness and the charming indifference to grime and soot which the average plumber shows while engaged in his work.

For a short time the youngster considered the wild free life of an elevator boy, the noblest calling of them all. He may have changed his mind when he learned that the elevator man is expected to stop whenever anybody wants him to, but I rather think the elevator ambition was just crowded out by the fascinating prospect of being an engineer, and not by any logical train of reasoning.

A locomotive engineer can be as dirty as a plumber, and ride farther and faster than an elevator man. So, ho for the engineer! If Mr. Plum's ingenious plan should materialize, the engineers and the rest of them would own the rails and all, the engines and stations and handcars, and when he starts out he can go as long and far as he likes without having to pay attention to stops which the time table shows, and he

will get paid for it at a fabulous price, and the pay-roll will be made up with taxes, and all together it looks like a sure cinch.

No, I haven't studied the Plum plan very thoroughly, but as an outsider I rather think I shall encourage the kid to persist in his desire to be an engineer. I think I should like to have one member of the family wealthy. It might relieve the county of a charge.

While waiting for his union card in the brotherhood the kid is trying his hand at cooking. The "special, ready to serve" he cooked up last week contained a bit of most everything in the pantry, stirred up with half a bottle of vanilla extract, and frosted with lint from the vacuum sweeper. He claimed it was prepared especially for the goldfish, to see if it wouldn't turn them green. He was broken-hearted when his mother wouldn't let him feed it to the aquarium.

I am often puzzled by the way some of my foreign-born friends bubble up English words, but now I am beginning to wonder how anybody ever learns the language anyhow. The kid is doing remarkably well, for one who started with a vocabulary limited solely to "eek, eek." In three years he has worked up a pretty fair command of the tongue. I'll bet I couldn't do it.

How can you explain that there are three kinds of "to's," when you can't write it, no matter how hard you try? How confusing are the woods and woulds? Why isn't the second a "tooth?" and what makes the seconds on the clock different from the one between the first and the third? No wonder the kid asks "will a bee sting me? then what will an A do to me?" Do you marvel that he asks how he can see a C but can't see the sea? He is always asking such questions, and keeps me feeling like an ignorant, helpless idiot because I can't answer one like this, "What is the hole in the keg to put the cider in and get the cider out so we can drink it called a bung for?"

In a wild attempt to solve the problem of answering questions we blew a week's income on a book, a marvelous volume, which has the answer to every question a child can possibly ask. The prospectus and the agent assured us it would. It even gives the proper answer to such a question as: "Where does the light go when it goes out?"

We have had the book now for six months and up to this date the kid hasn't asked a single question which the book answers. It seems as though the time would soon come when he would have asked every other question in the world and would have to begin on those in the book.

I don't particularly care, though, for I don't think the book will do much good. That question about the light seemed to be a dandy. I was frankly curious to know where the light goes when it goes out. It had never occurred to me to wonder, but the book roused my curiosity. If it could tell where the light goes it certainly ought to tell me where the cook goes when she goes out; not that it makes any difference now because it is now many moons since a cook of ours went out, never to return, and we have given up hope of snaring a successor. We heard that she had gone out to work in a mill at $44 for 44 hours, but there was nothing in the book about her.

It did tell about the light, though. It told several paragraphs about "infinitesimal particles of luminous carbon and incandescent gas which when deprived of oxygen or reduced in temperature, etc, etc."

Imagine telling stuff like that to a kid three years old!

No, that book is a failure as a help in child-raising, though it may help

the publisher buy milk and eggs for his own offspring. I hope it does.

I am still stalling on questions, using the same old dodge, perhaps with some variations, which Eve worked on little Abel. When he wanted to know what made the freckles on Cain's nose, Eve answered by calling attention to the pretty dinosaur chasing the pterodactyl down the Euphrates. It is precisely the same type of answer used by politicians, candidates and helpless dads today.

My kid is full of mischief. He is up to something and into something every minute. His mother sometimes tries to conceal it, and for the benefit of visiting friends make him out to be a regular angel child. If they are polite they pretend to believe it. But not me. My sentiments are poetically expressed by James J. Montague, when he says:

When Willie inverts a cup custard
On grandfather's silvery head,
Deposits the cat in his sister's new hat
Or saws off the legs of the bed,
Or secretly stuffs the piano
With grasshoppers, crickets and such
It's a pretty safe bet that the dear little pet
Has been to the movies too much.

Whenever the child of your neighbor
Gives forth a terrific "Boohoo!"
And you find she is bound to a stake in the ground
By the coils of a clothes-line lasso,
It's safe to conjecture that Willie
Has been overfed on the art
You often have seen when they flash on the screen
The prowess of Fairbanks and Hart.

Yet we, who are old, can remember
The kids of an earlier time
Who fed on the tales of the wild western trails
That reeked with all manner of crime;
When rifles rang out in the barnyard,
And the rooster was watchful and spry
Who got to his roost when the volley was loosed
And the death-dealing bullets flew by.

And when the last rough stuff is censored
And movies are gentle and mild,
As reformers could ask who are charged with the task
Of making life Fit For the Child,
The Child will proceed at his leisure
To break all attempts at restraint,
For a kid is a kid, and dear Heaven forbid
That he ever behave like a saint!

NEW HAMPSHIRE TOWN BOUNDARIES DETERMINED BY MASON'S CURVE

By George B. Upham

Our older readers will retain recollections of the County Maps of about 1860 with pictures on their margins which hung on the walls of many New Hampshire homesteads.

In boyhood the writer was especially interested in the brooks and ponds shown on the map of Sullivan County, just too far away for a day's excursion, but believed to contain larger and hungrier trout than any to be found nearer home.

On this map the towns were splotched in vivid tints, some green, some pink, some yellow; the boundary lines accentuated by broad bands of deeper color. These colors with the straight, notched, and sometimes gently curved outlines made a design strongly suggesting a crazy quilt.

When half a century later this same map was recovered from the attic, its pigments mellowed by time, the stronger tints of the boundary lines stood out even more conspicuously than before and led to some reflections.

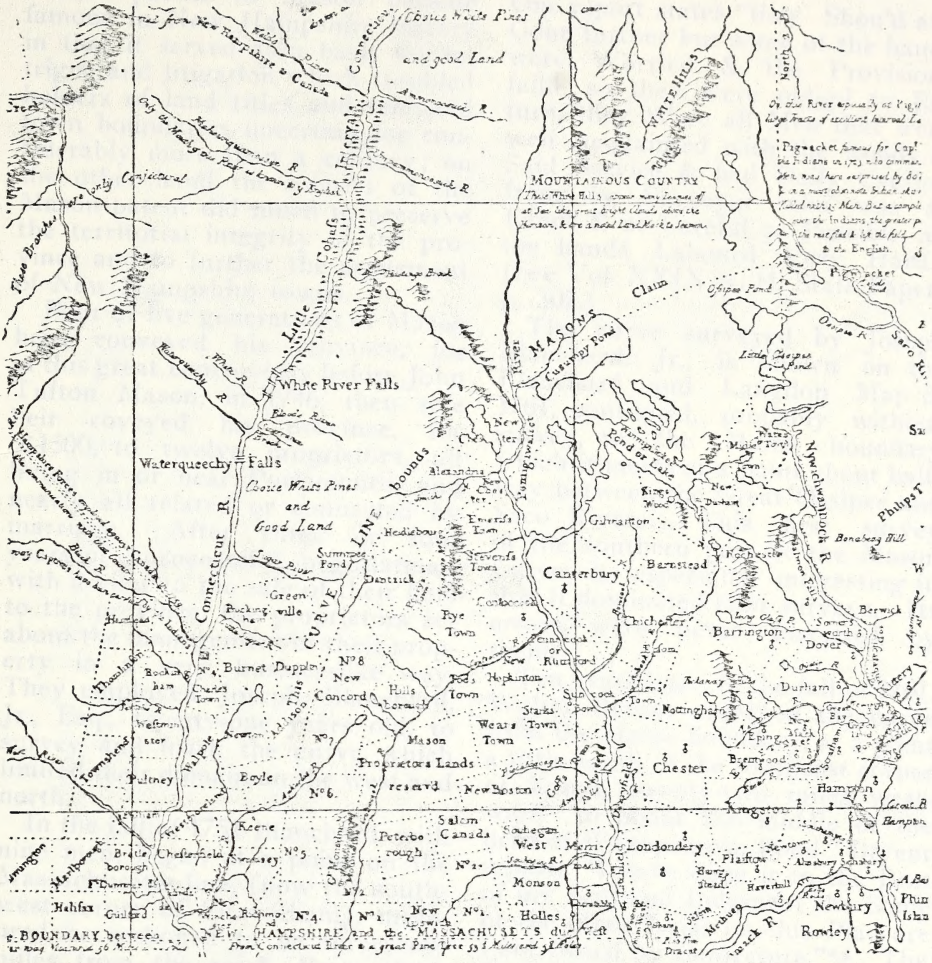
Why did these lines run thus? Why did various straight boundary lines slant conspicuously to the southeast? Why were some of them slightly curved? An examination of other county maps disclosed like frequency of southeasterly slants, and in places, a continuation of this same curve. Search for an answer to these inquiries led us back three centuries, to a time when the Mayflower was buffeting her way into the Gulf of Maine, a few days before she sighted land at Cape Cod.

On November 3, 1620, King James I. was graciously pleased, on his own and sole authority to grant to forty gentlemen of distinction a charter for a corporation named "The Council Established at Plymouth in the County of Devon for the Planting, Ruling, Ordering, and Governing of New England in America." This was commonly called the "Council of Plymouth."

In 1622 this corporation granted to Sir Ferdinando Gorges and John Mason, two of its most active members, a patent for extensive but uncertain territory called the "Province of Maine." It later granted other conflicting and uncertain patents; one in 1629 to Mason alone for territory to be called "New Hampshire," including therein a large part of the territory which, in much the same language, had been granted previously as the "Province of Maine."

The land granted by the patent of 1629 to Mason was described as "beginning from ye Middle part of Merrimack River & from thence to proceed Northwards along ye Sea coaste to Passcattaway river & soe forwards up within ye sd river to ye furthest head thereof & from thence Northwestwards until Threescore miles be finished from ye first entrance of Passcattaway river & also from Merrimacke through ye sd River & to ye furthest head thereof & soe forward up into ye land Westwards until Threescore miles be finished and from thence to cross over land to ye Threescore miles end accounted from Pascattaway river."*

* The Merrimack River, in 1629, was supposed, by the geographers in London to have an easterly course throughout. The great bend from a southerly to an easterly course was apparently unknown.



The Blanchard and Langdon map is the earliest known map of New Hampshire giving town boundaries from the Connecticut River to the sea, prepared for publication in 1761. This is the Col. Joseph Blanchard who surveyed on the Connecticut River in the winter of 1760. A copy of this map from the original engraved plate is in the State Library at Concord. It is reproduced, without title or explanation, in Volumes xxiv and xxvi of the New Hampshire State Papers. The original is inscribed as follows:

"An Accurate Map of His Majestys Province of New Hampshire in New England, taken from Actual Surveys of all the inhabited Part, and from the best information of what is uninhabited together with the adjacent Countries, which exhibits the Theatre of this War in That Part of the World, by Col. Blanchard, and the Revd. Mr. Langdon. Engraved by Thomas Jefferys, Geographer to His Majesty—"

"To the Right Honorable Charles Townshend, His Majesty's Secretary at War, & One of His Majestys most Honorable Privy Council, &c. This Map of the Province of New Hampshire Is Humbly Inscribed, by His most Obliged and Most Obedt Servts.

Portsmouth
New Hampshire
21 Octr 1761."

JOSEPH BLANCHARD
SAMUEL LANGDON

This patent to Mason became famous in New Hampshire history in that it served as a basis for intrigue and litigation which troubled holders of land titles and rendered town boundaries uncertain for considerably more than a century; on the other hand the owners of the Mason patent did much to preserve the territorial integrity of the province and to further the settlement of New Hampshire towns.

Four or five generations of Mason heir, conveyed his province, for of this great controversy before John Tufton Mason, in 1746, then sole heir coveyed his province, for £1500, to twelve proprietors, all living in or near Portsmouth, and nearly all related or connected by marriage. After three or four years of unsuccessful negotiations, with a view to the sale of their land to the province, the proprietors set about the management of their property in a very businesslike way. They employed Joseph Blanchard, Jr., Esq., twenty-one years old, to survey and mark the curve which limited their domain on the west and north.

In the fall of 1751 Blanchard, with nine men, began at a point on the Massachusetts line, (now the southwest corner of Fitzwilliam), measured or reckoned to be threescore miles from the sea.* From there they surveyed by running straight lines for five miles as chords of the curve, marking the trees, and measuring the angle at the end of each chord before proceeding further. In this way they surveyed through swamps, over mountains, to the west of Monadnock and Sunapee Mountains, crossed on a raft nearly half the length of Sunapee Lake, the line cutting Great Island, and so on to Newfound Lake, sixty-seven miles according to their measure. One report states "they Shou'd ave Gone further but some of the hands were Worried & the Provisions faild, so they were obligd to Return, they Were all Men that were well Acquainted with the woods & Said Service & had Daily Caution from the Surveyor who was as Exact & as Careful as Possible, all the hands Labourd Very Hard." (See Vol. XXIX N. H. State Papers p. 307.)

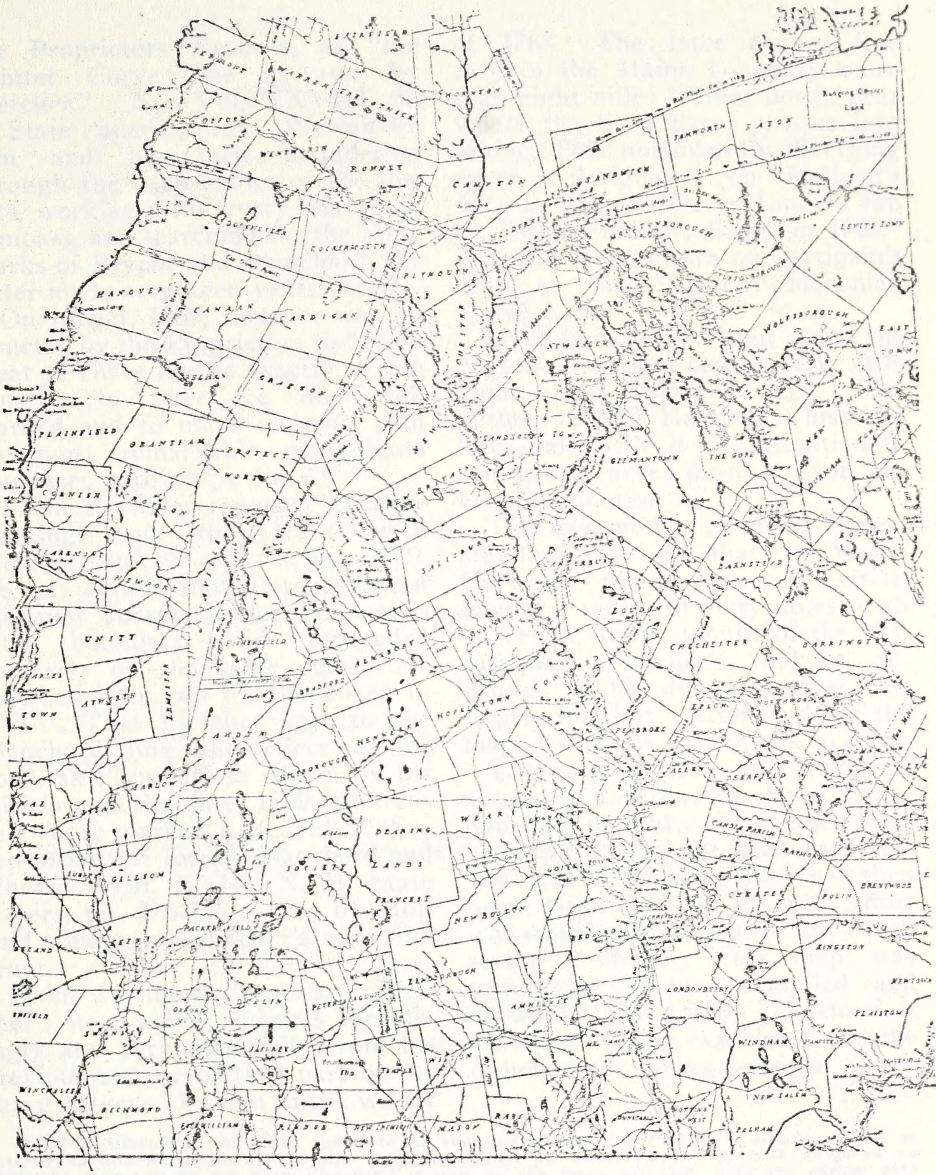
The curve surveyed by Joseph Blanchard, Jr., is shown on the Blanchard and Langdon Map of 1761, continued, probably without survey, to the Maine boundary which it meets at a point about halfway between the Great Ossipee and Saco Rivers. This first survey of the southern part of the Mason Curve is especially interesting in that it dominated later surveys. Its errors were never corrected by them.

Ten years later, in the fall of 1761, Walter Bryent surveyed the curve from the Maine boundary, at a point a little south of the southeast corner of Eaton, twenty-two miles westward "to about the middle of the head of Wenepesocke Pond." Bryent reports "I have done it to the Best of my Scill and Judgment tho Some of the other Lines on this Plan are Laid Down by Conjecture."** The Proprietors apparently thought so much conjecture had entered into Bryent's calculations that it was best to have a new survey made.

Holland's Map, prepared for publication in 1774, shows a curved line from the Maine boundary at the southeast corner of Eaton to Newfound Lake, there joining Blanchard's curve which ended at the western shore. This curve Holland designated the "Mason Curve Line as run by Robt. Fletcher, Esq., in March, 1768." It is described in

* On recent maps this distance is, by scale, almost exactly sixty nautical miles, of 6080 feet each, from the mouth of the Merrimack.

** See Vol. XXIX N. H. State Papers, Diagram and Affidavit inserted at p. 500. Bryent marks his curve "The Sweep of Sixty Miles From the Sea."



Holland's Map is described on its face as "A Topographical Map of the State of New Hampshire. Surveyed under the direction of Samuel Holland, Esq'r., Surveyor General for the Northern District of North America;.....London; printed for William Faden geographer, to the King, Charing Cross, March first, 1784." The surveys for this valuable map were made at the public expense in 1773 and 1774, but "owing to the disturbances which commenced immediately afterwards, the map was not engraved till 1784," and then by the direction and at the expense of Paul Wentworth, Esq'r. Except for the mere date of publication this map may therefore be considered as of 1774, and will be referred to on that date in this article.

the Proprietors Records, as "the Winter Curve line as run by Fletcher." See Vol. XXVIII. N. H. State Papers, p. 161. We can see him and his men floundering through the deep snows of the forests, working with frosty chain and compass, and searching for the blaze marks of Bryent and Blanchard, the latter made seventeen years before.

On June 1, 1769, Fletcher was instructed by the Proprietors to "Compleat ye curve line as exactly as you can.....to have ye line well marked and to mark on your plan the most remarkable monuments you meet with on ye line."*

From the later reported distance markings on the trees with Fletcher's initials and the date 1769, we may believe that Fletcher began this new survey at the Massachusetts boundary and proceeded northerly on the same curve line that had been run by Blanchard in 1751. That Fletcher kept to the Blanchard line and curve as far north as Plymouth is shown by his initials and the date, 1769, on trees near those marked J. B. 1751.** See depositions of Joseph Blanchard and others. Vol. XXIX, N. H. State Papers, pp. 376-385. Also by Holland's map and Fletcher's own diagram.

From Plymouth eastward Fletcher's new survey departs increasingly and very materially from his previous survey of that part of the curve surveyed by him in the winter of 1768. The later curved line reaches the Maine boundary more than eight miles further north, near where the Saco River crosses into Maine. This northwardly diverging curve is designated on Holland's Map as "Mason Curve Line as run by Robt. Fletcher, Esq'r. in 1769." It is the curve shown on Carrigain's Map as the "Ancient Masonian Curve Line."

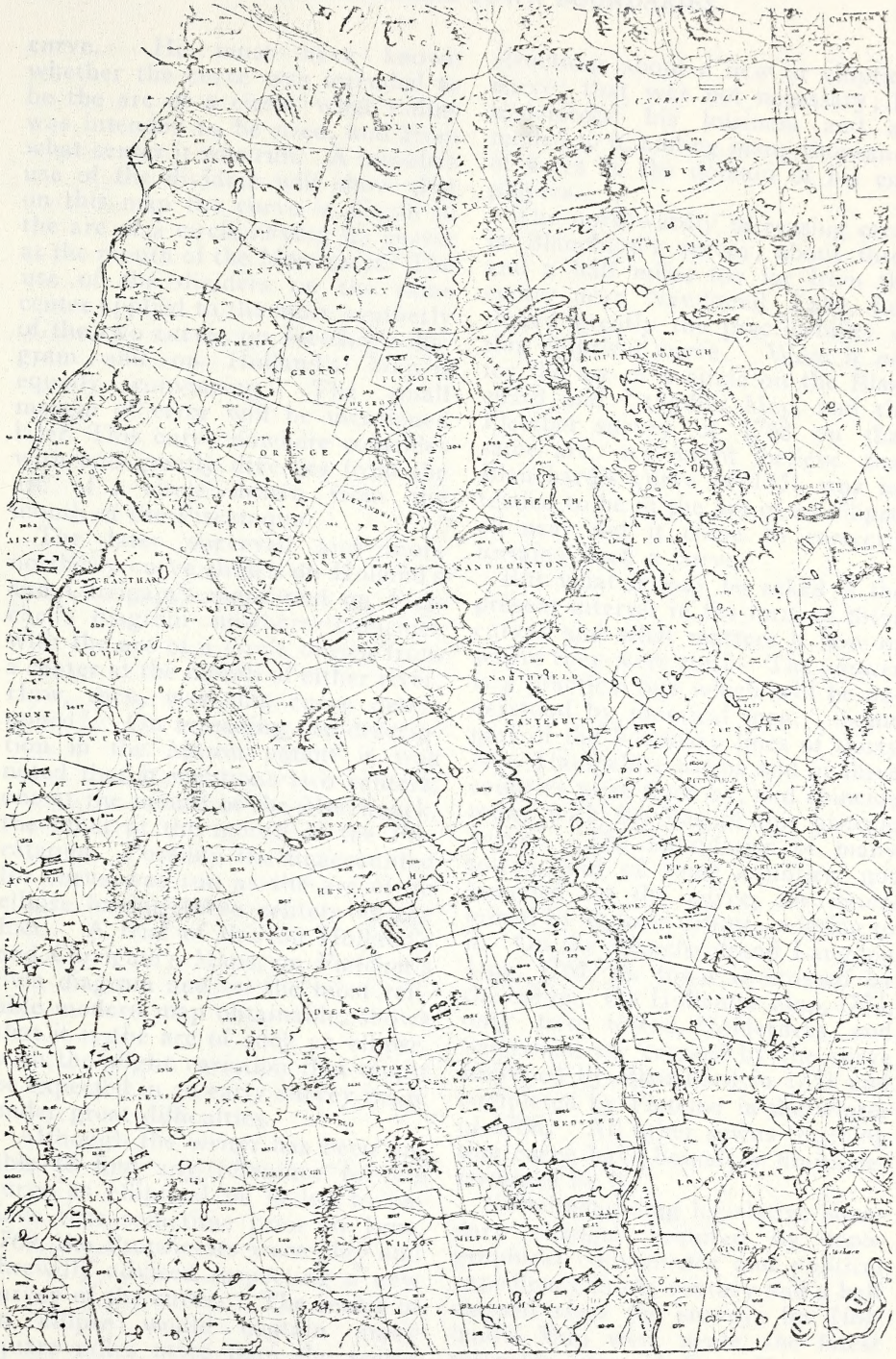
Much has been written about the Mason Grant and controversy, little about the Mason Curve. The authors of New Hampshire histories have paid little if any attention to this great curve; most of them fail even to mention it.

The commonly accepted understanding has been that the Mason Curve was run as the arc of a circle, having a radius of sixty miles, with its center at the mouth of the Piscataqua. Fletcher's affidavit, appended to his diagram, gives this impression, but a little study of the maps will show that this is an error.

Let us first take the curve as shown on the Blanchard and Langdon Map of 1761. That must have been taken from the Blanchard survey of 1751, for none other had then been made, unless Bryent's effort was completed in time for use which seems doubtful. This map was principally planned, compiled and drawn by Col. Joseph Blanchard, a surveyor of long experience and the father of the young surveyor of the

* It is difficult to reconcile the date of the instructions for Fletcher's second survey as entered on the Proprietor's Records, (Vol. XXIX, N. H. State Papers, p. 308) as given on Holland's Map and as cut with Fletcher's initials on the trees, all 1769, with the earlier date given in Fletcher's affidavits printed on his diagrams of his second survey, inserted opposite pp. 306 and 308 of Vol. XXIX, N. H. State Papers. Perhaps Fletcher made a part of his second survey in August, 1768, and completed it in 1769.

** Fifty odd years after he had surveyed it Blanchard at the request of the Proprietors, perambulated the curve from the southwest corner of Stoddard to Sunapee Lake. At the corner of Stoddard he found a fallen beech tree marked J. B.—20—1751, the 20 indicating twenty miles from the Massachusetts line. In his affidavit Blanchard says of these marks, "I had not the least doubt of their being made by me when I run the line. I set my compass the course of the Line as formerly run.....I found the Line, and several of Fletcher's particular marks on the trees, with the date 1769, and the initials of his name marked thus R. F. Between Stoddard Southwest and Northwest corners, several trees were chopped into on the Marks and several had fifty Growths or Granes over the spots, others had better than thirty Granes grown over the spots, which seemed to agree with my running the line, and Fletcher's renewing the marks." Further north on the westerly boundary of Washington, "we chopped into the spot on a large Hemlock tree, and found the growths over the spot to count more than fifty, and in pursuing this line we found many trees were marked of equal antiquity." These marks were probably cut deep with a broad chisel or sharp hatchet used by a skilful woodcutter. The persistence of such marks is surprising. In July, 1867, the writer cut his initials and the date on a beech in Claremont in letters and figures, less than an inch long, which are legible today.



Carrigain's Map showing the Mason Curve was published in 1816. The legislature of 1803 and 1805 directed that a map of the state be compiled under the direction of the secretary of state, Philip Carrigain, from town surveys required to be sent to his office. Of this map C. H. Hitchcock, State Geologist, says: "The fact that eleven years passed while the work was preparing, indicates that much tribulation must have been endured by the author in his attempts to average the errors. His results were exceedingly creditable, both to the author and to the state. I do not recall the existence of any state map in the country so good as this, which was published at so early a period."

curve. He must have known whether the curve was intended to be the arc of a circle, what radius was intended to be used, and from what center it was run. A minute's use of the dividers will show that on this map the curve is drawn in the arc of a circle having its center at the mouth of the Merrimack. The use of the dividers on the same center applied to the more southerly of the two curves on Fletcher's diagram and on Holland's Map is equally convincing. The small margin of error will be mentioned later. This curve nowhere coincides with and greatly diverges from the arc of a circle drawn from the mouth of the Piscataqua.

The later surveyed and more northerly curve shown on Holland's and Carrigain's maps and on Fletcher's diagram nowhere coincides with the arc of a circle drawn from a center at the mouth of either river. How, then, was this curve determined? On rereading the description in the Mason patent it was noted that it mentions two centers, one at the mouth of the Merrimack, the other at the mouth of the Piscataqua. Possibly the unaccounted for curve was run as the arc of an ellipse having these centers as the foci. A trial of this on Holland's and Carrigain's Maps, on Fletcher's own diagram and on the most reliable modern map obtainable, shows that it is the arc of such an ellipse, with the slight variation that might be expected in an early survey made under great difficulties.

Although the writer has been unable to find any reference to this curve as elliptical he is led to believe that sometime prior to June, 1769, the Proprietors were ably and shrewdly advised respecting a new survey of the curve. The sector of an ellipse would contain many square miles more than the sector of a circle run from either center. Nothing appears in Fletcher's instructions about a new or elliptical curve; that was not necessary; he understood his business and attended to it, adding many thousands of acres to the domain of his employers.

The northwardly increasing error in Blanchard's survey, about three and a half miles too far from the center near Newfound Lake, furthered greatly the practicability of this elliptical curve. Were it not for the arc of a circle on the Blanchard and Langdon Map, and the Fletcher survey of 1768 on that same arc, we might believe that Blanchard's curve of 1751 was intended to be in the arc of an ellipse, so near did it come to correctly forming such a curve.

But what it may be asked is the present interest in the form of these curves and what matters it how or where they were run? The answer is a practical one which will be understood by practical men. Some part of the boundary lines of thirty New Hampshire towns and of three counties were fixed by, and coincide today with the line of this historic curve. The boundaries of many towns, and of some counties, not bounded on the curve, are determined by it, bear definite relation to it. On the Blanchard and Langdon Map, 1761, no town is crossed by the curve. On Holland's Map, 1774, only two towns, Holderness and Sandwich, are crossed by the curve surveyed by Blanchard in 1751 and completed by Fletcher in the winter of 1768. All other towns touching this curve have boundary limits determined by it.

Notwithstanding legislative boundary changes required by topographical convenience and political expediency in the century and a half elapsed since the surveys for Holland's Map were made, the latest township map of New Hampshire shows thirty towns, some part of whose boundary lines were fixed by

and now coincide with this great curve. These on the easterly or inside of the curve are Fitzwilliam, Troy, Marlboro, Roxbury, Stoddard, Washington, Newbury, New London, Wilmot, Danbury, Alexandria, Bridgewater, Ossipee and Freedom. The towns on the westerly or outside of the curve are Richmond, Swansey, Keene, Roxbury, Sullivan, Gilsum, Marlow, Lempster, Goshen, Sunapee, Springfield, Grafton, Alexandria, Hebron, Plymouth, Tamworth, Madison and Eaton. The towns easterly from Bridgewater and Plymouth are on the southerly or "Winter Curve" surveyed by Fletcher in March, 1768. The boundaries of two towns, Roxbury and Alexandria, have been so extensively changed that a part of both easterly and westerly bounds now coincide with the curve. Parts of the boundaries of Sullivan, Merrimack and Grafton counties still coincide with the curve.

A long continued controversy arose between the Mason Proprietors and the State of New Hampshire as to the exact position of the Masonian Curve. The location of the curve determined necessarily the boundary lines between the state grants on the outside of the curve and the towns granted by the Proprietors on the inside. As these in turn determined the abutting property lines of the neighboring farmers and landowners any uncertainty about the position of the curve led to conflicting claims. To end this controversy and the litigation which had grown out of it, a settlement was finally effected in 1788 between the Proprietors and the State. By the terms of this settlement the state conveyed to the Proprietors, for the sum of forty thousand dollars in public securities of the state and eight hundred dollars in silver or gold, all the territory lying between the outer or elliptical curve and a straight line drawn between a point on the Massachusetts boundary, reckoned or measured to be sixty miles from the mouth of the Merrimack, and a point on the Maine boundary sixty miles from the mouth of the Piscataqua. These were probably intended to be statute miles, for the ends of the straight line shown on the diagram are eight or nine miles inside of or nearer the sea than the ends of the curved line.* (See Vol. XXIX, N. H. State Papers, diagram opposite p. 338.)

Thus this great territory was conveyed by the State to the Proprietors for a sum which probably did not nearly represent the actual value of the then ungranted lands therein. This was done that there might never in the future be any possibility of a conflict in regard to it, and its limits were so defined as to include all the lands about which a controversy was then pending or might arise in the future.

"The Proprietors could convey to the settlers only the soil. For political rights and the powers of government the grantees were obliged to resort to the Province, later the State, from which acts of incorporation were readily obtained when the conditions of settlement had been fulfilled."** In these acts the boundaries which had been fixed by the Proprietors were retained. Thus the Masonian Curve, by the terms of the settlement of 1788 henceforth determined, without possibility of conflict or appeal, the town boun-

* The curve shown on the diagram of the survey of the straight line was apparently drawn without attempt at accuracy. It does not coincide with the curve shown on Fletcher's diagram, or on Holland's or Carrigain's Maps. There was, perhaps, little need of accuracy in the position of the curve on this later diagram, for the deed from the State described it as "the Curve line, so called, of Mason's Patent claimed by said Proprietors as the head line of said Patent." What the Proprietors "claimed" was well known and well marked.

** An able and interesting summary of the Mason Title written by Mr. Otis Grant Hammond was printed in the proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society for October, 1916. It has since been reprinted in pamphlet form.

daries along its continuous bend. Only by act of the legislature could they be changed.

The boundary lines of many towns, and some counties, at considerable distances from the curve have been determined or affected by it. A glance at the map shows that boundaries of Rindge, New Ipswich, Jaffrey, Sharon, Temple, Dublin, Peterboro, Nelson, Harrisville, Hancock, Antrim, Windsor, and of many other towns are substantially concentric with the Mason curve. The Masonian Proprietors in granting such areas of land, and in laying off tracts of approximately equal width, naturally found it convenient to define the boundaries as parallelly concentric with the limit of their own territory. Consequently we find on the early maps, and surviving even today, numerous instances of these concentric lines."*

Likewise in determining the northerly and southerly boundary lines of such grants it was convenient to lay them out on the map on radial lines drawn from a center on the seacoast. Many town boundaries will be seen on the map in which the southeasterly slant is conspicuous, and which are substantially radial to the curve. Some of these, inside the curve, are the towns last above mentioned, also several of the towns on the boundaries between Merrimack and Belknap Counties, and between Rockingham and Strafford Counties. Some of these on the outside of the curve, granted by the Province, are Newport, Croydon, Grantham and Enfield.

The old maps, and new ones, too, show altogether too many boundary lines radial to the curve, too many concentric with it, to make it probable that their direction was a mere coincidence. They are not exactly radial, not exactly concentric. It is hardly to be expected that they would be when we consider that the lines were run in the forests, through swamps, over mountains, often with compasses of weak polarity, and with the meagre data then available to correct for variation and for other compass errors. That these surveys and the surveys of the curve were so nearly correct reflects great credit on the men who made them.**

The geography of New Hampshire is unique in this great curve. Nothing like it affecting town and county boundaries is to be found crossing any other state in the union.***

Sometime New Hampshire, recognizing the general interest in matters historical, will mark by suitable monuments the places where this great historic curve crosses the principal highways, thus doing for the Mason Curve what Vermont has done for the Crown Point Road, built across that state by order of General Jeffery Amherst during the last of the French and Indian Wars.****

* It will be noticed that the boundary line between Cheshire and Hillsboro counties is, in steps, for many miles substantially concentric with the curve; also that the western boundaries of Rockingham County and a part of those of Strafford County, as well as of many towns in that vicinity, show a decided tendency towards such concentricity.

**At the time these surveys were made neither the chronometer nor the artificial horizon had come into general use, so the surveyors had no practicable means of determining their position by celestial observations. The work had to be done by what a sailor might call "dead-reckoning on land."

*** The small curve, with a radius of twelve miles, which forms the northern boundary of Delaware dates back almost as far as that of the Mason Curve, to the charter for Pennsylvania granted to William Penn in 1681. Like the Mason Curve it was a prolific source of dispute and prolonged litigation. See Narrative and Critical History of America, Vol. III, p. 477.

**** A thorough study of the Mason Curve, of the boundaries coinciding with it and bearing definite relations to it, would afford material for an interesting and valuable monograph. Many interesting questions and problems respecting the curve have presented themselves which could not be considered in a magazine article of readable length.

Much material, not herein referred to, may be found in that mine of historical information, the New Hampshire State Papers. It is not unlikely that additional information could be derived from further research in the Colonial Archives in London.

THRU THE YEAR IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

No. 11.

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

January

"Hast thou considered the treasuries of the snow?"—Job.

January is the month for the robust and the young. Never does the robust man feel better than in January. There is health in the clear, sharp air for him able to go out into the woods with the axe and team, and as he comes in from labor to his meals, or to the cheery evening by the fire, there is the zest of life running thru his veins in the rich, red blood that during the day has been fed by the crisp oxygen of New Hampshire. Robert Burns, who was decidedly a poet of winter, once said—

> "There is scarcely any earthly object that gives me so much, I don't know as I call it pleasure, but something that exalts me, enraptures me, as I walk in the sheltered woods on a winter day, and hear the wind howl thru the trees and rave o'er the plain."

That feeling that came to Burns comes strongly to us sons of New Hampshire; for here for many generations our sturdy ancestors have been going into the woods to get the lumber and wood. What sturdy men were the settlers, who, according to Belknap, went into the woods, worked all day, and lay at night on boughs around a roaring fire—their feet to the fire, the cold sky their only covering. Even Longfellow, who is rather pale-blooded, said "There is something in being in the woods on a winter day that cheers me long." Happy, indeed, the husbandman in New Hampshire these days, who can follow the custom of his ancestors, sharpen his axe, hitch up his team, and go out into the woods for a day's work; how good his supper will taste, how cosy the fire will glow at night, how comforting will feel his bed.

January Joys for the Young.

And what joys come to the young in January. If the days are clear we have the ponds securely frozen, and on sharp skates we glide away feeling the fun of being alive. If its a good coat of snow on the earth, the lads and misses plan and take the sleigh rides, while the boys and girls "go slidin'."

"Goin' Slidin" is one form of amusement that rural, city or village reared man and woman recall with delight. How rapidly memory slips back over the years when you and I are passing down the street and hear the cry "clear the track," or "get-out-of-the-way." Yelling like Comanche Indians, down the hill they come, a string of happy, healthy boys and girls. "Belly-bump," heads up like turtles, they twist their bodies and swing their rapidly moving sleds around corners, thru gate-ways—and we elders hold our breath and wonder how they do it. No overcoats, jackets unbuttoned, cheeks red with health—who feels any better than they—and what fun will they ever find in life that matches the January slide? And there is another group—the lads and misses in their "teens;" the boy taking his girl sliding; carefully he places her on the front of the sled and hops on behind her; his left leg is doubled under him, his right is used as a rudder—his cheek is close to her ear, her hair blows back and tickles his face, the snow crystals blow down their necks—he shows off a little and makes the most

difficult turn, while she squeals in fright—where will the joy of the companionship of the sexes ever equal the lad and miss's fun as they coast down one of New Hampshire's long hills? How we boys and girls of thirty years ago prized our sleds; the "arrow," the "rocket," the "whizzer," "dart," "flyer;" what pet names we had. Many talk depreciatingly of January—but figure it out—is it not true, and take it all for all, few months have given so much joy to us, as has the hardy, cold month of January.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For the use of several of the illustrations accompanying the article on the American Legion in the Granite Monthly for December, 1919, credit is due the Manchester Union. The picture of Mount Cardigan, used with Mr. Hillman's poem in this issue, was secured through the kindness of Mr. Edward A. Barney of Canaan.

MY LATEST YEAR

By Martha S. Baker

Dead leaves are whirling in the wind,
The trees erstwhile so gay,
Are lifting dull, bare branches high
Toward leaden skies of grey.

The melody of birds has ceased,
Frost smitten are the flowers;
The early twilight falls apace,
Increasing sunless hours.

My latest year has vanished, too;
Lies buried 'neath the leaves.
Yet mourn I not departed days,
(Hope sings but never grieves.)

Since I may find my year again,
In God's eternity,
Its beauty and its melody,
A joy perpetually.

Concord N. H.

THRU THE YEAR WITH JOB

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer, Ware, Mass.

The ancient Hebrews were an out-of-doors people who closely observed the changes in Nature. The Hebrew writers use Nature changes and images in their literature and show much feeling for Nature. This is striking in the Book of Job, the supreme piece of Hebrew literature that has come down to us. The author loved the charms of the changing seasons, and we may select passages that apply to each of the twelve months. For instance, take the following:

January—"Hast thou considered the treasuries of the snow?"

February—"The waters are hid as with a stone and the face of the deep is frozen."

March—"Out from the South comes the whirlwind and cold from the North."

April—"Hath the rain a Father who sends it to cause the tender grass to spring forth again."

May—"The beasts of the field now play again, they lie in the covert of the ferns and trees."

June—"Now is the garment of the earth warmed by the south wind."

July—"Men can no longer look upon the Great Light, it so brightly shines in the skies."

August—"The dust blows hot in a mass."

September—"The young of the cattle are in good liking and feed in the open fields."

October—"Now from the North comes frost, and the waters are splendor."

November—"By the breath of God comes frost, and the waters are frozen."

December—He saith to the snow again, "Fall thou upon the earth."

THE SHOWER

(From the Chinese of Dang Mu Ming)

By Carolyn Hillman

I cannot see the rice fields
For a mist of silver rain,
The scarlet poppy's sighing
For her lover sun again.

My peacock struts and screams
As he spreads his jeweled tail,
His iridescent splendor
Makes the red poppies pale.

He does not heed the rain drops
That fall like pearly tears,
I'll make sweet music on my lute
Till the hot gold sun appears.

EDITORIAL

What will the New Year bring to New Hampshire?

It may, and probably will, bring to her a further advance in the paths of prosperity and progress.

For this good result it is only necessary that her people abide by the habits of industry, thrift, good order and good sense for which they have been widely and justly renowned.

The clouds of industrial unrest which lower over the whole world, the abnormal economic conditions which present hard problems to all nations and peoples, constitute a burden, some of which we must bear.

But if every one among us will try honestly to view the situation from the other man's standpoint, as well as from his own, a spirit will be developed, of which already there are many hopeful signs, which will make the reconstruction process less painful for us than for those who await it in a different spirit.

The world of tomorrow must be a less selfish world than the world of today, or the world of yesterday. Unless it shall be, the history of the Twentieth Century will be the bloodiest in the annals of what we call civilization and it will be better for our children and our children's children that they had not been born.

We cannot believe that this is to be; but unless it is to be there must be a beginning today in this nation and in this state of a keener realization that every man is his brother's keeper, with all that implies.

At the very start of the New Year in New Hampshire an opportunity opens for important constructive work for the future.

With comparatively slight changes, the same constitution has served our state as its basic law for almost a century and a half. High tribute this to the wisdom and foresight of its framers.

But conditions now have arisen of which they could not dream and under which equity is endangered by the literal interpretation and strict enforcement of our laws. These conditions can be remedied by wisely considered and carefully framed amendments to the constitution which will be entirely in accord with its ancient spirit but will adapt it successfully to modern needs.

It is to be hoped that the convention called in June, 1918, to propose amendments to the constitution of the state, and which will re-convene in Concord on the 13th of January, 1920, will find itself able to agree upon the spirit and the letter of certain necessary changes in the constitution; and that the convention will submit to the people of the state amendments so few in number, so clear in phrase, so worthy in purpose, that every one of them will be ratified at the November election.

If the convention thus shows its willingness and its ability to cope with changing conditions it will be a happy augury for the future in New Hampshire, an earnest of the new spirit with which we must make a new world, even in old New Hampshire.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

DR. JONATHAN: A Play in Three Acts. Winston Churchill. Pp. 159. Cloth, $1.25. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Mr. Winston Churchill, of Cornish, presents his prescription for the ills that now afflict the body politic in the form of a three act play, "Dr. Jonathan." It has not appeared on any stage, says the author in his preface, because "several managers politely declined to produce it." This happened, presumably, some months ago, before the actors' strike in New York; since which time the same managers doubtless would have declined, sans politeness, to produce it. For the play deals with the labor problem and it does not deal with it in a way to please invested capital, whether that capital be invested in theatres, plays, and scenery or in Ashar Pindar's tool works in "Foxon Falls, a New England village of some three thousand souls." The publishers' jacket says that "the scene of Dr. Jonathan is laid presumably in the country of Mr. Churchill's 'Coniston,'" but in the play there is no such drawing portraits of real personages as lent local interest to "Coniston" and "Mr. Crewe's Career." "Dr. Jonathan" is a play with a purpose, or, rather, a purpose in the form of a play; so much so that the above mentioned declining managers doubtless were influenced by business sagacity as well as by class prejudices. However, it is good reading, and if it could have as large a sale as "Richard Carvel," it might reach and influence some of the employers and employees at whom it is directed. It is a war play, as well as a labor play, in that the treatment of the hero for shell shock brings the happy ending, and in that the strongest scenes are those in which the employer who refuses to recognize the labor union and the employees who threaten to strike and cripple a government contract accuse each other of being traitors. "The issue of this war is industrial democracy, without which political democracy is a farce," is the conclusion which Mr. Churchill puts in the mouth of one of his characters, and the curtain falls upon the beginning of an experiment in Foxon Fall in the realization of this industrial democracy. Mr. Churchill sees his types clearly and stages them effectively. It is little he leaves standing of the present structures of our old New England religion, education and social life, but he seems confident that the new generation will build better ones upon stronger foundations and with every room facing south and east. And doubtless in that good time to come no Harvard graduate will write as Lieutenant George does on page 80 about something that "none of us never got."

THE BLACK DROP. By Alice Brown. Pp., 392. Cloth, $2. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This latest publication by New Hampshire's most famous native novelist, is her second "war book," her shorter story, "The Flying Teuton," having been acclaimed by many critics as one of the most notable literary achievements inspired by the great conflict. "The Black Drop" is an entirely different piece of work, admirably done, as is everything from Miss Brown's pen, but less compelling, if that is the right word, than its predecessor. It is a study of an old New England family, well satisfied with itself, and having reason to be, into whose complacency obtrudes the ugly fact that the oldest son of the house is a German spy, and that he and the family are

threatened with the shame of divorce proceedings because of his over friendliness for another German spy of the opposite sex. Entirely and satisfactorily villainous are this villain and villainess; so much so that Boston seems a strange habitat for them; but Miss Brown knows her Boston as well as she does her rural New England, and if she tells us that our modern Athens sheltered this kind of people and was the scene of their deviltry during the days of the war, then we can accept their credibility and give ourselves over to admiring the skill with which the author has distilled the black drop of treason from the pure blood of patriotic Puritan descent.

COLLECTOR'S LUCK. By Alice Van-Leer Carrick. Illustrated. Pp. 207. $2.50. Boston. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

There are two reasons why this oddly attractive volume is of especial New Hampshire interest. One is because its author, expert collector and entertaining writer, is the wife of a member of the Dartmouth faculty, and dwells in the "Webster Cottage," home of the Jovian Daniel in his college days. The other is because many of the discoveries she describes, many of her educative experiences, many of her joy bringing bargains were of New Hampshire location, and may be duplicated within the auction sale radius of any of us who are tempted by her treasure trove to go and do likewise. The hundred illustrations, a more integral part of the text than pictures often are or can be, are largely photographic reproductions of choice pieces from the author's own collection or those of some of her Hanover friends and fellow collectors, Mrs. Carleton, Mrs. Patten, Mrs. Frost, Mrs. Woods and others. To read the book and to study its pictures is to accumulate without effort a wonderful stock of information as to such types of old furniture, old glassware, old woven coverlets, old pitchers and teacups, lights and lamps, valentines and silhouettes as one would find in journeying backward through the history of New Hampshire and New England. Journeying thus with one of such good collector's luck as our author, we shall learn about more than sofas and sugar-bowls, for, as Mrs. Skinner puts it: "I often find collectors learning history from a little, personal angle that more academic scholars oftentimes overlook. How else could I have known with such happiness my adored Horace Walpole or gossiping Pepys? Margaret Winthrop and Eliza Pinckney stretch sisterly hands across the years to me, and I count among my intimates Judge Samuel Sewell and Worthy Cotton Mather. For, if you collect the right way—and there is but one right way—you cannot help absorbing the politics and art and religion of your chosen period. Collection isn't just a fad; it isn't even just a 'divine madness;' properly interpreted, it is a 'liberal education.'" And, quite agreeing with this dictum, let us add that in very few courses of any kind of useful education is one favored with so charming a textbook as this "repository of pleasant profitable discourses descriptive of the household furniture and ornaments of olden time."

MY MOTHER'S SAMPLER

By George Wilson Jennings

Doubtless many will remember,
It's not so very long ago,
When girls had sampiers,
To teach them how to sew;
This is why my mother's sampler
Takes me back to days of yore,
And I appreciate more fully

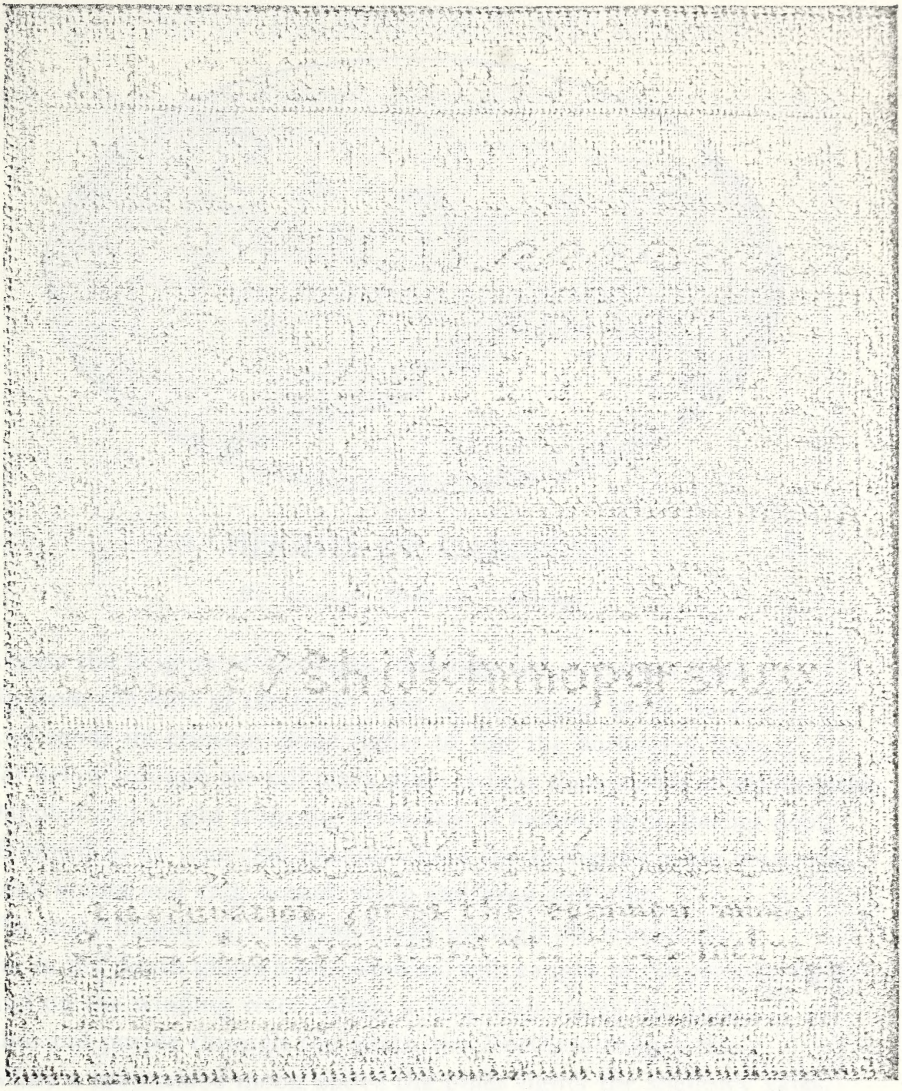


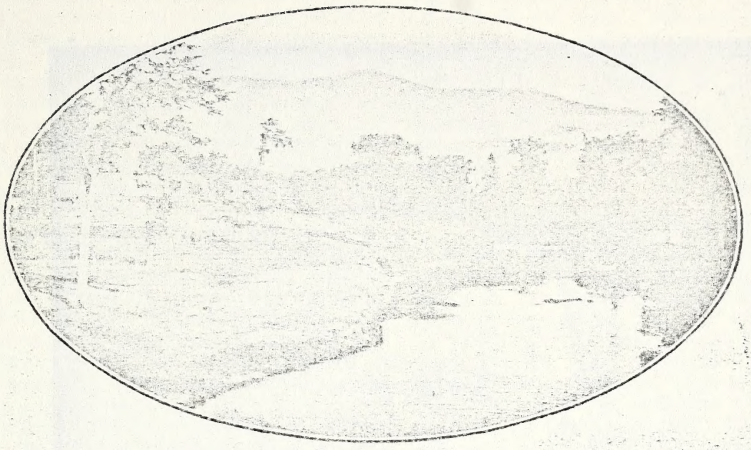
The methods used afore.
I see her as a winsome lassie,
Her fingers quick and nimble,
Making wondrous figures,
With silken thread and thimble,
She stitched at morn, at noon,
And she often used to tell
How she stitched by firelight's glow,
Until she learned to do it well,
It bears her name, it was the custom then,
Almira Smith, aged eleven,
The year, eighteen hundred thirty-seven,
Was long ago as you may plainly see,

There are letters tall and letters small,
Numbers right, and numbers bright,
All done in red, in white, in blue,
In brown, in green and violet, too,
And to crown the lot,
A motto not to be forgot,
"'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."
I have no sampler such as this
To guide my heart or hand or head,
I have my blessed mother's love instead,
And mother, dear, I shall pray unto the end
That the good Lord may send
To each and every one a sampler such as thee,
To be unto them what thou hast been to me.



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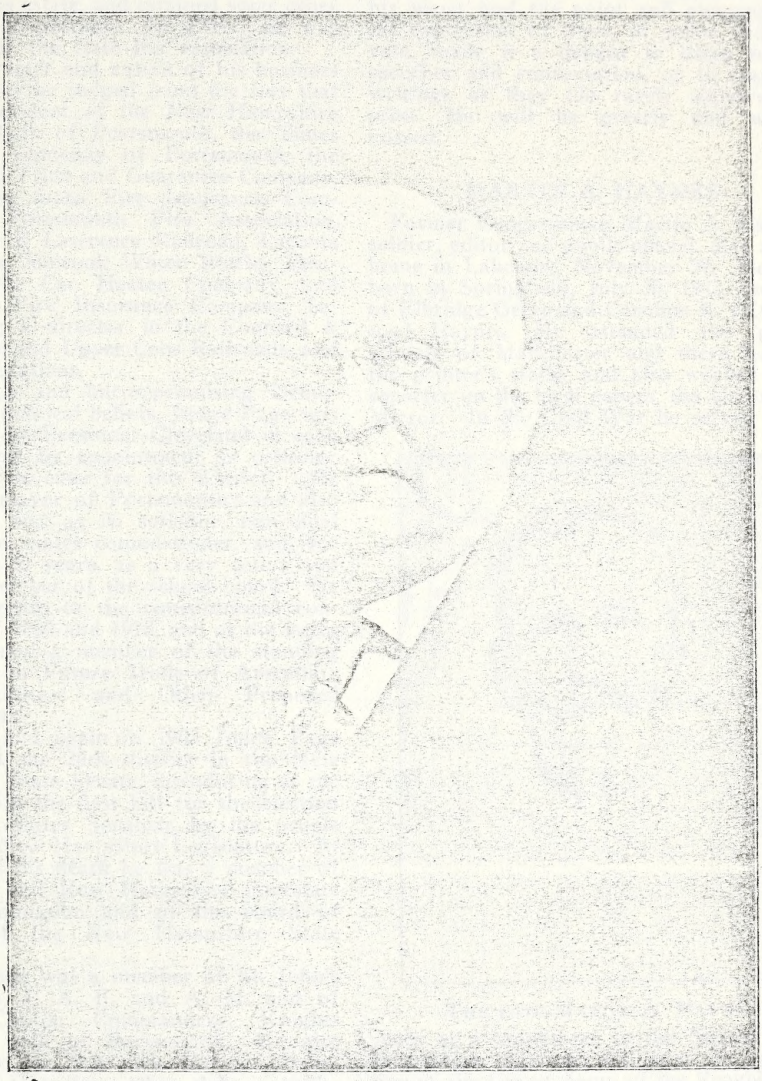


HEIGHTS OF CARDIGAN

By Gordon Malherbe Hillman

Across the heights of Cardigan, the long red streamers flare
Up from the hills of the twilit west as the sunset sheds its glare,
And sends its crimson cloud lights to tint the darkening lake,
Far below through the tall black pines, where the sunset's shadows break.
Dappled and bright from the vivid sky, it flames like a blazing pool,
Hemmed in by pine-clad islands where the twilight's mists blow cool.
Rock bound and crag bound, steep and grey and high,
The stony heights of Cardigan break through the scarlet sky.
Far in the South glows a blue-smoked hill, caught in the crimson light,
And up the winding river valley, a long train dares the night.
Blue and purple through the mists, the Northern ranges rise
While a red-stained moon above the pines lights the shadowy skies.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY



THE LATE CALVIN PAGE

Calvin Page, one of the most prominent citizens of Portsmouth and of New Hampshire, died suddenly on December 13. He was born in North Hampton, August 22, 1845, the son of Captain Simon Dow Page and Judith (Rollins) Page, being in the tenth generation from Robert Page of Ormsby, County of Norfolk, England, whose son, Robert, settled in Hampton, New Hampshire, in 1639.

Calvin Page attended the district schools in his native town, and at Phillips Exeter Academy fitted for Harvard College, which he entered in 1864 as a member of the sophomore class, but was unable to complete the course for lack of funds. On July 19, 1865, he entered the law office of the late Albert R. Hatch in Portsmouth, as a student, and in 1868 was admitted to the bar of the state.

He had a large and lucrative practice until his virtual retirement in 1910, although after that date he continued his management, as executor and trustee, of the great Frank Jones estate, and retained some other important connections. In 1904-5 he was president of the state bar association.

The character and extent of his business interests may be judged from the fact that he was president of the New Hampshire National Bank of Portsmouth, the Times Publishing Company of Portsmouth, the Portsmouth Trust and Guarantee Company, the Granite State Fire Insurance Company, the Portsmouth Fire Association, Manchester & Lawrence Railroad, Laconia Car Works, Suncook Water Works, Eastman Freight Car Heater Company, and Piscataqua Fire Insurance Company, besides being a director in the Concord & Portsmouth and Upper Coos Railroads, and other corporations.

A staunch and uncompromising Democrat in his political beliefs, Judge Page was recognized by President Cleveland in each of his terms by appointment as collector of internal revenue for this district. He was twice mayor of Portsmouth; and also served the city as its solicitor, municipal court judge, water commissioner, and, for more than 30 years, as a very active and valuable member of the school board. He was a delegate to the constitutional conventions of 1888 and 1918, and at the latter was appointed a member of the standing committee on Future Mode of Amending the Constitution and Other Proposed Amendments.

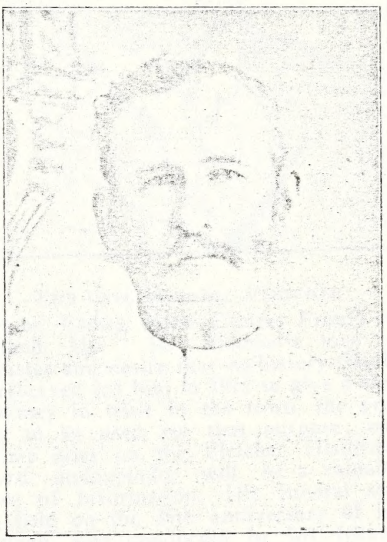
In 1893 and again in 1903 Judge Page represented the 24th district in the New Hampshire State Senate, introducing at the latter session the first bill for the election of United States Senators by the people to reach a New Hampshire Legislature. At the time of his death he was a member of the Maine and New Hampshire interstate bridge commission and of the board of trustees of the New Hampshire State Library.

Judge Page was a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. and A. M. and of DeWitt Clinton Commandery, Knights Templars, both of Portsmouth. He also belonged to the Warwick Club of Portsmouth and to various other clubs, societies and associations. In religious belief he was a Unitarian. On January 7, 1870, Judge Page married Arabella J. Moran, and they had one daughter, Agnes, wife of Governor John H. Bartlett. Their one grandchild is Calvin Page Bartlett, a student at Phillips Andover Academy.

Judge Page's spacious and handsome residence, with its beautiful gardens, is one of the show places of Portsmouth and the Judge took much pride in its appearance and upkeep. A successful lawyer, sagacious business man and prominent publicist, he was one of the best known leaders of men in the state. The independence of his views and the point and pungency of his expression of them, in public and private, made it a delight to listen to his speeches and conversation, or to read his writings as they too rarely appeared in print. He will be greatly and widely missed.

MARTIN A. HAYNES

Former Congressman Martin A. Haynes, soldier, editor and public official, died at his home in Lakeport, November 29. He was born in Springfield, July 30, 1842, the son of Elbridge Gerry and Caroline R. (Knowlton) Haynes. He attended the public schools of Manchester and there learned the printer's trade, and also worked as a reporter on the local papers, the Union and Mirror. In the Civil War he served three



THE LATE MARTIN A. HAYNES

years as a volunteeer in the Second New Hampshire regiment, and upon the formation of the Grand Army of the Republic became active in that organization, being a member of Darius A. Drake Post of Laconia. He was commander of the New Hampshire department in 1882, and also served as president of the Veterans' Association at The Weirs doing much to establish the success of the annual reunions there. The camp of the Sons of Veterans at Lakeport was named in his honor.

It was after the war, in 1868, that Mr. Haynes located at Lakeport and established

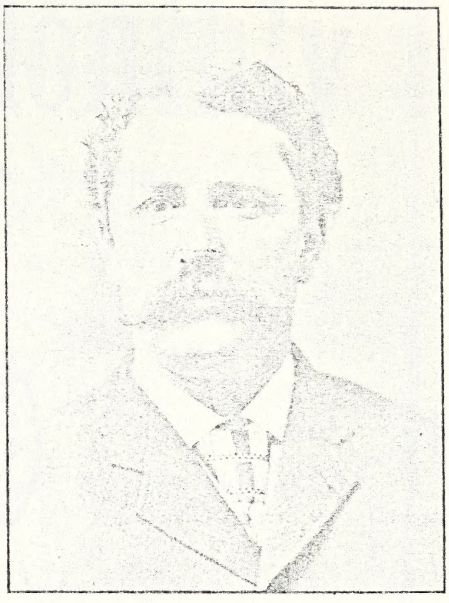
the Lake Village Times, which he conducted for 20 years, making it one of the leading Republican weekly papers of the state. After his retirement from active life he still took pleasure in the "art preservative," and from a little printing shop which he set up at his home, he issued a number of books, "Letters of a Soldier," "Gilford Centennial," "Winnipesaukee Classics," "War Poems," etc., in limited editions which he distributed among his friends.

Mr. Haynes' wide acquaintance, well-known ability, record as a soldier, and unusual capacity for making friends, combined to render his entrance into public life inevitable. He was a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives from the town of Gilford in 1872 and 1873; clerk of the supreme court for Belknap county from 1876 to 1883; a member of Congress from the First New Hampshire district, 1883-1887. Subsequently he served for many years as an internal revenue agent in various sections of the country, and by virtue of a temporary transfer from the treasury to the war department went to the Philippines for Secretary of War Elihu Root, and organized the internal revenue service there.

Mr. Haynes was a Republican in politics, a Universalist in religious belief, and a member of the I. O. O. F. fraternal order. He married March 9, 1863, Cornelia T. Lane, and is survived by two daughters, Mary A. (Mrs. Eugene S. Daniell of Greenland) and Cornelia A. of Lakeport; and by four grand-children, Martin H. Daniell, Marjorie Daniell, Warren F. Daniell, and Eugene S. Daniell, Jr.

KIMBALL FLETCHER

Kimball Fletcher, who died at Lancaster, November 21, was born in Canaan, Vt., November 27, 1849, the son of Kimball B. and Mary (Brown) Fletcher, and came to Lancaster with his parents when eight years of age. In youth he manifested unusual mechanical ability which was usefully and notably developed in later life in his long connection with the Thompson Manufacturing Company; at first, a boy of 16, as an apprentice, afterwards a partner, and upon the incorporation of the business in 1893, treasurer, then president, and a director at the time of his death. He was a pillar of the Congregational Church, and a 32nd degree Mason, as well as a member of the Order of the Eastern Star. November 24, 1880, Mr. Fletcher married Miss Nellie H. Hobson, of Island Pond, Vt., and their home life was ideal. Two children were born to them, one son, Robert, who died in the service of his country a little more than a year ago; and one



THE LATE KIMBALL FLETCHER

daughter, Esther (Mrs. Charles Prout) of Portland, Me. Mr. Fletcher's love of Lancaster and desire that its history should be preserved led him in 1912 to give a sum of money in trust to the town, the proceeds to be used for that purpose; and as time goes on the Fletcher Historical Record undoubtedly will be a valuable source of information. His funeral service, held on the 39th anniversary of his marriage, was conducted by his former pastor and personal friend, Rev. E. R. Stearns of Concord. There was a large attendance of townspeople, old friends and schoolmates, the business and professional men of Lancaster attending in a body, while his partners and associates in the Thompson Manufacturing Company acted as bearers.

Volume 52 FEBRUARY, 1920 Number 2

The Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS NUMBER:

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S GREATEST INDUSTRY

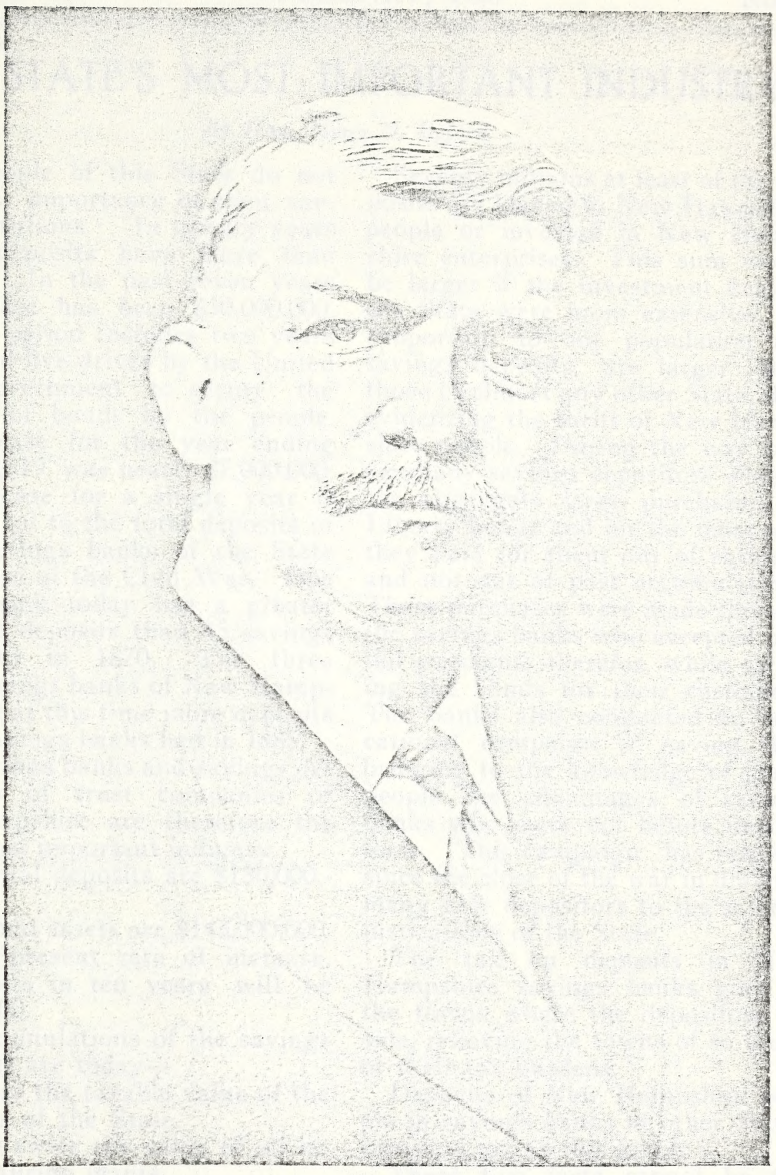
By Hon. James O. Lyford

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The late Honorable Bertram Ellis

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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THE STATE'S MOST IMPORTANT INDUSTRY.

By Hon. James O. Lyford

The people of this State do not realize the importance of their savings institutions. In twenty years savings deposits have more than doubled. In the past seven years the increase has been $30,000,000. This last period includes two years of war and five drives by the United States Government to secure the purchase of bonds by the people. The increase for the year ending June 30, 1919, was nearly $7,000,000. This increase for a single year is almost equal to the total deposits of the 29 savings banks of the State at the close of the Civil War. One savings bank today has a greater volume of deposits than 45 savings banks had in 1870. The three largest savings banks of New Hampshire have at this time more deposits than 68 savings banks had in 1885.

The savings banks and savings departments of trust companies of New Hampshire are therefore the State's most important industry.

Their total deposits are $130,000,000.

Their total assets are $143,000,000.

At the present rate of increase, the deposits in ten years will be $200,000,000.

The accumulations of the savings institutions are today—

Three times the taxable value of the railroads of the State.

More than twice the value of all its manufacturing plants.

Nearly one half the value of all the land and buildings of the State.

One fourth the value of all the property of New Hampshire as assessed for taxation.

Seventy millions at least of the deposits are loaned to New Hampshire people or invested in New Hampshire enterprises. This sum would be larger if the investment field of the State were more extensive. In proportion to our population our savings deposits are larger than those of almost any other State, thus evidencing the thrift of New Hampshire people. During the war with Germany savings depositors were in the aggregate large purchasers of Liberty bonds and for the most part they paid for them out of earnings and not out of past accumulations. These purchases were made through the savings banks who accepted partial payments therefor, while carrying the bonds for their customers. The banks also conducted an educational campaign of saving, thus bringing to the knowledge of many people the advantages of savings banks who were not before depositors. This campaign has resulted since the close of the war in drawing many new depositors to the savings institutions of the State.

The tax on deposits in New Hampshire savings banks goes to the towns where the depositors reside, relieving the towns of so much of their tax burdens.

Deposits of New Hampshire people in savings banks of other States bring no tax to this State.

These two facts cannot be too strongly impressed upon the people of the State. New Hampshire people depositing in New Hampshire savings institutions not only help themselves but they help the community

in which they reside. The town where a depositor has his home gets the tax on his deposits, which is paid by the bank, even though his deposits are in the savings banks of several localities. The only duty imposed upon him to secure this result is that he notify the bank or banks where his deposits are whenever he changes his place of residence.

The depositor in New Hampshire savings banks has these advantages:

Convenience of deposit and withdrawal.

His town receives the benefit of the tax on his deposit.

In the settlement of his estate there is no such inconvenience, expense, or double inheritance tax as is the case when his deposit is in another State.

This last is a most important fact to have in mind, as the heirs of New Hampshire people having deposits in savings banks of other States have learned when they came to settle the estate of an ancestor, and were put to annoyance and expense in securing the transfer of deposit books or the withdrawal of accounts. Besides this trouble, they have often been obliged to pay a double inheritance tax.

All of the accommodations that go with personal acquaintance pertain to deposits kept in our own savings banks. The person inexperienced in business finds the advice and assistance of the local bank official oftentimes most helpful. He feels free to seek such aid. There are many courtesies that the depositor gets from his home savings bank that it would be impractical for a savings bank of another State to give.

For the large majority of men and women a savings deposit is not only the safest and most advantageous investment, but the most profitable, for these reasons:

Savings bank suspensions are rare. There has not been a suspension of a savings bank in this State for nearly twenty years.

The principal in savings banks does not shrink in value as is the case with stocks and bonds.

Dividends of savings banks are seldom withdrawn, but are allowed to accumulate and swell the principal.

Dividends from stocks and interest from bonds and other investments are usually spent in living expenses.

Deposits in savings banks are therefore a better investment for old age than the same amount in stocks and bonds, the income of which is spent.

In case of need, money can readily be withdrawn from savings banks, whereas stocks and bonds frequently have to be sold at a loss.

If one desires to borrow at a bank, a savings bank book is the best collateral, whereas many stocks and bonds are not legal as collateral.

The individual is more certain to accumulate by depositing small sums periodically in a savings bank than by trying to save a large sum for investment.

Depositors in savings banks not only help themselves, but they help the towns in which they reside.

There is no doubt that with the average man or woman a savings bank is the best place of investment for his or her surplus income from wages or salary. If they acquire the habit of periodically saving they are constantly adding to their deposits. Except in case of need they do not disturb their savings bank funds. They are continually compounding in interest through dividends declared and credited to the depositors' account. The depositor is surprised after a few years to find that the little he has laid aside at stated times has so abundantly accumulated.

The time and the effort given by the savings banks during the war in teaching thrift that the individual might help the government by buying its bonds, may well be continued now that the war is over. Many people who knew little or nothing of savings banks before the war have become acquainted with their advantages. Anything that will bring the savings bank depositor into close relationship with the officials of the bank caring for his money is to be encouraged. The savings banks of New Hampshire represent the thrift of the people of the State. The average deposit is less than $500. The more people there are who are thus encouraged to save the better it is for the State. The beneficial effect of savings banks cannot be too often brought to the attention of the people. The individual, the community of his residence and the State gain through the savings bank depositors.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Kate M. Phillips

Dear New Hampshire where my happy days were passed,
Ere illusion sent me wandering o'er the plain;
Tiny spot where friendships for a life-time last,
And love's intensity is almost pain!

As the spark of fire within the opal's heart
Warm and secure the old hills thee enfold,
One place where truth and friendship never part
While all the world beside is hard and cold.

Small tract of ground in geographic phrase
Whose virtues many longing ones have penned;
Where joyous faces tell of joyful hearts,
And every man is every other's friend.

REFLECTIONS IN THE WATER.

(LAKE CHOCORUA)

By Leighton Rollins

We glide out into the lake,
And drift motionless in our dark blue canoe,
Swayed gently,
Almost imperceptibly,
By the wayward breaths of the breeze.
The lake seems veiled and apart and alone;
A gem of Nature's unending necklace.
Above in the sky mysteriously hidden
By purple incense of the waving heat,
We see pattern on pattern of wondrous colors
Paving the roof of the night,
And as we watch these bright
And gleaming mosaics,
Upon each one,
A human face we saw;
Shining triumphant and victorious.
And beneath us in the rippled water,
Their visioned faces
Look up at us,
Like burning holy tapers from out a mirror.

Twilight has deepened into night;
The long quivering paths of light
Are like shadows
Falling from tall gondola poles
Before Saint Marks.
The rising and falling lights,
Glint in exquisite dances.

The sense that perfect beauties die,
And do not last,
For more than a blessed glance,
Down their long and lovely vistas
Is a poignant pain within our hearts;
As we in our canoe
Paddle softly 'neath the bridge
And draw up silently
Each occupied with his transformed thoughts.

BACK OF BEARCAMP WATER.

By Edwin Osgood Grover

To the occupants of the two little huts which clung from force of habit rather than from any apparent cause to the western slope of Sheep Mountain, the coming day gave promise of but the same dreamy round of monotony. The early morning sun was creeping down the opposite side of the narrow valley, toward the sandy shore of the little stream which the mountaineers all "lowed flowed somewhar." The shanties, which sat side by side, perhaps fifty feet up the hillside from the little brook, were of a nondescript character. In their better days they had evidently been substantial log houses, but during the lapse of three generations which had found shelter there, the spruce logs had crumbled, and there had gradually taken their place irregular rows of slabs which the thoughtful stream had brought from the saw mills farther up the valley. They now had the appearance of leaning stockades, whose tottering roofs were supported by unseen hands.

Bill Larkin, who had been "raised," and who still lived, in the shanty on the south, was seated, on this particular morning, on a low stool by the side of his door, enjoying a rest from his labors, and his morning pipe. He glanced up as a tall and lank boy of about seventeen emerged from the slab lean-to in the rear of the hut, followed by a scrawny cow which he turned loose at the very door.

"Naow, ha'n't I tole ye not to turn that critter loose right hyar in the tater-patch, Pete Larkin?"

Pete, who bore marked resemblance to the "ole man," kicked the "critter" along without answering him a word, for he had learned that obedience was not only the better part, but for him the whole, of valor. After driving the cow across the brook, Pete came shambling back, humming to himself an old mountain song about

"The blueb'ries and the posies,
An' the woodchucks with red noses."

As old Bill heard the word blueb'ries, it seemed to recall something to his dreamy mind. He motioned Pete toward him, and said in an extended drawl—

"Wa-a-l, Pete, where ye goin' terday?"

Pete, as if anticipating pleasure, answered—

"Up the mounting, uv course. Thar a'n't no use hangin' round hyar, an' I mought get a-track uv thet bar thet's ben a munchin berries thar all summer."

"Wa-a-l," said the old man, "you jest set down on thet thar bar'l; I want ter talk with ye. Me'n 'Ria hev thunk it all over, an' we've decided thet we're a-gittin' ole, an' it's a-time ye was gittin' merried, so's ter make it kinder aisy fur yer ole dad."

Just then "'Ria," who had been digging some potatoes for their noon-day meal, came down from the garden patch above the shanty, and stood there holding them in her apron.

"Maw," said Pete, with upturned face, "I don't want ter git merred, do I? 'Sides, who'd hev me?"

"Uv corse ye want er git merred, Pete Larkin, and thet right quick. Me'n Bill a'n't gwine ter live allus."

"But, who'd hev me?" pleaded Pete.

"Hev ye!" screamed Pete's maw. "Hev ye! why yere's Lize Simons ben livin' right next door nigh on ter sixteen year. Corse she'll hev ye."

Pete, who was one of the good-

natured, yielding sort, "lowed he hed known Lize a long spell," and the ole man and "'Ria," who had it planned to their own satisfaction, finally persuaded poor Pete that he ought to get married today. Pete rebelled a little against this precipitate action, saying that he hadn't got a cent to give the parson.

"Thet a'n't no diff'runce," said Bill, "we've got a 'count at the store for the last blueb'ries we let him hev. It's ben a mighty fine season, an' it might be nigh two dollars. Naow, Lize an' you kin hev the hull o' thet if ye'll go down ter 'Bar Camp' ter-day an' get merred. The parson only gets a dollar fur merryin' the best uv folks, an' ye'l hev a dollar fur a weddin' tower down ter the 'Bluff,' with a ride on the lake an' plenty uv peanuts. Ye kin come up ter-night on Joe Green's loggin' team, an' hev it all over in one day."

Pete's small grey eyes lighted up at the thought of the peanuts and the ride on the little lake which he had seen so many times in its sunset glory from the summit of Sheep Mountain. It had seemed to him like one vast sea, beyond which all the world must lie.

"Wa-a-l," said Pete, at length, "jest as maw an' yo' sez. If Lize is willin', I is."

Without waiting for more urging, Pete drew himself up from the barrel on which he was seated, and started slowly toward Jim Simons' door. On the threshold he stopped suddenly, as if his courage had failed him, but pulling his tattered hat over his eyes, he entered.

"Whar's Lize?" said he to a little fellow who was yet toddling about on the floor.

"Ahint the house, uv corse," lisped the child. "She's fixin' up; she's goin' ter be merred."

Pete's grey eyes grew a trifle greyer, his hat was pulled a little lower by a sudden jerk of his hand, but that was all. He turned to go out again, muttering to himself—

"I knowed she wouldn't hev me."

Poor Pete was utterly unconscious that his paw and maw had arranged the whole matter for him, and that Lize had said "Yes." Before Pete reached the half-open door, a small, dark-skinned face appeared at the shed window. The heavy eyebrows did not serve to hide altogether the small black eyes which looked out from beneath them with a knowing glance, as a voice as sharp and peculiar as the face, called—

"Hello, Pete! Did ye know we're a-going to be married? Maw says we kin go on a weddin' tower, if we see the parson ter-day. Be mighty spry Pete; I's mos' fixed."

Ten minutes later Lize emerged from the Simons shanty dressed in her best. It was not in satins, to be sure, but for her it was to be her "weddin' gown," and that was enough. The broad-rimmed straw hat which she had borrowed from her father for the occasion, was tied down at the sides with a piece of red yarn into a sunbonnet. Her face, scrupulously clean, contrasted strangely with her "weddin' gown," which had seen its best days several years before. Pete, who had at last come to comprehend the situation, had not taken the pains even to don a "biled" shirt. As he met the one who was to share his peanuts, he greeted her with a "Hello, Lize! Ben fixin' up, han't ye?" And without further questioning they started down the mountain—Pete in his jean overalls, and Lize in her red calico gown.

At the end of a mile, which had been occupied in picking the few remaining berries which grew by the roadside, they burst out on the brow of a grassy knoll from which the little hamlet of Bear Camp could be seen in the smoky distance.

"I 'low 't a'n't more'n four miles further," said Pete, and relapsed again into silence.

It was a hard and dusty tramp for poor Lize, but she kept gazing at the deepening haze which hung over the "Bays," as if she saw in their dim outlines something of the uncertainty of life.

Two hours later, as they trudged into the little cluster of houses which composed Bear Camp, their first thought was of the peanuts and then of the parson. Pete was wholly unconcerned as he munched peanuts and explained to the surprised parson his mission, and pointed to the two ages, twenty-two and nineteen, in the certificate which he had procured. Lize was a little tremulous at first, and was evidently glad when the two names, Peter William Larkin and Elizabeth Matilda Simons, were uttered in the same breath by the grave parson.

Pete, with a frank appearance of generosity and a careless air, at once asked, "What's yer bill?"

The parson, surprised and overjoyed, waived an answer, and simply remarked, "The law allows me a dollar; you may pay me what you like."

"Wa-a-l," said Pete, with honest sincerity and a thought of more peanuts, "ef the law 'lows ye a dollar, yere's a half, an' thet'll make ye a dollar'n a half. Much obleeged."

The astonished parson could say nothing, as Mr. and Mrs. Larkin strode out through the open door and started on their "weddin' tower," as unconscious of the past as of the future.

Late that afternoon, as the evening fogs came creeping up the eastern slope of Sheep Mountain from the little lake at its foot, Pete and Lize were seen, weary and footsore-plodding up the rocky, mountain road, often pausing to listen for the sound of Joe Green's rumbling logging team.

"It a'n't no use," said Pete at length. "Joe'll come sure. I'm goin' ter wait."

"All 'right," answered Lize. "I's willin'."

Side by side they sat down on a rocky ledge, which seemed to sink deeper and deeper into the shadow of the mountain as the sun sank from sight. Both were too weary to talk much, and left each other to their own thoughts. As Lize sat looking at her own soiled calico, her thoughts were of the wonderful sights which she had seen on her "weddin' tower," and she exclaimed

"Say, Pete, did ye see thet gal at the 'Bluff,' with the silk gown on? Maw sez I kin have one some day."

"Naw," said Pete, "I didn't see nothin'. But wa'nt thet dirt cheap, gettin' merred for fifty cents?"

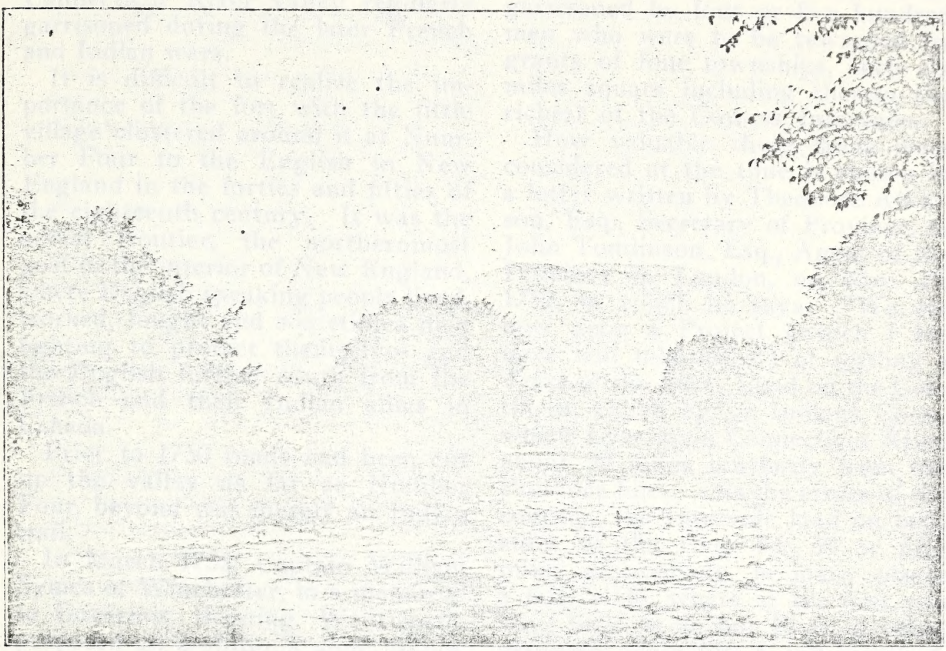
Just then a long, continuous rumble came up from the darkness which had settled over Bear Camp. Pete and Lize started up at the sound, and sauntered into the road again. As Joe Green came around the sharp bend, they scrambled onto the old lumber wagon.

"Whar ben?" called Joe, above the noise.

And as the team, carrying Pete and Lize back to the little shanty which to them was home, became more and more indistinct in the twilight, Pete's voice could be heard answering, "Down ter B'ar Camp, gittin' merred. Onl' cost's half a dollar."

THE GREAT ROAD TO THE NORTH, THROUGH THE UPPER CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

By George B. Upham



Sugar River and Ascutney Mountain from Lottery Bridge.

The spire of the little church in Ascutneyville, Vt., and a span of the Connecticut River Bridge may be seen in the middle distance.*

The Connecticut River is the longest and most important waterway in New England. For geologic ages this great river has been at work cutting the mountain passes and carving out the valley which is the only one extending entirely across New England. When the aborigines came, centuries before the coming of the white man, they found this great waterway with its broad valley and easy gradients ready for their use. Thus the Connecticut River valley was to the aborigines, as later to the white man, the one great avenue of communication between southern New England and the watershed of the St. Lawrence.

After several disastrous experiences from Indian marauding expeditions, often aided by the French, it is natural that the Province of Massachusetts Bay should, in the first half of the eighteenth century, have established forts to block this natural avenue of approach. The first of these, above the present Massachusetts line, was Fort Dummer, now Brattleboro, Vt., built in 1724; the next of importance that at

*The illustration, "Lottery Bridge," facing p. 219 of Major F. J. Wood's recently published "Turnpikes of New England," is a view of the old wooden Connecticut River Bridge at Claremont, now replaced by a steel structure on the same piers. Lottery Bridge is about half a mile distant in a southeasterly direction and crosses the Sugar River with a single span.

Number Four, now Charlestown, N. H., built in 1744.* Several blockhouses and stockaded private houses had been built between Fort Dummer and Number Four, but these were the only forts in the upper Connecticut River valley regularly garrisoned during the later French and Indian wars.

It is difficult to realize the importance of the fort with the little village clustered around it at Number Four to the English in New England in the forties and fifties of the eighteenth century. It was the actual frontier, the northernmost post in the interior of New England, where English speaking people lived, worked, fought and sometimes died fighting to protect themselves and the English further south from the French and their Indian allies in Canada.

Prior to 1750 roads had been cut up the valley as far as Number Four, beyond was merely an Indian trail.

In March 1752, Captain William Symes of Winchester, in a memorial to Governor Benning Wentworth, proposed an ambitious undertaking. It was to build a road from the fort at Number Four, sixty miles up the Connecticut River Valley to Cowass, there to build two defensive enclosures, one on each side of the river, each to "encompass fifteen or more acres of Land, this to be enclosed, with Log-houses at some distance from each other, and the spaces filled up with either Palisades or Square timbers, in the middle of the square something of the nature of a Cytidall where the Public Buildings & Granarys etc. will be built & to be large enough to contain all the Inhabitants, if at any time drove from the outer Enclosure which is to be large enough to contain their cattle etc. These fortifications are to be built so as to assist each other on every occasion." They were to be garrisoned by four or five hundred men who were to be rewarded by grants of four townships, each six miles square including therein the richest of the Cowass Intervales.

How valuable these lands were considered at the time is shown in a letter written by Theodore Atkinson, Esq., Secretary of Province, to John Tomlinson, Esq., Agent of the Province in London, on Nov. 19, 1752, in which he says: "We are now upon a Project (which I believe will take effect) of settling a Tract of the finest Land on the Continent, called by ye Indians Co-os, which Lyes upon Connecticut River about 90 miles northerly from the Province line....tis the cream of the country, the Intervale land on both sides of the river for 30 or fifty miles successively, in many places a mile wide, where at the first you have little to do but Plow, it being generally clear like a salt marsh & but about 40 or 50 miles Distance from many of our new settlements." (N. H. State Papers, Vol. VI pp. 161-162.)

This Memorial was acted upon favorably by the Council and Assembly. The sum of £1000 was voted to "be employed to and for cutting of Roads & Building of Bridges....from Number Four so called on the Connecticut River to sd place called Coos and from said Coos to Canterbury in sd Province."

Theodore Atkinson, Secretary, wrote Captain Phineas Stevens, in

*The name Number Four came from the fact that it was the northernmost of four towns for which charters were granted by Massachusetts on the east side of the river in 1735. No. 1 was afterwards named Chesterfield; No. 2, Westmoreland; No. 3, Walpole; No. 4, Charlestown.

After Captain Phineas Stevens had so valiantly defended the fort from the great attack made in April, 1747, Commodore Sir Charles Knowles of the British Navy, who was then in Boston, expressed his appreciation by sending to Captain Stevens a beautiful sword. In recognition of this the town, in its New Hampshire charter granted in 1753, was named Charlestown. As if in protest to the injustice to Captain Stevens the name Number Four long persisted. As late as the period of the War of the Rebellion the writer recollects hearing the older residents of Town Hill in Claremont, almost invariably speak of the village ten miles to the south as "Number Four," or "Charlestown, Number Four."

command at Number Four, that "it will be very agreeable to his Excellency (if you approve the Scheem) if you will joyn Capt. Symes in advice & Endeavors to forward this undertaking." (See N. H. State Papers, Vol. VI, p 163.)

This whole ambitious project would have been attempted, perhaps carried out, had not the Indians somehow got wind of it.

Early in January, 1753, six warriors of the St. Francis tribe were seen approaching the Fort at Number Four. Their white flag of truce, almost invisible against the snow, showed plainly when passing the dark green of the pines. They were kindly received by Captain Stevens, but their demeanor indicated no pleasant frame of mind. This incident, as afterwards related by Stevens to Captain Israel Williams at the latter's house in Hatfield, was by him set down in a letter to the Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts as follows: "They manifested great uneasiness at our Peoples going to take a view of Cowass Meadows last Spring, but never fully declared their minds till the morning they took their Departure, when with great Deliberation (as he expressed it) they told him, for the English to settle Cowass was what they could not agree to, and as the English had no need of that Land, but had enough without it, they must think the English had a mind for War, if they should go there, and said, if you do we will endeavor that you shall have a strong war, that they should have the Mohawks and Ottawawas to help them. That there was four hundred Indians now a hunting on this side of the St. Francois River, and that the owners of the land at Cowass would all be there this Spring, and that they at No. 4, might expect that if the affair of settling Cowass went forward, to have all their houses burnt." (See N. H. State Papers, Vol. VI, p 199.)

The Lieutenant-Governor at once laid the letter before Governor Shirley who lost no time in communicating it to the Governor of New Hampshire. Governor Wentworth then "threw such discouragement on the settlement of the Coos Meadows, that the design, without further endeavors to carry it into effect, was wholly relinquished, as under the circumstances impracticable."

In his history of Charlestown, pp. 54-56, Saunderson, without citing any authority for the statement, says "it was afterwards ascertained that Governor Wentworth had so little geographical knowledge of the country on the upper Connecticut that he did not even know where the Coos Meadows were."

Thus had it not been for the state of mind of the St. Francis Indians, coupled with the undoubted ability to execute their threats, John Mann and his wife, Lydia, in their journey in the fall of 1765, from Hebron, Connecticut, up the Connecticut River Valley to Orford would have found north of Number Four a well made road instead of a mere "horse-track frequently hedged across by fallen trees," and along that road frequent settlements instead of here and there an occasional log cabin separated from any neighbor by several miles of almost trackless wilderness. (See Granite Monthly, Vol. 51, p. 424.)

It was not until 1768 or 1769, eight or nine years after the power of the French in America, and the ability to stir their Indian allies to action, had been broken, that some semblance of a road was built by the settlers along the Indian trail. This trail for several years after the first settlers found their way over it, remained a mere bridle path, marked in the wooded parts by blazed trees, through which led pack-horses followed beneath the leafy shades in summer, struggled through the deep snows in winter from the lonely cabins, scattered for

twenty or thirty miles up the valley, to the nearest grist mill at Charlestown.

When the road was built it followed the bridle-path which had followed the Indian Trail, and it diverges but slightly from it in only a few places at the present day * Northerward from North Charlestown it runs to the west of Calavant Hill, by the old Captain Long place, past the Jarvis and Upham homesteads on Town Hill, which is in fact the eastern slope of Barbers Mountain, across Sugar River at Lottery Bridge, past the ancient Cupola House, and thence straight up the valley to Cornish Common and beyond. Holland's Map of 1774 shows it, with some breaks, continuing north to Haverhill, the Cowass of the ambitious Captain Symes.

This road is mentioned in the petition for the lottery to raise funds to build a bridge, and in a number of other State papers as the "Great Road" and as the "Main County (or Country) Road." In the writer's boyhood he frequently heard it called by the older residents the "King's Highway," coupled with the statement that by such name it was commonly called in the days of their youth. This name is not found in any document; it therefore seems probable that it was a merely local designation, perhaps confined to the residents of Town Hill.

As was not unusual in New England, the Great Road was laid out ten rods wide for a mile or two over Town Hill in Claremont, where portions of it have to this day been but slightly encroached upon. North of Sugar River it was six rods wide. The greater width through the "street" on Town Hill, was doubtless to provide common land for mowing or pasturage, surely the traffic did not require it.

No record has been found of the precise time when the bridle-path became a road passable for wheeled vehicles. We know, however, that it had become so in early August, 1770, when Eleazar Wheelock, with ox teams, laborers and two companions, pushed his struggling way up from Connecticut to lay the foundations for Dartmouth College; and when, a few weeks later, Madame Wheelock with the boys of the "Indian Charity School" followed by the same route.

What a pageant these travellers must have presented in their progress northward on a bright autumnal day. Let us wait by the roadside, say on Town Hill, and witness the passing. First came two horsemen, men of importance in raiment becoming their station; next Madame Wheelock swaying in the great and splendid coach, the gift of John Thornton a wealthy merchant of London, her two slave waiting maids, Peggy and Chloe, sitting, up behind and Jabez Bingham, nephew and chief teamster of the college president, driving; then the two men slaves, Exeter and Bristar, one of them leading a cow; next the drove of hogs tended by the thirty students, two of them Indians, trudging along on foot; then came the ox teams hauling the since celebrated barrel of rum, the "cag of wine," the barrel of "Old Pork," the 100 lbs. of tobacco, the gross of pipes, the half barrel of "Shuggar" and other necessities and appurtenances of life which Madame Wheelock was bringing with her. Picture this procession lurching down into, and struggling up out of, the ford at the present site of Lottery Bridge; the pigs squealing, the horses plunging, the oxen straining, the drivers cussing.—Oh that we had a moving picture of it all! And while the camera man is there, let him wait a couple of years to snap

*The only divergence known to the writer in Claremont is that just south of the old Ainsworth house where for fifteen or twenty rods the road was moved about two hundred feet, at the maximum, further east. This, it is believed, was done more than a century ago.

John Ledyard, then a lad of nineteen or twenty, as he passes with his dilapidated horse and sulky, the paraphernalia for unacceptable theatrical exhibitions tied on behind. He too is on his way to Hanover to join the class of 1776, the first, the most interesting, most romantic, most travelled gentleman adventurer that has ever ventured within the learned shades of Dartmouth College.

Scenes along the Great Road in its early days were varied. Before the close of the Revolution the post-rider passed once a fortnight in summer with letters in his saddle bags. We may imagine the interest in his coming, especially to those who had husbands or sons fighting in the Continental army. His circuit was from Portsmouth, via Concord and Plymouth, to Haverhill, from Haverhill down the Great Road to Charlestown, thence via Keene, back to Portsmouth.* Families with all their possessions, on their way to settle in the north, passed over the Great Road on wagons or sleds usually drawn by oxen. At a somewhat later period a gentleman, with his wife or daughter, sometimes rode past in his chaise preceded or followed by an outrider or two. He was prepared to buy a thousand or two of broad acres if he saw them to his liking, and carried with him the Spanish milled dollars necessary to conclude the purchase.** Dartmouth College boys trudged back and forth, in groups at the beginning and end of their vacation.

Before the bridge over Sugar River, the first of a substantial character in Claremont, was built in 1785, a ford in summer, the ice in winter, a ferry boat in times of high water, served the settlers and early travellers. Daniel Warner who lived close by was the ferryman. A jovial group of Dartmouth boys who hailed him across the river as Mr. Charon, laughed heartily when he explained that they had mistaken his name. When later a neighbor, John Strobridge, told him the classical significance, Warner became exceeding wroth, but was appeased by the further explanation that if he were Charon, his passengers must be considered lost souls crossing that dark river of Hades, the Styx.

Early in 1785, Stanford Kingsbury, who built and owned the Jarvis house on Town Hill, Elihu Stevens, the grandfather of the founder of Stevens High School, John Cook, who built the Cook Tavern, and five others petitioned the General Court "to Grant a Lottery that Shall Neat Free of the Needful Expenses two Hundred pounds for building a bridge Over Sugar River, to Accomodate the Main Country Road."

It appears from the following extract from the petition that not much enthusiasm in a financial form existed on the part of the public, for we read: "Subscriptions were open'd in the Town and Generous Donations came in to the Am't of

*John Balch of Keene was the first post-rider. See N. H. State Papers, Vol. X, p. 553. Judging from the roads and the number of houses along them as shown on Holland's Map, also from legislation in 1785 and 1786, see N. H. State Papers, Vol. XX, pp. 449, 644, it seems probable that between Keene and Portsmouth this first post route was through Marlboro, Dublin, Peterborough, Amherst, Merrimack, Londonderry, Chester and Exeter. This route apparently remained unchanged for about twenty years. In 1791, four post routes were established. "The first," that covering southwestern New Hampshire, "beginning at Concord, thence to proceed through Weare, New Boston, Amherst, Wilton, Temple, Peterborough, Dublin, Marlborough, Keene, Westmoreland, Walpole, Acworth, Charlestown, Claremont, Newport, Lempster, Washington Hillsborough, Henniker, Hopkinton to Concord."

The post-rider was required to cover this route weekly, ("extraordinaries excepted,") reversing direction of travel weekly. Postage was sixpence per letter "for every forty miles and four pence for every number of miles less than forty." On this route Concord, Amherst, Keene and Charlestown were to have postmasters who were to receive "two pence to be advanced on the postage of each private letter packet, etc." In towns where there were no postmasters the post-rider doubtless delivered letters as now delivered on R. F. D. routes. See N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXII, pp. 221, 222.

**Specific instances of this are known to the writer from reliable and well confirmed tradition.

Sixty Pounds Chiefly by Yr Petitioners (except a few individuals on the Great Road who Expected to be Accomdated by Said Bridge. Which money Was Carefully Laid out by yr Petitioners in procuring timber which is Now on the Spot. And in the Meantime When Said Work Was Carried on Subscription papers Were forwarded to the Principal Gent'm in Each Town From Walpole to Haverhill begging their assistance in So Public & Important A Matter. We had Many Kind Ans'rs from these Gent'm We had Addressed And Wrote to, but When a return of the Subscriptions Were Come in, found the Whole Am't to be but about one pound ten Shill's." And we read further, "That your Petitioners have Since in Public Town Meeting in said Claremont Urged the Assistance of the town but to No purpose." A lottery was therefore the last resort and was duly authorized to raise £300, by an act of the General Court passed June 23, 1785. (See N. H. State Papers, Vol. XI, p. 379.)

With the exception of the bridge between Newcastle and Portsmouth this is the only bridge known to have been built in New Hampshire by the aid of a lottery, and is believed to be the only one called "Lottery Bridge." It would be interesting to know the circumstances and incidents of the drawing, just when and where it took place, the cost of tickets, who drew the prizes and to what amounts; but no record or even traditions of such details are known to have been preserved.

Within the writer's recollection, back to 1860, the old covered wooden bridge, on this site, replaced by steel construction in 1893, has twice floated away at high water to ground on the meadows below. The first known instance of this was in the spring of 1802, when at two town meetings the Town refused to replace the bridge. This appears in a letter written by Benjamin Sumner on June 8, 1802, from the Cupola Tavern to Squire Samuel Hunt who represented Charlestown in the General Court then in session at Concord. Sumner explains that he is obliged to write hurriedly "to send by the Amherst maile Which will be hear at 4 P. M.," and says "it is currently reported and probably true that the owners of the turnpike," (running through Claremont Village, Unity and Lempster to Amherst, N. H.,) "have influenced the action of the town with a view to divert travel from the Maine River and Country Rode into the Turnpike so they the owners of sd Turnpike will Collect more from the gates in Claremont than all other gates Will afford! and No Wonder they exert themselves to, and are willing to Pay fines to the advantage of themselves—the River Rode being Turned into the Turnpike will Thrible the Tolledge, and I believe much more at the gate in Claremont." Sumner then asks that the property owners who voted for the restoration of the bridge be exempted from paying any part of the fines imposed for the neglect of the town "to Comply with the order of Court" by restoring the bridge. The letter closes as follows: "As Oure member Mr. Jones is Not so favorable to the Repairs of the Country Rode We Do not apply to him." "N. B. Doctr Sterne has this moment Com in and Signes with me"

"Our Respects wait on you"

T. Sterne.
Benj. Sumner"

"To Saml Hunt Esqr."

One hundred and sixteen years, almost to a day, after its departure by the Amherst mail on that afternoon in June, 1802, this same letter, faded and yellow with age, came back to the place where it was written.

Prior to about 1800 the village of Claremont was on that part of the

Great Road which crosses Town Hill. Holland's Map shows fourteen houses on the village street in 1774. * This number was increased considerably in the succeeding twenty years. Here were the village smithy, the village school, the tavern, the country store, the workshop of the wheelwright, the shoemaker, the cobbler and the tailor; a busy place it was near the close of the eighteenth century where now the road is grass-grown and as silent as the fields.

The Great Road in connection with ferries served both sides of the Connecticut River until about 1790, when the river road on the Vermont side was built. It is doubtful if this road was ever, for any considerable length of time, used as a through state route. To avoid the high rates of toll at Bellows Falls, over the first bridge to span the Connecticut River, the stage-horn was sounded long and lustily from the New Hampshire side as the coach, the horses thus spurred to a galiop, approached "the Falls." The prospective passengers walked across the brige paying their three cent toll, saw their trunks trundled across in wheelbarrows, and mounted the stage in Walpole, on the New Hampshire side.

For three quarters of a century, until the railroad was built, in 1849, travellers in the river valley journeyed north and south over the Great Road. We can see the top-heavy, six-horse stage-coach rocking on its leather thorough-braces, swaying around the curves, lurching over the hills, passing with perilous tilt the heavy, slow-moving, canvas-covered freight wagons, and finally after sunset rounding up beside the Ralston Tavern, still standing on Town Hill; the tired travellers climb down for their evening meal, the jolly landlord greets them, the foam-flecked horses are led away to the stable, their day's work done.

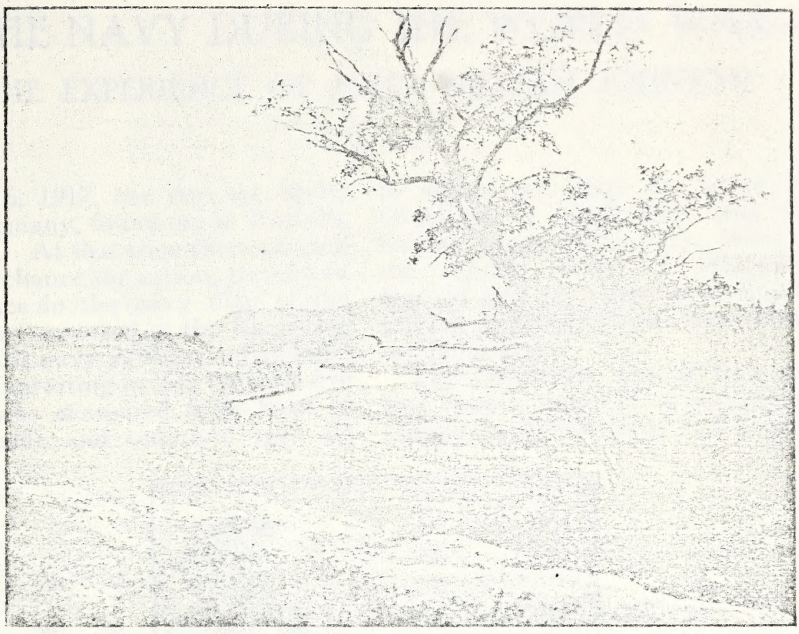
*On Holland's Map, not only then existing roads are shown, but dots indicate the houses along these roads. They may be plainly seen on the original map, though hardly visible on the reduced reproductions. It is believed that the dots indicate buildings of a substantial character and not mere cabins, for on the site of Dartmouth College there are only three dots, and only seven in all of Hanover, four of these near the river in the north part of the town. There must have been more than three buildings of some sort on and around the college grounds in 1774. An excellent engraving of Holland's map from the original plate may be seen in the collection of the New Hampshire Historical Society, also in the Boston Public Library. Writers of local histories should make far more use of this map than has been made in the past. It might well be reproduced as a bit of State enterprise, on the original scale and with the original clearness.

THE LEDYARD BRIDGE (1859)

By Perley R. Bugbee

The old wooden bridge; the Ledyard bridge,
Humbly it stands, connecting two states
Joining lands on either water's edge
Vermont's green and New Hampshire's granite.

Near or distant, shed-like and mossy
The shingled roof and its boarded sides.
While picturesque, it's rather noisy,
The planks rattle as o'er them one rides.



From river's source, through vales to the sea
Bridges replace ferries to ride over.
The first of the valley's to be free
Was one from Norwich to Hanover.

The first with single span and no piers
Fell in the river from its own weight.
The second toll bridge stood thirty years
Serving the public humble and great.

The third bridge builded in thirty-nine,
Burned in the autumn of fifty-four.
Then five years—interminable time!
The public by boat was carried o'er.

The Ledyard is the fourth in number
O'er the Connecticut at this spot,
While all four were builded from lumber
Ledyard's served the longest of the lot.

O'er the river that flows on and on
This bridge in many lives bears its part,
O'er it Dartmouth's classes have come and gone,
Ledyard's bridge is endeared to the heart.

Hanover, N . H

IN THE NAVY DURING THE WORLD WAR--

THE EXPERIENCE OF JOHN WILLIAM JOHNSON

April 6, 1917, the day we broke with Germany, found me in Norfolk, Virginia. At that time there seemed a better chance for action, travel and experience in the navy than in the army, so I reported at the Receiving Ship at the navy yard for enlistment; and, after waiting in line for over five hours, was examined from head to foot, inside and out, and was accepted. So many ahead of me, apparently of fine physique, were rejected that I considered myself unaccountably fortunate in being accepted. As I had passed my twenty-first birthday but a few months previously, this statement, above the officially witnessed signature of my mother, was demanded by the receiving officer before I was allowed to serve Uncle Sam. I was ordered to report for duty on board the Oklahoma a week later, and was finally sworn in for four years in the regular navy. I afterwards learned that my name stood first on the list of enlisted men from Bath—my home town.

The Oklahoma was at that time less than a year old, a superdreadnought of 32,000 tons, and a speed of 22 knots, a knot being one and one eighth miles. She was one of the largest ships in the service carrying over 1500 men. She burned oil, an immense advantage in the way of cleanliness. Her main battery consisted of ten 14-inch guns; and she carried a secondary battery of twenty-one 5-inch guns, also 3-inch anti-aircraft guns, and two 6-pound saluting guns. The shells



John William Johnson

used in the 14-inch guns weigh over 2,000 pounds, and can be fired 20 miles. And the bore is large enough to admit the body of a man.

Navy life is altogether different from civilian, and to acquire the navy dialect is like learning a foreign language. A room is called a "compartment," the floor is the "deck," and the ceiling is referred to as the "overhead." Stairs are known as "ladders," and windows are called "ports."

Time on shipboard is marked by bells. For instance, at noon, eight bells are struck; at twelve-thirty, one bell; at one, two bells; at one-thirty, three bells; at two, four bells; at two-thirty, five bells; at three, six bells; at three-thirty, seven bells; at four, eight bells, and so on. In the British navy seven bells are never struck, in commemoration of the fact that on a certain ship a mutiny had been planned to take place at seven bells. The captain got wind of the affair, seven bells were not struck, and the mutineers were foiled.

A sailor's kerchief is black as a badge of mourning for departed naval heroes; the three white bands on his collar are for three great naval victories; and the thirteen buttons, ornamenting his trousers, are for the thirteen original states.

Recruits in the army are known as "rookies," but in the navy as "boots," probably on account of being booted around by boatswain's mates. There was one of these would-be sailors, or land-lubbers, on lookout duty in the "crow's nest." The "crow's nest" is a basket-like arrangement on the mast where a lookout is kept. After the man's watch was up, he was ordered down by the officer of the deck through the voice tube in these words "Lay down from aloft." As the sailor did not obey, and no attention being paid to the order after it had been repeated several times, the officer finally lost patience and shouted "Climb down out of that tree!"

After making a statement as to the education I had received, and passing examinations in mathematics, I was assigned to the navigator's division to train for quartermaster. A quartermaster in the army is a clerk who attends to supplies, but in the navy a quartermaster's duties are altogether different. They consist chiefly in signalling, correcting charts, steering and keeping the ship's log. The log is a record of the ship's cruise. Every hour readings are taken of the barometer, psychrometer, condition of the weather, form of clouds, etc.

Signalling is carried on in various ways—wigwag and semaphore by day, and blinker and searchlight by night. Wigwag and semaphore are often confused. They are not at all alike. Wigwag employs one flag only, about three feet in diameter, and the continental code is used. In semaphore two flags, about a foot in diameter, are used, and the letters of the alphabet are indicated by different positions of the flags. Wigwag is comparatively slow, but after a few months' practice, I obtained a speed of forty words a minute by semaphore. Blinker is used for short distance signalling by night, and the dot and dash are marked by the length of time the light is exposed. For long distances, twenty miles or more, the searchlight is used.

As there seemed little hope of getting across on the Oklahoma, I requested a transfer, and the following day I was ordered aboard the Paul Jones—a small torpedo boat. The only difference between a torpedo boat and a destroyer is that a destroyer has a longer cruising radius. The torpedo boats are 300 feet long and between 25 and 30 feet wide at the beam—amid ships. Torpedoes are their chief battery, as their name indicates, but

depth mines were successfully used against submarines. These long narrow boats—the destroyers and torpedo boats—are built for speed, and cut the water like a knife blade. They are the fastest craft afloat, surpassing in swiftness the celebrated passenger ships known as "Ocean Greyhounds."

In company with five other torpedo boats we left Philadelphia for the Mediterranean via the Azores, and Bermuda. Hamilton was the first foreign port we touched at. Here we delayed long enough to refuel; and, as we were given shore leave, we visited the Islands. We rented bicycles to reach the different objects of interest, and avoided collisions by remembering to keep to the left as is the custom in that place. Back on board after our leave had expired, we left port, and all went well until the third day out, when we ran into a storm, and our deck load of coal was washed over board. The supply in our bunkers not being sufficient for us to reach our destination, we were obliged to turn back. The weather increased in violence so that we were forced to run with the sea instead of bucking it. I stood a two-hour wheel watch, but it was impossible to keep the ship on the course. Soon after I came on watch the foremast snapped, and later the mainmast. As our wireless was strung between these masts, it was put out of commission. Before morning we lost an anchor; two life rafts, and our life boat. The after compartments commenced to flood so that we were forced to batten down the hatches to keep the other compartments dry. But in spite of our efforts to the contrary, the water found its way through, and only by all hands turning to with buckets were we able to keep afloat. The salt water even found its way into our fresh water tank so that we were without drinking water. We used the juice of tinned tomatoes to quench our thirst and even drank catsup which did not have the desired effect. After three days of bailing and constant drenching, we were at the point of exhaustion, and a ration of alcohol diluted with water was served to us. In momentary expectation of the signal to abandon ship, rafts were made of the fallen masts, and emergency rations were issued. We lightened ship by casting overboard two torpedoes valued at $5000 each, our ice machines, and all heavy articles that could be dispensed with. Guns were constantly fired and tar was kept burning as distress signals; and at night we sent up rockets and stars. We saw nothing before us but berths in Davy Jones' locker, when the dense fog by which we had been surrounded lifted a little, Polaris was discerned, and a sight taken. We found we were hundreds of miles out of our course, and in a waste of waters where ships seldom pass, so that if we took to our rafts there was little hope of our being picked up. But we now took heart, redoubled our efforts, and in a short time the mainland of Bermuda was sighted, and we headed for it. As we neared the Islands our distress signals were answered from the shore, and I sent a searchlight message requesting assistance. We got a reply saying that no help could be given us until daybreak. As the harbor was mined, we didn't care to take a chance on being blown up, so we anchored and continued bailing until morning. Finally a tug was sent out and, in a sinking condition, we were towed in.

We later learned that we were suspected of being a submarine; and, indeed, we looked much like one—being level with the sea and minus masts. The commander of the fort had been ordered to blow us up, but he refused to do so, thinking we

might not be an enemy ship. In consequence he was courtmartialled for disobedience of orders.

As we lost all our personal belongings, including clothing, we were cared for at the British barracks, and a week later I was sent to the Perkins—a much larger ship than the Paul Jones, and an oil-burner. On her we went to Liverpool, where the ship was "camouflaged," and from there to Queenstown, our base. Here we were given sections to patrol. We often saw submarines; but as they were no match for destroyers, on sighting us they would quickly submerge. It was the winter season, and the life was strenuous. For a man with good eyesight and not subject to seasickness the work was well-nigh incessant. Our chief duty was to answer calls for help, and pick up the survivors of torpedoed ships. Many times we arrived at the scene of the disaster in time to witness the destruction and sinking of the ship. Once we received an S.O.S. call; and, when we arrived on the scene, we were greeted with torpedoes, two passing directly under us, and one over our bow, missing us by a few feet—an example of German treachery or strategy, as you will.

His Majesty's ship, the "Highflier," was stationed near us, and I became acquainted with a British sailor who one day invited me on board his ship for luncheon. A ration of grog is served British sailors at every meal. As a guest, I, too, was favored. But I did not like the odor or the looks of the mixture, and I passed my glass to my friend. After that I was cordially and frequently invited to meals on board the Highflier, not only by my friend, but by others who looked with envious eyes as he drank his double portion.

The last part of the war I was stationed at New York on convoy duty. July 4, 1918, we convoyed forty-five ships out of the harbor, the largest number that ever left any port at any one time. A dirigible led the way, followed by seven destroyers on each side of the ships being convoyed, and also a number of cruisers. One cruiser always went all the way across, while most of the destroyers, after going out three hundred miles, returned to port for another convoy. However, I went across three times, landing at Brest.

After the armistice was signed we lay in the North River for display. The line of ships which had seen active service extended for five miles, and was known as the "Victory Fleet."

During the winter we were stationed in Guantanamo Bay, the southern drill ground, as it is called. In the spring we returned to the States, and a few months later I received my honorable discharge.

Sometimes a sailor or soldier is asked what is the hardest experience he has ever had. When John Hay was an old man, he said the hardest hour of his life was at the time of the Civil War. He, being Lincoln's secretary, was required to write an order for the execution of an American soldier. Early in the World War I was on signal duty on the Oklahoma when a message came to me from a transport loaded with marines saying "Permission requested to proceed as ordered." I replied in the affirmative, thus sending our brave American men across, many of them never to return. My years are not many, and serious hours may be ahead of me, but none that will exceed in solemnity the one when I stood on the bridge at midnight, and watched that ship steam slowly down the bay, and out of sight.

THE SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF PENACOOK ENCAMPMENT

By Frank J. Pillsbury, P. C. P.

Odd Fellows Hall in Concord was the scene of the celebration on Tuesday evening, November 25, of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Penacook Encampment.

Albert N. Thompson, C. P., in a few well chosen words welcomed the audience and introduced as the chairman of the evening Capt. J. E. Morrison, P. C. P. and Scribe. In this position he proved a success as he does in many other places.

The program follows:

Prayer, Bro. Rev. Geo. F. Patterson
Entertainer, Herbert A. Clark
Historical Address,
Frank J. Pillsbury, P. C. P.
Duet,
Mrs. Fred E. Browne, Organist
Miss Florence P. Newell, Piano
Piano Solo, Miss Florence Clough
Entertainer, Herbert A. Clark
Remarks by Grand Encampment Officers
"America" by the audience standing

OFFICERS, NOVEMBER 26, 1844

C. P., Nathaniel B. Baker
H. P., Lewis Downing
S. W., Stephen Brown
Scribe, Jonathan Sargent
Treasurer, William Walker, Jr.
J. W. Thomas White

PRESENT OFFICERS

C. P., Albert W. Thompson
H. P., Henry W. Hillson
S. W., Walter H. Beane
Scribe, J. Edward Morrison
Treasurer, Edward C. Dutton
J. W., Harry L. Peacock

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

Albert W. Thompson, C. P.
Walter H. Beane, S. W.
Arthur F. Oyston, P. C. P.

ENCAMPMENT MEMBERS IN THE WORLD WAR

Leon D. Cilley. Enlisted August 15, 1918; Dartmouth College Training Detachment; discharged, Dec. 14, 1918.

Chester W. Clark. Enlisted Sept. 22, 1917; Chemical Warfare Service; discharged, Jan. 30, 1919.

Ernest C. Dudley. Enlisted May 1, 1918; Ordnance Dept.; discharged, Jan. 1, 1919.

Forrest L. Kibbee. Enlisted May 1, 1918; Ordnance Dept.; discharged, May 2, 1919.

Walter E. Maynard. Enlisted May 27, 1918; U. S. Naval Reserve Force; discharged, Jan. 29, 1919.

Charles F. Strainge. Enlisted April 26, 1918; 309th Infantry; discharged, June 9, 1919.

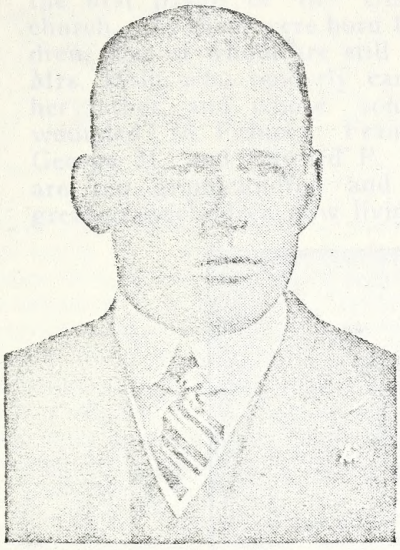
Carl V. Whidden. Enlisted April 18, 1917; Battery C, 146 Field Artillery; wounded, Oct. 27, 1918; died, Oct. 28, 1918.

Dion C. Wingate. Enlisted May 25, 1917; Field Artillery; discharged, Jan. 30, 1919.

All the exercises were interesting. The musical part was much enjoyed. The address was well received and the entertainer—well, he certainly did entertain and please.

The following Grand officers made remarks: Albert C. Wyatt, G. H. P., Laconia; H. A. Sanderson, G. J. W., Franklin; James G. Shaw, G. Rep. Franklin; Myron P. Crowell, G. Rep., Manchester; Charles E. Hardy, D. D. G. P., Concord; Ernest C. Dudley, Deputy G. M. of Concord, and Frank D. Holmes, Com-

mander of Patriarchs Militant, Concord, and Edward C. Dutton, P. G. Rep., Concord, who were all listened to with attention.



Ernest C. Dudley, P. C. P.
D. G. M. Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F.

At the close of the exercises all repaired to the banquet hall where ice cream and cake were served and a social hour enjoyed. It was midnight before the company separated.

The historical address of the occasion was as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Grand Officers, Ladies, Patriarchs and Brothers: Without any opening remarks we will at once proceed to speak of some of the events of the past seventy-five years.

The persons who became connected with the order of Odd Fellows when it was introduced into Concord became so interested in its workings and impressed with the worth of its principles that they soon felt a desire to know what the higher branch had for them; so that steps were very soon taken to have an Encampment instituted here. Accordingly seven of the brothers went to Nashua on Sept. 8, 1844, and received the degrees in Nashanon Encampment. The names of those parties were Nathaniel B. Baker, Louis Downing, Jr., Thos. White, Stephen Brown, Jonathan Sargent, William Walker, Jr., and Charles A. Tufts.

On November 25, 1844, but a little more than nine months after the institution of White Mountain Lodge, Most Worthy District Grand Patriarch Albert Guild of Boston, instituted the Encampment whose seventy-fifth anniversary we are now celebrating. If brevity is wit those men were certainly witty for the entire account of the exercises is contained in less than thirty lines in the record book. At this meeting seven brothers were instructed in the work, one among them being our respected brother Past Chief Patriarch George Main, whose one hundredth birthday was observed November 23, and of whom we may well feel proud as being the oldest Odd Fellow in the world.

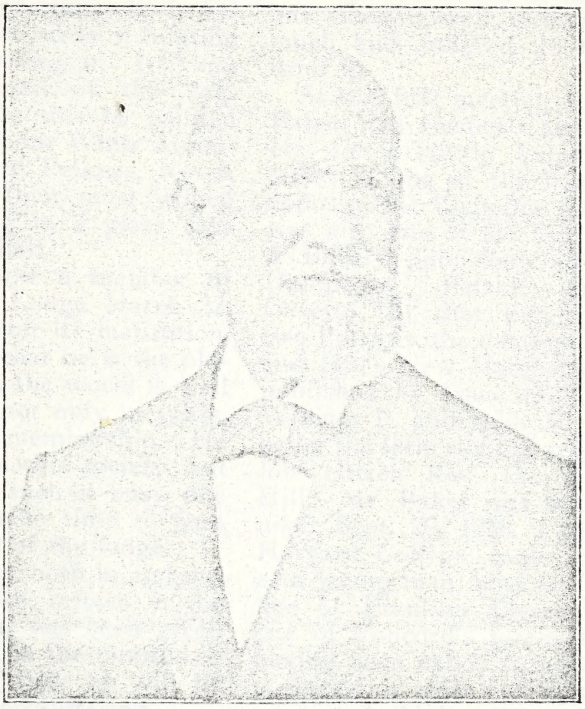
It is a very, very rare opportunity to have the pleasure of having a member who has lived a century, and is so well preserved as is our brother. So, I trust you will bear with me if some account of Brother Main's life as published in the Patriot of November 24, is given as follows:

Mr. Main was born in Rochester, this State, in the part of the town known as Rochester hill, where the first church in that town was built, the first pastor of which, Parson Amos Main, being his great grandfather.

Mr. Main's parents died when he was but 12 years old, leaving four children in all, two boys and two girls. His two sisters died when they were about 25 years old, but his brother lived to 89 years of age. For a long time he had charge of the business of the Abbott-Downing company in California.

At the age of 23 years George

Main married Ellen M. Preston of Concord, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Moses G. Thomas, the first pastor of the Unitarian church. To them were born 10 children, four of whom are still living, Mrs. Holt, who tenderly cares for her father, and whose son was wounded in France; Frank A., George M., and Edward P. There are ten grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren now living.



George Main, P. C. P.
Oldest Odd Fellow in the World

While returning from the wedding of Governor Rollins, Mr. Main was struck by a piece of wood from a burning building, causing him to lose the sight of one eye. In 1898, a bon-fire caused the sight of the other to become weakened. For the past six years he has been totally blind. Otherwise his faculties are but little impaired, and his general health is good. His daughter states that he makes no complaints about not being able to see and it is a mystery to his friends how he manages to get around the house unaided.

On coming to Concord, Mr. Main entered the employ of the Abbott-Downing company, having charge of the paint shop and doing most of the ornamental painting on their famous carriages and coaches. In 1854 he was asked by the Manchester Locomotive Works to ornament their locomotives, as was then the custom, and he has the honor of having done the painting on the first machine sent out by that celebrated corporation.

About 1846 he opened a paint, oil and artists supply store in Union block, so-called, his store being on the corner now occupied by Fitch's drug store. He continued in that

business for nearly 20 years, closing it out in 1865, when he opened the green house on Merrimack street, the first in Concord, and probably the first in the State.

At the time President Pierce visited Concord, Mr. Main made the largest United States flag ever made up to that time, and it is doubtful if one has been made since then that is any larger. The dimensions were 150 feet long and 90 feet wide and it took 2200 yards of bunting to make it. Unfortunately it became torn and 800 yards of bunting were used in repairing it. It is not known what became of the flag. Some years before this he painted a beautiful banner for White Mountain Lodge of Odd Fellows, No. 5, which is among their most valued treasures, hanging in a glass case in their banquet hall.

Mr. Main became a member of White Mountain Lodge March 22, 1844, six weeks after its institution, so that the claim that he is the oldest Odd Fellow in the world is well founded. Oldest not only in years, but in length of membership. He is a past officer in this society, but his life has been such a busy one that he did not have time to pass through the chairs of the lodge.

His many friends, both in and out of the Odd Fellows, rejoice in the length of days that has been given him, and trust that in the months or years that are to come he will be spared from pain and suffering.

When he first came to Concord, Mr. Main lived for a time on Warren street in a part of the building known as Gales Tavern, standing not far from where the present police station is located.

It may not be out of place to state that on his birthday Brother Main received one hundred one dollar pieces, two bouquets of one hundred pinks each, one of them from Penacook Encampment, two bouquets of chrysanthemums of one hundred each, one hundred pansies, one hundred dimes, one hundred stamps, a bouquet of one hundred roses, a basket of fruit from White Mountain Lodge, nearly two hundred postcards and a large number of letters from friends and Odd Fellows all over the country. There were numerous other gifts, among them a handsome birthday cake with colored frosting bearing the dates Nov. 23, 1819 and Nov. 23, 1919. He received one hundred or more callers, but stood it well, enjoyed the day much and suffered no bad effects from it.

At this first meeting Nathaniel B. Baker was elected Chief Patriarch. He was a lawyer living on South street in one of the houses nearly opposite the Chandler school. He was also one of the firm of Carroll & Baker, publishers of the New Hampshire Patriot and State Gazette At that time there were two Patriots, the one just mentioned and Hill's New Hampshire Patriot, published by Isaac Hill and Sons, William P. and John M., the latter being the father of our respected fellow citizen Rev. Dr. Howard F. Hill. Mr. Baker was born in Henniker Sept. 29, 1818, a graduate of Harvard College, came to Concord as a young man, read law in the office of Franklin Pierce, and was one of Concord's foremost citizens having been called to occupy many positions of trust and honor. Was appointed chief engineer of the fire department in 1852, having previously served several years as one of the fire wards. In 1850 his name appears in the directory as clerk of the courts. He served as moderator at the town meeting in 1846, also 1849-1853, being the last person to act in that capacity.

The meetings of 1851 and 1852 each occupied six days. Mr. Baker was a vigorous supporter and advocate for a city charter, while his father, Abel Baker, was as strongly

opposed to it. After three trials had previously been made on March 10, 1853, the third day of the town meeting, the friends of a city form of government were successful by a majority of 269 out of 1387 votes cast. At the first city election on March 26, Mr. Baker was elected moderator of Ward six.

At the March election in 1850 he was chosen as one of the representatives to the General Court and re-elected the following year. Each of these years he filled the position of speaker of the house and he is spoken of by his colleagues as being one of the most genial, popular and efficient persons who ever occupied the speaker's chair.

He was the second citizen of Concord that had, to that time, served as speaker, the other one being Hon. Thomas W. Thompson, thirty-seven years before.

He was the first clerk of the Concord Gas Light Company, was also one of the incorporators and original trustees of St. Paul's School and it was he who first offered the silver medal given for distinguished excellence in the performance of school duties, and which has since been given each year on the last night of the school's session.

In 1852 he was one of the presidential electors and had the pleasure of voting for his former preceptor, General Franklin Pierce. In March, 1854, he was elected governor of the state, serving one term with credit to himself, but the change in political sentiments prevented his re-election. He was one of the five charter members of White Mountain Lodge, No. 5, I. O. O. F., was its second Noble Grand and the third Grand Master of the State. As has been already stated he was one of the charter members of Penacook Encampment, No. 5, was its first Chief Patriarch and the first Grand Patriarch of the jurisdiction. Was also a member of Blazing Star Lodge F. & A. M.

In 1856 he followed Horace Greeley's advice and went west, locating in Clinton, Iowa. The regard in which he was held in the Hawkeye State is shown in an extract from Green's history of Iowa sent from the office of the Adjutant General of that state.

"In 1859 he was elected to the Iowa Legislature and when the War of the Rebellion began he led the war wing of his party to give cordial support to Governor Kirkwood's administration. The Governor appointed him Adjutant General of the State and all through the Rebellion his superb executive ability was given to the work of organizing the fifty-seven regiments of volunteers which Iowa furnished to the President. He organized a system that has preserved a permanent record of the service of every Iowa soldier who entered the army. As the war progressed the duties of Inspector-General, Quartermaster, Paymaster and Commissary-General were imposed upon him, and the duties discharged with promptness unsurpassed. He was untiring in caring for the comfort of Iowa soldiers, and as the regiments were discharged, he gathered at the State Arsenal all of the battle flags which were brought home for careful preservation. He planned and superintended the great re-union of Iowa soldiers in 1870, where every one of the 20,000 veterans was eager to take him by the hand. He held the office of Adjutant General to the day of his death, which occurred on the 13th of September, 1876. Governor Kirkwood issued a proclamation announcing his death and enumerating his great services to the State. The national flag was displayed from the public buildings at half-mast and minute guns were fired the day of his funeral, which was one of the

most imposing ever seen in the State. A monument was erected to his memory over his grave in Woodland Cemetery, Des Moines, by voluntary contributions of Iowa soldiers."

We have given so much space to Governor Baker's life because we feel that one who was so prominent in our order before it had became a popular institution is worthy of being thus remembered.

Lewis Downing, Jr., was chosen High Priest. He will be remembered as one of the men who made Concord famous for its coaches. His residence is given in the directory of that year as 19 Main street. The Senior Warden was Stephen Brown, who lived on School street nearly opposite the present High School building. His place of business as a tailor was 129 Main street. His advertisement in the directory alluded to says "He has constantly for sale every article in the line of his business." He became the third Grand Patriarch serving in 1847-8, and in 1852-3 he was Grand Master of the state being the ninth person to occupy that exalted position. He was Grand Representative in 1847.

The Scribe was Jonathan Sargent, a carpenter at Depot House, 84 Main street. Treas., Wm. Walker, Jr. of the firm of Walker & Co., Concord and Boston express, a former well known stage driver and later still better known as captain of the Lady of the Lake on Lake Winnipisaukee, living then at 64 Main street, but afterwards, for many years, living in a house which stood on the corner of Park and State streets, now occupied by the State Library building. Thos. White was elected Junior Warden, a watchman at the depot and boarding with Amos Wood, who conducted a bakery on West street and lived at 92 Main Street.

Chas A. Tufts was appointed Inner Guard. He gave his occupation as clerk and boarded with H. M. Rolfe, of the firm of Porter & Rolfe, who established the first store for selling hardware in the city and it is quite likely he was in their employ.

Brother Tufts went to Dover and became Grand Master in 1853-4, was also Grand Patriarch in 1851-2, the seventh to occupy that position. It is something we have reason to feel proud of that three of the seven charter members of our encampment served in the highest offices in both the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment.

It appears the first meeting was held in the afternoon as the record says took a recess till six o'clock in the evening. Not very late hours.

Four of the parties mentioned as receiving the work were elected at this afternoon session. Their names are Rev. J. F. Witherell, a Universalist clergyman, publishing a paper called the "Balm of Gilead"; W. B. Safford, wholesale and retail dealer in "West India Goods and Flour," opposite the State House, as his advertisement reads; Amos B. Currier, who signed his occupation as "Tinker Merchant." Some of us remember he dealt in stoves, tin and wooden ware about where the Higgins Market now is. These, with Brother Main, were elected before the recess. At the meeting in the evening three other applications were received and the parties elected. William Carr, a carpenter, whom some may remember as the drum major of the 1st N. H. Vol., when it went to the front in 1861. Cyrus Hill kept a hat and fur store at 178 Main street, living on Center street. Henry George, a stage driver, stopping at the Eagle Coffee House. The oldest of these parties were Brothers Brown and Carr, who gave their age as 45, the others ranged from 23 to 34 years.

With the exception of Patriarch

Downing and Hill, we think none of the fourteen have any relatives now living among us.

Quoting from the records: "Proceeded to initiate through all the degrees of the encampment the following brothers," giving their names. "No other business appearing before the encampment, proceeded to close in ancient form to meet again Dec. 10. At this second meeting the Inner Guard having left town, Patriarch Main was appointed to that position. The other officers and the committees were appointed at this meeting, among them being two called "Sons of Nimrod." As nothing further is said of such officers we have no knowledge of what their duties or privileges were. At first the meetings were held every week and at the one on Dec. 17, Robert N. Corning, father of our esteemed fellow citizen Judge Chas. R. Corning, was elected and received the degrees. There were four degrees at this time. The wording was somewhat different from what we are used to as they say "closed in ancient form. Proceeded to confer the honors of the encampment." In the first constitution, the amount charged for dues was twelve and one half cents per month; sick benefits two dollars per week; death benefit $10. If any officer was not present at a meeting he was fined ten cents, unless excused.

This caused some difficulty and this provision seemed to become nonoperative by general consent. Article 8 reads: "Each patriarch shall, within three months after becoming a member of this encampment, furnish himself with suitable regalia as indicated by the charges or directed by the Grand Lodge of the United States."

On March 1, 1852, the rent to be paid for the hall was fixed at ten dollars per year, and on Aug. 2 of that year it was voted "that the steward be directed to get our lamps changed so as to burn fluid." In January, 1853, a committee was appointed to consider introducing gas into the hall, but gas was not introduced till more than three years after, as at the meeting Aug. 12, 1856, it was recorded that gas had been put in. This of course refers to gas for illuminating purposes, not any other kind of gas.

September 10, 1859, the building in which was our hall was burned, but the charter, books and a large part of the other property was saved. For some time the meetings were held in a room in Exchange block. Nov. 22, 1859, the record says "have arranged with White Mountain Lodge for rent at $10 per year."

February 12, 1861, a vote was passed that "members have their photographs taken with their regalias." The result of this vote is shown in the frames in the banquet room. Dec. 10, 1861, is the first record we find of any celebration, but from that time on they have been quite numerous and frequent.

For one held on Nov. 26, 1862, the committee at a subsequent meeting reported, "we had an oyster supper and other refreshments and that we had a social and good time generally."

January 3, 1863, a public installation was held to which all Odd Fellows were invited.

On. Nov. 24, 1863, we had the pleasure of a visit from some thirty patriarchs members of Nashanoon, Wonolansett, Strawberry Bank and Norway Plains Encampments.

May 9, 1865, voted to appear in regalia on the occasion of ceremonies in memory of President Lincoln, that we hire a band and that our committee confer with White Mountain Lodge regarding it. That year it was voted to have an anniversary oyster supper and that it be exclusively for Patriarchs, their wives and sweethearts. These anniversary affairs have been held quite regularly

for very many years. On one occasion the record says: "Voted to invite White Mountain Lodge and their ladies, to meet with us, and that the members of this encampment have the privilege of bringing to the levee their families and such other lady friends as they please." Another occasion the vote was "each married member be allowed to bring his own wife and each single member one lady."

July 23, 1867, record says "There being an alarm of fire the members left without closing in form."

Sept. 13 of the same year the encampment entertained the encampment from Portland, Me. It was voted to hire a hall, give them a substantial dinner, appear in a parade in full regalia accompanied by a band. In the evening to hold a levee and to invite the members of White Mountain Lodge and their ladies, and that our members have the privilege of bringing to the levee their families and such other lady friends as they please. The record does not mention, but we feel safe in saying they had a big crowd and a fine time.

July 22, 1868, a return visit was made to the Patriarchs in Portland, being entertained in Boston by two encampments while on the way. The camp later voted thanks to the two encampments in Boston and two in Portland for courtesies received.

Annual supper Dec. 22, 1869, provided the encampment be at no expense therefor. One of those good old fashioned affairs when every one brought in substantials and dainties. A real social supper.

Tahanto Encampment was instituted March 9, 1871, by Charles P. Blanchard, G. P., with sixteen members who withdrew from us for that purpose.

Our relations have been cordial and friendly such as should exist between mother and daughter, between those bound together by the same fraternal bonds, working for the same object.

Many times we have been their guests and many times we have been pleased to welcome them to our social gatherings. Joint installations have been very common, in later years and since the organization of Winnepoket Encampment triple installations have been often held. May this kindly spirit never cease, may those links of friendship bind us together more closely, more firmly.

Interest was revived in the musical part of the work, Pch. John D. Teel being chosen as chorister. Record says "The singing of the closing ode was engaged in with vigor for the first time in years."

Dec. 23, 1884, voted to donate $100 for the Odd Fellows Home. Several years before it was voted to forward $15 to the Wildey Monument Fund in Baltimore, Md.

First mention we find of degree staff is on the meeting July 28, 1885. On March 27, 1888, it was voted to purchase 5 shares at $100 per share in the I. O. O. F. Hall building.

At the meeting held the night before Christmas in 1889, Past Grand Master Smart stated that he had been a member of the encampment and had met in this hall for 41 years, and it made him feel homesick and sad to think this was the last time we would meet here.

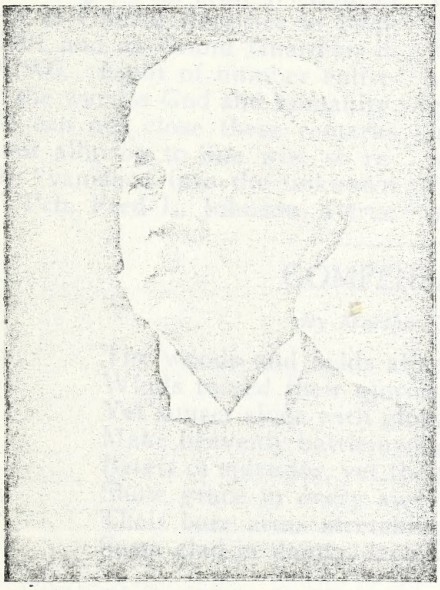
On February 27, 1891, in conjunction with Tahanto Encampment a visit was paid to Kearsarge Encampment in Lawrence, Mass., and on April 25 of the next year they returned the visit.

Each of these visits afforded much pleasure and satisfaction to all who took part in them.

The 83rd anniversary of the order was observed in a fitting manner by the two lodges and two encampments.

June 13, 1911, a memorial service in memory of those who had died

during 1910 was held. Two of the members had reached the great age of 91 years, P. H. P. Daniel H. Williams, who had been a member for 51 years, and P. C. P., Curtis White, whose membership covered 45 years. A fitting tribute was paid to P. G. John W. Bourlet, who died during the year and whose memory we all so fondly cherish. Grand Pch. Charles S. Emerson delivered an address; there were readings, vocal and instrumental music, scribe says "Repaired to the banquet hall where



Frank J. Pillsbury, P. C. P.

refreshments were served and a social hour enjoyed, which brought to a close a very pleasant evening's entertainment."

May 28, 1912, was observed as Family Night. An entertainment and music; 150 present. A credit to the encampment and to the very efficient committee who arranged it.

June 28, 1912, voted to pay $50 to become part owners of the Steriopticon Lantern, something which adds very much to the work.

The July 1912 installation was a triple one, being held in the hall of Winneperket Encampment, Penacook. A pleasant, brotherly affair.

Nov. 25, 1912, the School of Instruction was held. Some 250 present, nearly every encampment in the state being represented and one from Vermont. A fine meeting. Excellent work was done.

The organizing session of the Grand Encampment was held in our hall Oct. 28, 1845, and the next twelve sessions were held with us also. We have had the privilege of having them with us more times than any other camp in the state. At this first session, Hon. N. B. Baker, our first C. P., was elected G. P. We also have to our credit more grand officers than any other encampment, having furnished eight G. P.'s the last one being our esteemed brother Edward C. Dutton, all of these having also served as Grand Rep., with the exception of G. P. Baker, but Amos B. Currier served as such in 1849-50, making eight G. Rep. Four of our members have served as Grand Scribes, viz. Gov. H. H. Silsby, John C. Wilson, Joseph B. Smart, and our lamented brother, John W. Bourlet. The Grand Treasurer's office has been filled by five members of our encampment, Amos B. Currier 1850-56, John D. Teel 1859, William Hart, 1860-61, Loring K. Peacock 1862-91, twenty-nine years, the longest term any one has served as such, Geo. A. Cummings 1891-93. Seven of our members have filled the office of Grand Master, two of them Pch. Baker and Stephen Brown having been Grand Patriarchs as well; two, Pch. Smart and Bourlet having been Grand Scribes. The first three grand secretaries were members of our encampment occupying that station from 1844-63, viz. Geo. H. H. Silsby and Joseph B. Smart, who were also Grand Scribes as already noted, Pch. Mitchell Gilmore served as Grand Secy. 1851-63, and was

Grand Treas. 1854-57, succeeding Jonthan E. Long from 1848-53.

A number of brothers in other places who received their degrees without alluding to one who so re- the positions of Grand Masters and Grand Patriarchs.

We feel a just pride in having among our membership the Deputy Grand Master Ernest C. Dudley who will, no doubt, be elevated to the honorable position of Grand Master, whom we feel sure will bring honor to Penacook Encampment and prove to be a most efficient officer. In the Sovereign Grand Lodge, Pch. John W. Bourlet served as Official Reporter in 1890-97, 1901 and as Grand Guardian in 1899-1900. Eight of number enlisted in the war for God and humanity.

We can not close these remarks without alluring to one who so recently "vanished into the unknown land" Pch. Fred L. Johnson, a true Odd Fellow, devoted to its principles both in the encampment and the lodge and ever ready to do "his bit" for their advancement. His name will long be held in grateful remembrances.

Statistics are dry, reading figures uninteresting to both hearers and readers, so we have refrained from giving any, but if it is the desire of the Patriarchs we will at no distant date prepare tables giving full account of our work during the three quarters of a century just closed.

Thanking you for your patience and with the hope and expectation that when those who come after us, gather to observe the centenniel anniversary, the record of the next twenty-five years may be still more glorious than has been that of these, now gone into the past, become memories. I will say good night. God bless our order, bless every one of us.

COMPENSATION

By Martha S. Baker

The woods and fields alike are stripped,
Winds tossed their glories, brown and sere;
Yet sunset skies with glory tipped,
Make heavenly battlements seem near.
Bereft of splendor, yet the trees,
Show grace in every swaying limb,
Their bare arms stretching o'er the leas,
Seem clad in dainty, lace-like film.

Though silent are the song-bird's notes,
The ear may learn to cherish more
The cheery calls the still air floats,
Bird neighbors still are near our door.

Departed joys the heart make sad—
Hope springs within the spirit new;
Some compensation makes one glad,
Yet other blessings sure are due.

Why grieve for transitory joys,
While others rise to take their place;
Some day will change these earthly toys,
To lasting bliss through God's good grace.

Concord, N. H.

BERTRAM ELLIS

By H. C. Pearson

In the death, at Keene, on Jan. 4, of Bertram Ellis, the state of New Hampshire lost one of its best citizens, a man of distinguished and valuable service as journalist and public official; a courteous and cultured gentleman, whose passing is mourned by many as the loss of a tried and true friend.

Born in Boston, November 26, 1860, the son of Moses and Emily (Ferrin) Ellis, he came to Keene with his parents when three years of age and there spent his boyhood, attending the public schools. At the high school, of which Professor Franklin W. Hooper, afterwards for many years the head of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Institute, then was principal, he fitted for Harvard College.

Graduating at Cambridge in the class of 1884, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, he continued there as a student in the Harvard Law School, where he became a Bachelor of Laws in 1887, receiving in the same year the degree of Master of Arts. His loyal interest in the university was unabated throughout life, he being secretary for New Hampshire of the Harvard Law School Association and the first president of the Harvard Club of New Hampshire. While in the Law School he was one of the founders of the Harvard Law Review.

For a year Mr. Ellis was in the New York law office of Evarts, Choate & Beaman and then for two years he practiced his profession at Denver, Colorado, whence he was called home to Keene by the illness and death of his father in 1890.

Deciding to remain in Keene, Mr. Ellis joined the staff of the Sentinel newspaper and soon bought an interest in the property. In 1893 he became the editor of the Sentinel and so continued until ill health caused his retirement in 1918. During the quarter century he had a large part in making the Sentinel one of the best papers and most valuable pieces of journalistic property in the state. Calm, conservative and judicious, readable, reliable and absolutely clean, the Sentinel was always a potent force for the right and its influence throughout its section of the state was great. So well did it meet the needs of its constituency that competition gradually faded away and for some years, now, it has had the rich field of Cheshire county practically to itself.

As a writer and as a speaker Mr. Ellis was a master of good English, clear in exposition and convincing in argument. Sensationalism in matter or manner he abhorred and with some developments of modern journalism he was entirely out of sympathy. He believed in honor, honesty and helpfulness for his paper as sincerely as for himself. He was a member, and auditor, of the New Hampshire Press Association.

Colonel Ellis first entered public life in New Hampshire, and at the same time gained his military title by service as aide-de-camp on the staff of Governor Charles A. Busiel in 1895-6. He was elected to the House of Representatives of 1897 and was given the unusual honor for a new member of being appointed to the chairmanship of the important committee on appropriations. In 1899 he represented the 13th district in the state senate and in that body was at the head of the committee on finance. Re-elected in 1901, he was chosen president of the senate and made a splendid reputation as a presiding officer.

In 1904 he was a delegate to the

Republican national convention and in November was elected for another term in the Legislature, this time in the lower branch. At the session of 1905 he was again chairman of the committee on appropriations, but when he came back in 1907 for his fifth term under the dome, he was the choice of his party for speaker of the house and in that difficult position did himself great credit.

In 1910 Colonel Ellis was a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor, a position for which he was in line through the distinguished excellence of his ten years' legislative service; but the time of one of our periodic political upheavals was at hand and he was defeated in the primary by Robert P. Bass of Peterborough.

Mr. Ellis' public service was marked by the same qualities of careful thought, honest, hard-working endeavor and valuable accomplishment which distinguished his private life and journalistic career. As a legislator he was always at his post, never derelict in duty, striving sincerely for the best interests of his constituents and the state. As a presiding officer he was the personification of fairness; of easy dignity; a master of parliamentary procedure; quick and sure in his decisions. Many, perhaps most, of the great men in New Hampshire's political history have held during their careers the position of Speaker of the House or President of the Senate. Colonel Ellis is one of the few to have held them both and to have filled each place with unsurpassed efficiency and credit.

While his public service was thus state-wide in character, Mr. Ellis always felt the deepest interest in his home city of Keene and whatever was for its benefit received his hearty co-operation and valuable aid. For 21 years, from March, 1893, he was a member of the city school board, serving, during most of that time, as its president. He had been a trustee of the Elliott City Hospital since its incorporation in 1896 and was a member of the Country Club, the Wentworth Club and the Monadnock Club, all of Keene; as well as of the Harvard Club of Boston.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Alice H. Ellis, to whom he was married October 9, 1909.

VIGNETTE

By Walter B. Wolfe

You came—
And hillside, meadow, all
Was bursting with the joy
Of pregnant spring.
The sun sang—and I—
When last you came.....

And now you are no more—
No longer the song of birds
Or rustling of shimmering aspens
Tell of thee:
  Only the dull wind
Soughing in the pines,
A nest of other seasons,
A sere leaf fluttering to earth
  Grieve for you.....

Hanover, N. H.

VIGNETTE

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And hilarie, meadow, all
Was bursting with the joy
Of pregnant spring.
The sun rang—and I—
When last you came.....

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A nest of other seasons,
A sere leaf fluttering to earth
Grieve for you.....

Hanover, N. H.

THRU THE YEAR IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

No. 12

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

February—the Final Month

"Winter bleak hath charms for me,
When winds rave thru the naked tree."—Burns.

The year is waxing old, but it does not grow feeble. Individuals grow feeble with the years, but Nature is always strong and robust. Nature gives us hints of her strength these days, shows us that her strength is not diminished by the stronger roar of the winter winds and the warmer rays of the February sun.

The Feburary Wind

Forerunner of the March winds are these February breezes. I love the music of the winter winds and it never seems quite so good as in February. I like to sit nights, or lie awake in bed, and listen to it. The sound begins in the distance, coming louder and louder and it sweeps thru the near-by trees, then it becomes a roar as it stops at the house—the house creaks and groans, the windows rattle, then it passes off and I hear its dying moans in the trees of my neighbor. Splendid is the rattling wind of March, and splendid again the warm breezes of summer, and magnificent is the dry crackling wind of autumn, but none compare with the winter roar.

We feel so secure and satisfied as we sit here and listen. Its the feeling that came into the hearts of the settlers when they heard the wolves howl, and the frost crack like the rifle of the dreaded Indian. Again its the feeling that is race-old—the feeling of the primitive man, as snug in his cave-home he chuckled at the animals prowling about. A seat by the fire and the sound of the wind always bring similar moods—moods of peace and satisfaction; it's a fine mood for the closing month of Nature's year.

The February Sun

Linked with the February wind as a twin-charm of the month comes the February sun. The big, warming sun which tells us spring is coming. We arise in the morning and find the glass away below zero but we feel complacent for we know the February sun will run that thermometer up in a little while. The world may be wrapped in white, but it soon disappears and the laden trees drop their mantles of snow, for the bright sun of these days is coming nearer and warmer. We all of us are about tired of winter and we hail the February sun as harbinger of spring.

We often speak of the joys of sunset, and we most often think of a summer sun-set when we thus talk; but is there any sun-set which feels any better than the February sun as it slants down behind the snow-crested hill. The short winter day draws to its close—we go to the barn to do the chores—we fill our nostrils with the wholesome smell of the cattle, of hay and horses. Let the sun go down outside, here in the barn is warmth and life; harmony, fellowship, peace is here; we stroke the sleek sides of cow and horse, we look into their eyes—they, like us, know that the days are getting longer and warmer and the nights shorter. In only a month the sap will run, we will tap the trees, get ready for another series of open months—verily the setting of the February sun fills us with the spirit of confidence and hope. And after all, is not the spirit of

confidence and hope which comes to us in the closing of Nature's year, the best gift she could give us? The setting of the last sun in the short month of February goes down in benediction; the feeling of assurance is ours as it disappears beyond the hills; we know that the March sun of the morrow will rise, stronger, warmer, melting the snows in hill and valley, and giving evidence that the old-time promise is ever good, and "seed-time and harvest shall never fail in the earth."

EDITORIAL

In the leading article of this issue Chairman James O. Lyford of the state bank commission gives some impressive facts and figures as to the importance of our savings banks in the industrial life of our State.

Why this is so is because one of the cardinal virtues of the people of New Hampshire from the day the first white man appeared in this corner of the continent has been thrift. Patience and perseverance, brains and bravery were needed in great quantities for the conquest of the stubborn soil, the revealing of the hidden resources of New England. But for the perfecting of their work, for the conservation of what they achieved, the one prime requisite was thrift; and thrift was developed among our forefathers—and mothers—in a degree rarely equalled in the world's history.

Economies that seem hard and bitter as we look back upon them now, were not the exception, but the rule; and yet the lives of those among whom they were practiced were not stunted and impoverished thereby. On the contrary, when the time came for the peaceful conquest of the continent, for the building of that mighty empire which now stretches from seaboard to seaboard, New Hampshire and New England were ready, not only with the money they had saved, but also with the strong men and women they had nurtured, to finance and to lead that wonderful era of development and of progress.

To Yankee thrift, as well as to Yankee ability, initiative and executive, the nation owes a debt it never has refused to acknowledge and upon which it has paid interest by allowing this little corner of the country an influence in all great affairs, political, industrial, educational, economic, out of proportion to our numerical ratio.

The day of the pioneer has passed in this country. The day of the builder is now and ever will be. It began with civilization and when it ends the world will end with it.

The men who made New England built upon the cornerstones of religion, education, industry and thrift. First they built their church; next their schoolhouse; next their saw and grist-mill. They labored as much of six days in the week as the Indians would let them, and from the beginning, even in the days of their direst poverty, they put something by, made some addition to their little store of savings.

The New Hampshire of today is a much pleasanter place in which to live than was the New Hampshire of even half a century ago. The inventive spirit of our people, added to their constant aspiration for progress and development, has made the luxuries of the past the necessities

of the present, and in their place has created new uses, as alluring as diverse, for surplus wealth.

One need not be reactionary in thought or purpose in order to feel some fear lest, in our quickstep advance along the easiest ways of progress, we have cast aside as cumbrous and needless equipment too many of the old virtues.

It is not intended to ask here what is the real condition of religion in New Hampshire today; are we as well educated, essentially as were our fathers; are we as industrious as we ought to be in order to make the most out of life?

Pessimistic answers might be given to some of these questions. But when we ask, "Is the good old habit of thrift gone from among us?" we are able to answer "No," and to prove it by Mr. Lyford's figures. And just one of many reasons why we rejoice thereat is this: The man with a savings bank account is apt to be a better citizen, a more useful, reliable and up-building member of the community, than the man without.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

A Pilgrim In Palestine. By John Finley. Illustrated. Pp., 251. Cloth, $2 net. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This "account of journeys on foot by the first American pilgrim after General Allenby's recovery of the Holy Land" is of interest to practically every one because of the vivid picture it gives of present conditions in the most sacredly historic section of the world's surface. It is of especial interest to New Hampshire readers because the author is one of the Granite State's most loyal summer residents and because so many of his pedestrian trips, of which this tramp through Palestine is the climax, have been along our valleys and over our hills. One recalls how this distinguished educator, then president of the College of the City of New York, came on foot from his country place in Tamworth, "among the dearest of all our Mountains—the White Hills of New Hampshire" to the inauguration of a Dartmouth head at Hanover; and how not even the sharpest-eyed student saw through the dust disguise another "Prexy." It is impossible for a traveller by other means of locomotion to get so close to the people and places he visits as does the man on foot. And when the man on foot is at the same time a keen observer, a true philosopher, a graceful poet and a master of readable prose, the result is bound to be a book of travels not to be missed by the reader in search of something worth while. And to all of these qualifications may be added in Doctor Finley's case that of a very skilful photographer as is shown by the more than a score of this volume's remarkable illustrations, due to his camera craft. Doctor Finley went to Palestine as Red Cross commissioner, a fact which, added to his close friendship with the British commander, General Allenby, gave him unusual opportunities for official observation; but no official record, however complete, could make so real to us as does his dramatic narrative the events of December, 1917, and thereafter in the land of Jordan. This is emphatically, a different kind of war book.

The Nemesis of Mediocrity. By Ralph Adams Cram. Pp., 52. Cloth, $1. Boston: Marshall Jones & Company.

WALLED TOWNS. By Ralph Adams Cram. Pp., 105. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

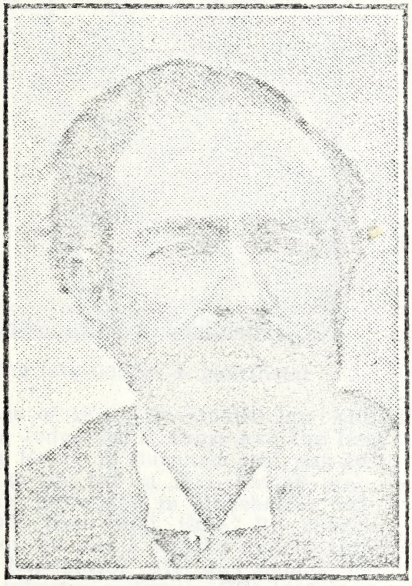
Few essays are written nowadays as thought provoking in content and as attention arresting in style as those of Dr. Ralph Adams Cram, distinguished architect, author and educator, and native of Hampton Falls, New Hampshire. Of his two volumes here listed, "The Nemesis of Mediocrity" is one of a trilogy, of which the other members are titled "The Great Thousand Years" and "The Sins of the Fathers," which savagely indict the society of today for its sins of "imperialism, materialism and the quantitative standard." In "The Nemesis of Mediocrity" Dr. Cram complains that the world has been made flat; the mountain tops cut off to fill in the valleys. The day of great leaders has passed. "Of all the ruined sanctuaries, that of statesmanship is the most desolate." "Democracy, without the supreme leadership of men who by nature or divine direction can speak and act with and by authority, is a greater menace than autocracy."

But in "Walled Towns" the critic relents, some shade of hope pierces palely his pessimism, the destroyer becomes the builder, the genius that created the Cleveland Memorial Tower at Princeton applies itself to ordering the social confusion. We may yet be saved, he says, by discarding imperialism and adopting the unit of human scale; by substituting for the quantitative standard the passion for perfection; by turning from materialism to the philosophy of sacramentalism. It is a splendid dream of a renovated civic life which Doctor Cram presents to our twentieth century vision, and while his philosophy is bold and startling, it is likewise clear and inspiring. The errors of modernism he presents in all their grossness, but he also shows how we may be saved from their consequences. As one of his admirers says of his books as a whole, "They rear the spire of a reasoned faith."

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

FRANK C. CLEMENT

As the result of a fatal automobile and train accident on November 3, 1919, Frank C. Clement of Warren, was snatched out of active life. Mr. Clement was a native of Warren, where he was born May 28, 1853, and where he had lived an honored and highly respected citizen until the time of his sudden death. For twenty-five years he had been a successful wholesale potato merchant, doing business in parts of Massachusetts and up and down the State of New Hampshire, always meriting the confidence and respect of the many with whom he had dealings. During many years, Mr.



The late Frank C. Clement

Clement was a political leader in his native town and was well known throughout the State for his active part in the Legislature, where he three times represented Warren, and in the Constitutional Conventions of which he was twice a member. He will be greatly missed in his home town, where he was connected with every movement for the betterment of the community. It was through his untiring efforts that the Public Library of the town was of such exceptional service to the people and that Warren Grange did so much for the town. Mr. Clement was a trustee of the Library for over thirty years, and was a charter member of the Grange. Not only was Frank Clement a successful business man, a politician of no mean reputation and a man active in all local organizations, but a devoted husband and father, surrounding those whom he loved with all of the blessings and comforts of an ideal home, widely known for its perfect hospitality enjoyed by a large circle of loyal friends. He is deeply mourned and will be sadly missed by his wife, three sons, and two daughters, who survive him, and by a host of friends in all parts of the country.

JOSIAH G. DEARBORN

Josiah G. Dearborn, born in Weare, March 20, 1829, the son of Josiah and Sarah (Green) Dearborn, died January 9, 1920, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Luther C. Baldwin, in Providence, R. I. He was a graduate of Francestown Academy and Dartmouth College and took normal school training for the profession of teacher which he followed successfully for several years in Manchester and Boston. A Democrat in politics he was a member of the New Hampshire Legisltaure in 1854-5; register of probate of Hillsborough county, 1860-5; state treasurer, 1874-5; postmaster of Manchester, 1889-93. He was also auditor of Hillsborough county for many years and was at one time a member of the Manchester school board. For 25 years he was a trustee of the Merrimack River savings bank of Manchester. He was a member of the New Hampshire bar and of the state bar association. Mr. Dearborn married, August 14, 1851, Sabrina L. Hayden, who died August 14, 1880. Besides Mrs. Baldwin two other daughters survive, Mrs. Josephine G. Russell and Miss Cora M. Dearborn.

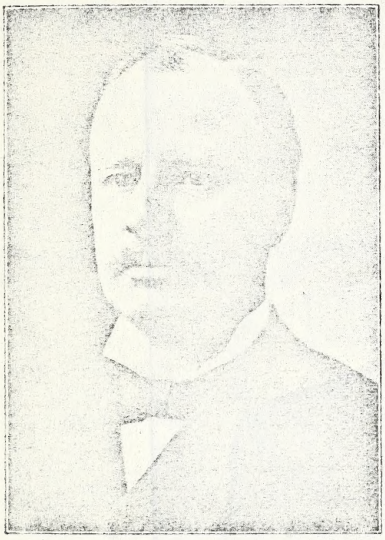
DR. CHARLES A. FOLSOM

Dr. Charles Albert Folsom, who died in Epping, December 12, was born there, February 21, 1874. He graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1899 and after studying medicine practiced that profession with great success in the city of Manchester for 14 years. At college he was prominent in athletics, holding the record of playing on the varsity baseball nine in every game of the four years during which he was at Hanover. He is survived by his wife, his aged

mother, two brothers, George F. and Edwin S. Folsom, and a sister, Mrs. Edmond G. Blair

GEORGE I. McALLISTER

George I. McAllister was born in Londonderry, Dec. 11, 1853, the son of Jonathan and Caroline (Choate) McAllister, and died at Manchester, December 31. He was educated at Pinkerton and Kimball Union academies and at Dartmouth college, where he graduated with

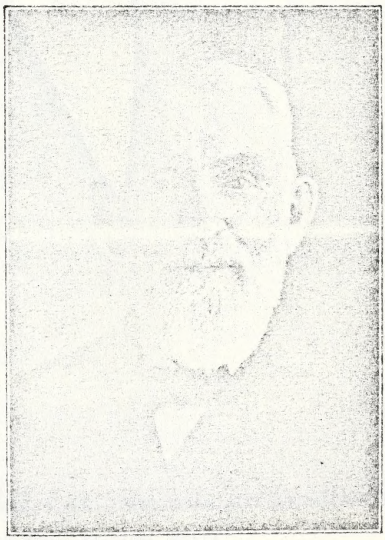


The late George I. McAllister

the class of 1877. He studied law with the late Judge David Cross and the late Senator Henry E. Burnham and was admitted to the bar in 1881, having practiced his profession in Manchester continuously from that time. By church affiliation he was a Baptist and in politics a Republican. He was deputy internal revenue collector, 1885-1889, and was a delegate to the constitutional conventions of 1902 and 1918. Mr. McAllister stood very high in Masonry, having received the 33rd degree, (honorary) Ancient Acepted Scottish Rite, in 1900. He had been grand master of the grand lodge of New Hampshire and grand commander of the Knights Templar of the state. He was a member of Bektash Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., of Concord, of the New Hampshire Consistory, Nashua, and of the various Masonic bodies in Manchester, where he had been recorder of Trinity commandery for 30 years and was a past master of Washington lodge. He was also a member of the I. O. O. F. and O. U. A. M., and of the state and county bar associations, Manchester Historic association, Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences, Thayer Society of Engineers, etc. He was at one time president of the Manchester association of Dartmouth alumni. December 22, 1886, Mr. McAllister married Mattie M. Hayes, by whom he is survived, with two children, Mrs. Harry F. Hawkins and Lieut. Harold C. McAllister, and seven grandchildren.

WILLIAM H. CHILD

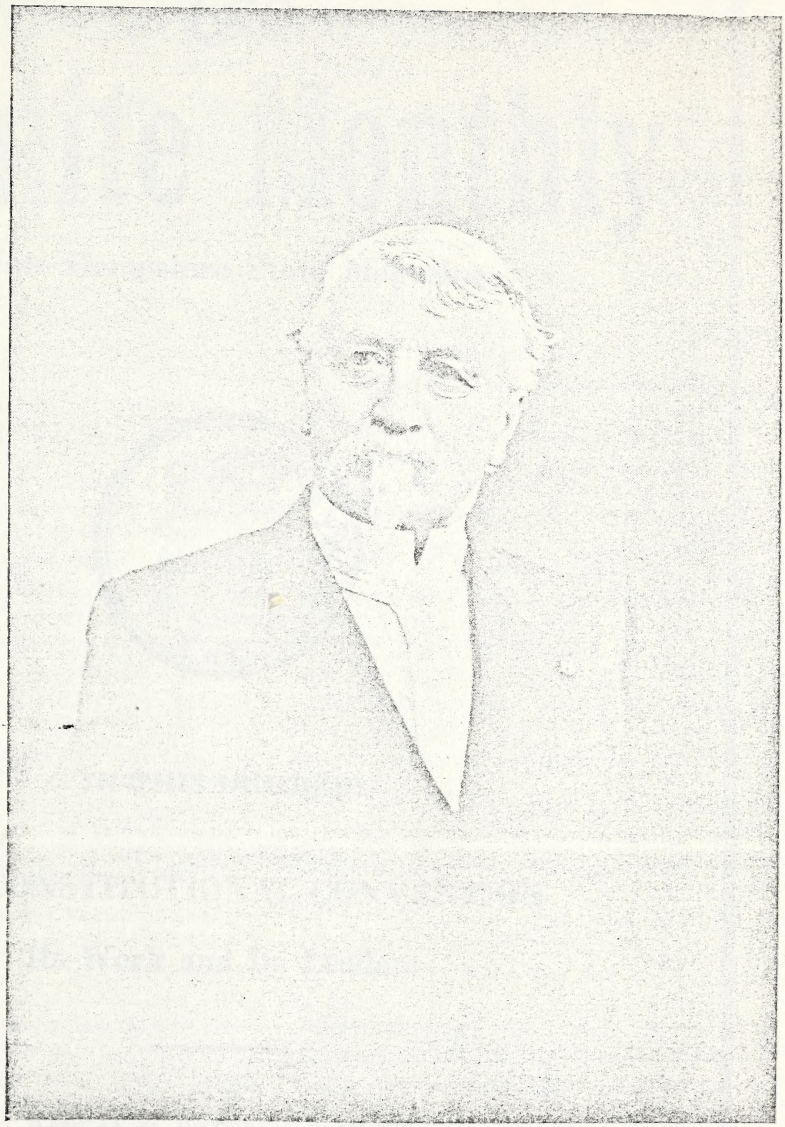
William Henry Child, born in Cornish, December 22, 1832, the son of Stephen and Eliza (Atwood) Child, died there January 22, 1920. Save for a few years spent in teaching in the middle West, he was a lifelong resident on the ancestral acres which have been tilled by five generations of the family. He was a member of the class of 1856 at Kimball Union Academy and served for 10 years on the Cornish school board. He was a Republican in politics, a deacon in the Baptist church and for 20 years superintendent of its Sunday school. He had been an interested worker in the Patrons of Husbandry since 1873; was a member of the Sons of Temperance for many



The late William H. Child

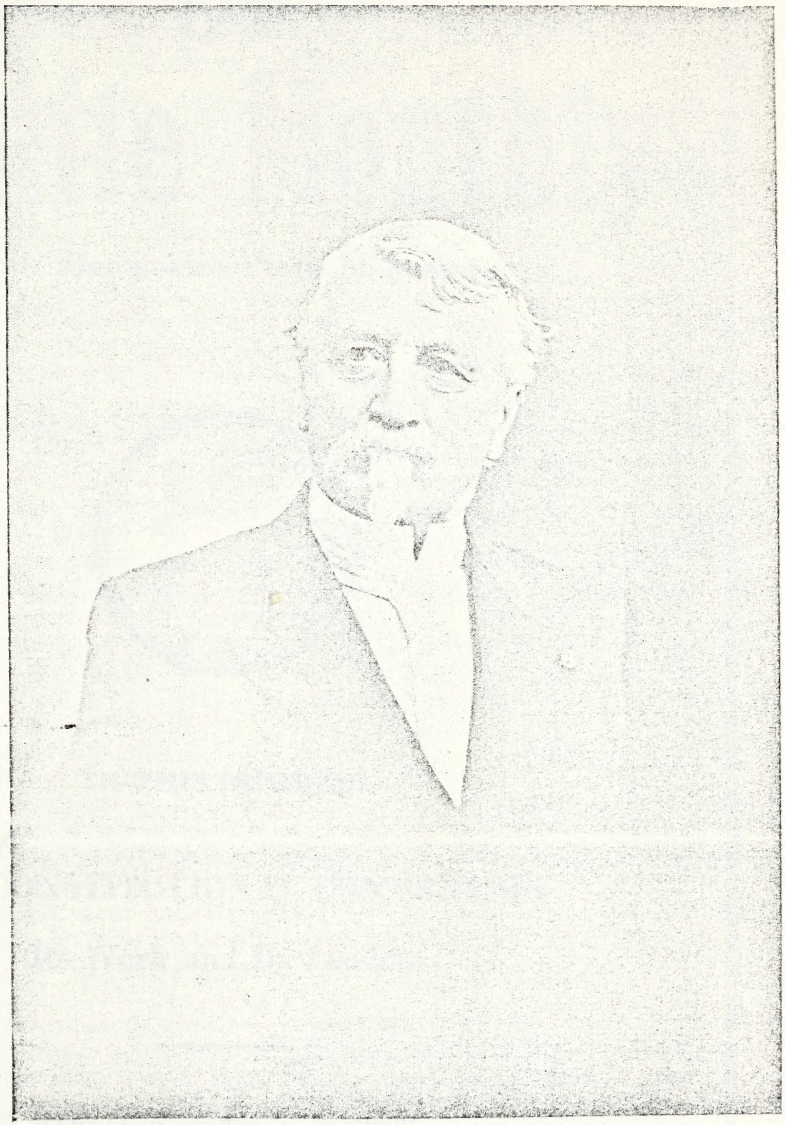
years; and was a past master of his Masonic lodge and past district deputy grand master. He was often called upon to address farmers' institutes,

81-82.



THE LATE COL. DANIEL HALL

81-82.



THE LATE COL. DANIEL HALL

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The Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS NUMBER:

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

Its Work and Its Leaders

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher
CONCORD, N. H.

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LII. MARCH, 1920 No. 3

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

By H. C. Pearson.

When the voters of New Hampshire go to the polls on Tuesday, November 8, 1920, each will be handed two ballots. One of the strips of paper will bear the names of the various candidates to be voted for, from presidential electors to representatives in the legislature. On the other will be printed the following questions:

1. Do you approve of empowering the legislature to impose and levy taxes on incomes, which taxes may be classified, graduated and progressive, with reasonable exemptions;—as proposed in the amendment to the constitution?

2. Do you approve of providing in terms that taxes on property when passing by will or inheritance may be classified, graduated and progressive, and with reasonable exemptions;—as proposed in the amendment to the constitution?

3. Do you approve of giving the Governor authority to approve or disapprove any separate appropriation contained in any bill or resolution;—as proposed in the amendment to the constitution?

4. Do you approve of providing that the whole number of members in the House of Representatives shall not be less than 300 nor more than 325; that representation shall be in proportion to the average total number of ballots cast in presidential elections; the legislature to make the apportionment of representatives at definite periods; and of providing that there shall be required for each representative additional to the first, three times the number of ballots required for one representative, with the proviso that a town, ward or place which has cast less than the number of ballots required to entitle it to a representative all of the time may send a representative a proportionate part of the time;—as proposed in the amendment to the constitution?

5. Do you approve of amending the Bill of Rights by striking out the provision that no person who is conscientiously scrupulous about the lawfulness of bearing arms shall be compelled thereto, provided he will pay an equivalent;—as proposed in the amendment to the constitution?

6. Do you approve of amending the Bill of Rights by striking out the words "rightly grounded on evangelical principles" after the words "As morality and piety," and striking out the word "Protestant" before the words "teachers of piety, religion and morality;"—as proposed in the amendment to the constitution?

7. Do you approve of amending the Bill of Rights by striking out the provision that pensions shall not be granted for more than one year at a time;—as proposed in the amendment to the constitution?

Prior to election day the Secretary of State will have distributed to the voters through the town and city clerks 125,000 copies of these questions, the amendments to the constitution and the parts of the constitution which it is proposed to amend.

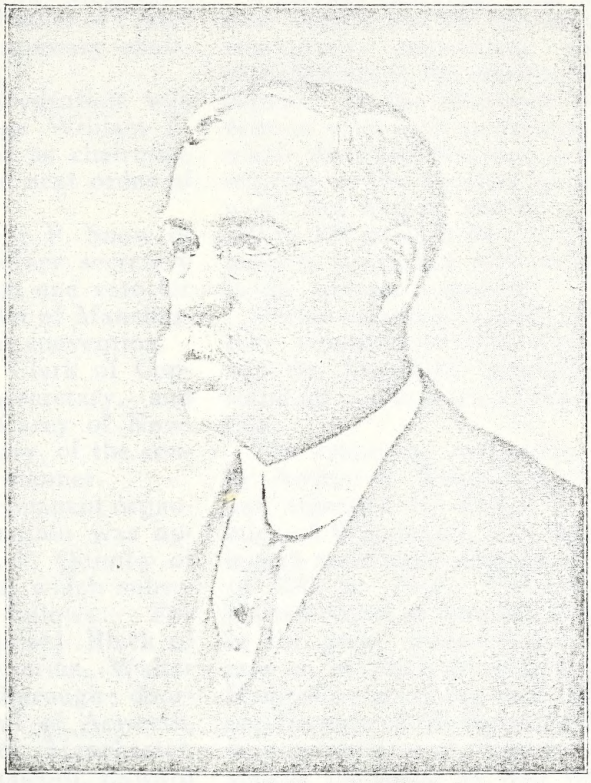
Every voter is expected to mark a cross in the square marked "yes" or the square marked "no" accompanying each of these questions.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. LII. MARCH, 1920 No. 3

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

Where the "yes" crosses are twice as numerous as the "no" crosses, the constitution will be amended as proposed under that number. Proposed amendments which fail to secure a two-thirds vote in their favor will be defeated.



Hon. Albert O. Brown of Manchester
President of the Convention.

Thus the verdict will be passed upon the work of the constitutional convention of 1918-1920, the tenth in the history of the State and the only one to resume its work after so long a recess as that caused by the World War.

In another respect, also, it is almost unique, the small number of the amendments which it proposes, seven, being equalled by but one of its predecessors.

Chapter 235 of the Laws of 1915 was a joint resolution providing for taking the sense of the qualified voters of the State on the subject of a revision of the constitution during the year 1918. The vote was taken November 7, 1916, and resulted in favor of such revision, 21,589 to 14,520.

Chapter 121 of the Laws of 1917 provided for a convention of delegates to revise the constitution to meet at the capitol in Concord on the first Wednesday in June, A. D. 1918, and Chapter 236 made an appropriation of $35,000 for the expenses of such convention. By the provisions of Chapter 121 the delegates to the convention were elected at the town meetings of 1918, on the second Tuesday in March, and at

special elections held in the cities on the same day.

The convention duly met in the Hall of Representatives at the State House on Wednesday, June 5, 1918. Major William H. Trickey of Tilton called the delegates to order; Rev. William Hathaway Pound, a delegate from Wolfeboro, offered prayer, and Hon. Hosea W. Parker of Claremont was chosen temporary chairman by acclamation.

A committee on credentials was appointed, with Judge William E. Kinney of Claremont as chairman, whose report was the next order of business.

On motion of Leslie P. Snow of Rochester, the temporary secretary was instructed to cast one vote for Hon. Albert O. Brown of Manchester for president of the convention.

Judge A. Chester Clark of Concord was elected secretary, and Judge Bernard W. Carey of Newport, assistant secretary, of the convention, in the same manner.

A committee on permanent organization of the convention was appointed, with Frank P. Quimby of Concord as chairman, which subsequently reported as follows: For chaplain, Rev. Archibald Black of Concord; sergeant-at-arms, Walter J. A. Ward of Hillsborough; doorkeepers, Guy S. Neal of Acworth, George Lawrence of Manchester, Albert P. Davis of Concord, Edward K. Webster of Concord; warden of coat room, George Goodhue of Concord, assistant, John C. O'Hare of Nashua; messenger, Frank L. Aldrich of Manchester, who resigned, and was succeeded by Melvin J. Dimond of Danville; stenographers, Miss Margaret A. Conway of Concord, Miss Bertha Goodwin of Newport; pages, Joseph H. Lane of Concord, Walter Pillsbury of Derry.

A committee on Rules was appointed with Hon. James L. Gibson of Conway as chairman.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to adjourn the convention at this point without action upon any proposed amendments, but was defeated on a rollcall, 167½ to 180½. Another motion, to limit the attention of the convention to amendments bearing upon the subject of taxation, was beaten 166 to 149.

Thursday morning, June 6, seats were drawn, and the introduction of resolutions embodying proposed amendments to the constitution was begun. In the afternoon the convention went into committee of the whole, discussed Resolution No. One relating to the taxation of growing wood and timber, and by a vote of 159 to 122 decided that it was inexpedient to amend the constitution in the manner proposed.

Friday morning, June 7, 1918, further resolutions were introduced, and the President announced the standing committees of the convention.

The following resolution, offered by Arthur E. Kenison of Ossipee, and amended by Elmer E. Woodbury of Woodstock, was debated at length and finally adopted by a vote of 230 to 79½: "Whereas, the United States of America is engaged in the great international conflict now on, in which the citizens of New Hampshire are doing their full share, and because of the facts of this great war, conditions of all kinds are constantly changing so that the standard of yesterday is not the standard of today:

"Resolved, That when the Convention adjourns at the morning session it adjourns to the call of a committee, consisting of the President and one member from each county, such call to issue for the reconvening of this Convention, whenever in the opinion of the majority of the Committee the public good requires it, and, in any event, within one year after the conclusion of the present war and the establishment of peace, such call to be seasonable for the

submission of such proposed amendments as may be agreed upon at the succeeding biennial election."

The committee authorized by this resolution was appointed as follows: Albert O. Brown of Manchester, president, ex-officio; John Scammon of Exeter, Leslie P. Snow of Rochester, Arthur E. Kenison of Ossipee, William A. Plummer of Laconia, James O. Lyford of Concord, Charles S. Emerson of Milford, Harris H. Rice of Rindge, Jesse M. Barton of Newport, Edwin J. Bartlett of Hanover, and John C. Hutchins of Stratford.

This committee took no action until December, 1919, when it voted to call the convention together for the resumption of its work on Tuesday, January 13, 1920.

When that day arrived it was found that 31 of the delegates originally elected to the convention had died and that 13 had resigned. The secretary of the convention had died and the chaplain had removed to another state. Some, but not all, of the vacancies, had been filled by special elections, the committee on credentials, reporting to the convention the following new delegates:

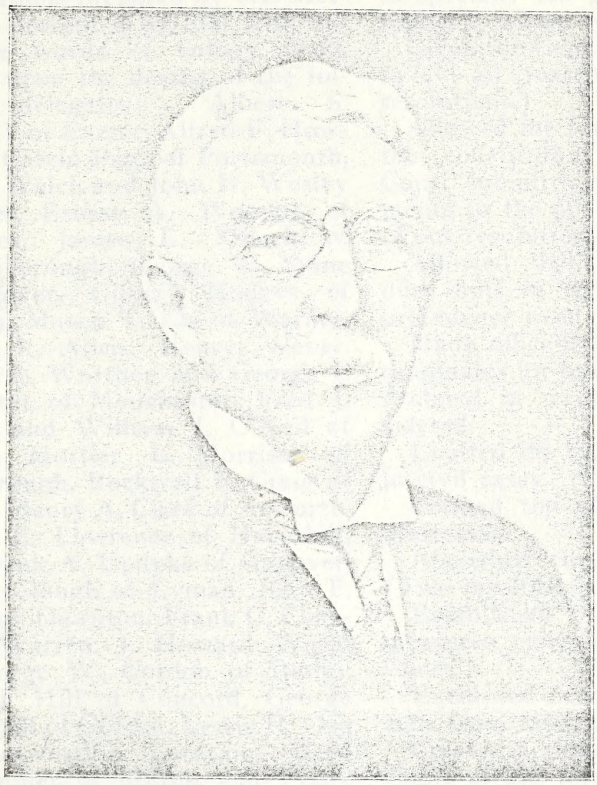
Reginald C. Stevenson, Exeter; Harry C. Peyser, Portsmouth; Frank H. Pearson, Stratham; Charles A. Fairbanks and Edward Durnin, Dover; William T. Gunnison, Rochester; George A. Blanchard, Moultonborough; Harry W. Burleigh, Franklin; Joseph J. Doherty, Concord; George E. Barnard, Hopkinton; Fred C. Johnson, South Hampton; George Gale, Bartlett; John A. Hammond, Gilford; Benjamin F. W. Russell, Peterborough; William B. Cabot, Dublin; Herman C. Rice, Keene; Almon E. Clark, Acworth; William Birch, Lyman; Horace E. Morrison, Piermont; Walter I. Lee, Thornton; Fred H. Noyes, Stewartstown; Wilbur L. Phelps, New Ipswich; James R. Turner, Wentworth's Location; John A. Jaquith, Northfield; Leroy M. Streeter and Joseph P. Chatel, Manchester.

Judge Carey was promoted from assistant secretary to secretary to fill the vacancy caused by Judge Clark's death; and Wayne M. Plummer, Esq., of Laconia, was elected assistant secretary. The committee on organization recommended the choice as chaplain in Rev. Mr. Black's place of Rev. Harold H. Niles of Concord, chaplain of the Legislature. Many vacancies on the standing committees of the convention were filled by new appointments by the President; and there was a new drawing of seats, advance choices being given, as in the original lottery to the half dozen delegates over 80 years of age, to the members of the G. A. R., and to General Frank S. Streeter of Concord, president of a former convention.

The convention got into action with unexpected promptness through the enterprise of the committee on legislative department which met on the evening of Monday, the 12th, and prepared for submission to the convention a resolution embodying the income tax amendment to the constitution. Chairman Lyford of the committee and President Brown of the convention supported this resolution in strong speeches and favorable action was taken upon it without a rollcall, on Wednesday. Other subjects debated during the first week were the giving of general authority to the legislature in the matter of taxation and the special taxation of growing wood and timber. On Wednesday evening, Hon. Joseph Walker of Brookline, Mass., spoke on the initiative and referendum, and on Thursday evening President Ernest M. Hopkins of Dartmouth College was heard on "The Factors of Social Unrest." Eight new amendments were proposed to the convention during this

first week of the renewed session.

The second week saw three amendments adopted without opposition; those relating to inheritance taxes, items in appropriation bills and the "Protestant" wording of the Bill of Rights. There was an excellent debate upon the growing wood and timber amendment, after which it was defeated 137 to 95.



HON. JAMES O. LYFORD OF CONCORD
The Efficient Floor-leader of the Convention.

Called up again during the last week of the convention it was again beaten 223½ to 93½.

The third week of the session opened with, apparently, a great amount of work still to be done; but after Chairman Bates of the finance committee had announced that the appropriation for the expenses of the convention would be exhausted by Thursday night it was evident that the delegates were not minded to remain at the state capitol any longer than that.

On Tuesday, the 27th, the question of the future size of the legislature brought one of the best debates of the session.

Wednesday brought the settlement of the question by the adoption of the Lyford plan, so-called. On this day the initiative and referendum was debated and defeated 144½ to 80½. Thursday, the final day, was featured by an earnest discussion of the pensions amendment, and by a series of political reminiscences given by Delegates Lyford and Metcalf of Concord and Brennan of Peterborough, in the form of a debate on the resolution proposing the abolition of the gov-

ernor's council, which was defeated. Final adjournment was taken at 4.30 legislative time, in the afternoon of Thursday, January 26, after the usual votes of thanks and responses and the adoption of the report of the committee on finance, showing the payment of $23,335.91 to the 419 delegates for 17 days' attendance.

Resolutions prepared by Mr. Metcalf and presented by him with appropriate words of eulogy, were adopted upon the deaths of the following delegates: Albert S. Wetherell of Exeter, Alfred F. Howard and Calvin Page of Portsmouth, John T. Welch and John H. Wesley of Dover, Ernest A. Wescott of Rochester, James E. French of Moultonborough, George W. Stone of Andover, Gilbert Hodges of Franklin, Mason T. Ela of Warner, Richard R. Allen, Henry Weber, Eugene B. Worthen and George I. McAllister of Manchester, Fred J. Crowell and William J. O'Neil of Nashua, Mortier L. Morrison of Peterborough, Rockwell F. Craig of Marlow, Henry A. Clark of Acworth, Dr. W. E. Lawrence of Haverhill, Prof. Frank A. Updyke of Hanover, John E. Clough of Lyman, John F. Merrill of Thornton, Frank C. Clement of Warren, J. Howard Wight and George W. Gordon of Berlin, Edson J. Hill of Concord, George W. Morrill of Gilford, Lewis H. Coy of Wentworth's Location, Bard B. Plummer of Milton and Frank J. Peaslee of Bradford.

The delegates who resigned during the convention recess were Charles W. Whitcomb of Stratham, Eben O. Garland of Bartlett, DeWitt C. Howe of Concord, Albert S. Carter of Northfield, Henry C. Davis of Hopkinton, Charles M. Norwood of Keene, William H. Watson of Keene, Harry A. G. Abbe of Dublin, Leon D. Ripley of Stewartstown, Thomas M. Dillingham of Roxbury, Philip F. Gordon of New Ipswich, Charles F. Floyd of South Hampton and Arlo E. Barnard of Piermont.

The seven amendments adopted by the convention were stated at the opening of this article. The 28 upon which the convention voted that it was inexpedient to amend the constitution as proposed would have

Given the General Court authority to specially tax growing wood and timber. (Two resolutions.)

Given the General Court authority to levy all "reasonable" taxes. (Two resolutions.)

Allowed the future amendment of the constitution by the General Court submitting proposed amendments to the people for ratification. (Four resolutions.)

Allowed the Governor to introduce bills in the Legislature with precedence over others.

Made office-holders automatically candidates for re-election unless they declined in writing to be so considered.

Limited the right of trial by jury in civil cases.

Created the office of legislative draftsman.

Abolished the executive council. (Two resolutions.)

Established a referendum upon measures enacted by the General Court.

Exempted certain classes of citizens from taxation.

Created a single-chamber General Court of 100 members chosen from 20 districts.

Established the size of the House of Representatives at 100 members chosen from districts.

Given the full right of suffrage to women. (Two resolutions.)

Made a state senate of 40 members.

Given the Governor $5,000 a year salary, and the councilors $500 each.

Increased the pay of members of the Legislature.

Regulated out-of-door advertising.

Allowed cities and towns to own and operate street railways.

Increased the mean number of population required for additional representatives in the legislature. (Two resolutions.)

Of the proposed amendments on which the convention took favorable action, that relating to an income tax has never before been submitted to the people, nor has the "conscientious objector" amendment to the Bill of Rights.

An inheritance tax amendment was submitted in 1912 and had 18,432 votes in its favor to 9,699 against, failing of ratification by less than a thousand votes.

The amendment in relation to the veto power of the Governor was beaten in 1912, having 17,942 votes in its favor to 9,325 against.

Attempts to reduce the size of the legislature failed at the referendum of 1912 by 21,399 to 10,952; in 1903 by 20,295 to 13,069; and in 1851 by 6,189 to 33,652.

The pension amendment was beaten in 1912 by 16,708 to 11,440 votes, while the so-called "non-sectarian" amendment to the Bill of Rights has been submitted to the people by every constitutional convention beginning with 1851, and always has failed of acceptance by interest in it displayed during the popular vote. Judging from the convention there will be more of a campaign for the pension resolution than any of the other amendments.

In an address before the Men's Club of the Universalist Church in Concord a few days after the close of the convention, Hon. James O. Lyford had this to say of its work:

"The Constitutional Convention of 1920 was the most business like convention that ever assembled in New Hampshire to revise the organic law of a state. Other conventions have contained more men of distinction than this—men better known throughout the state and beyond its limits, but in the quality of its average membership and in their ability for quickly reaching practical results, the convention of 1920 must be accorded the precedence.

"The members were representative men of their communities—men of strong common sense, who readily grasped the meaning of the propositions submitted for their consideration. There was little or no oratory in the debates, and little inclination on the part of those who talked to waste time in flights of eloquence. Whoever could state a proposition clearly received the undivided attention of the convention.

"The speeches were all brief, the resolution for the taxation of timber occupying the most time of any; and when the question before the convention was understood the members were ready to vote upon it. They were not tenacious of opinion or obstructive in tactics to carry or defeat an amendment.

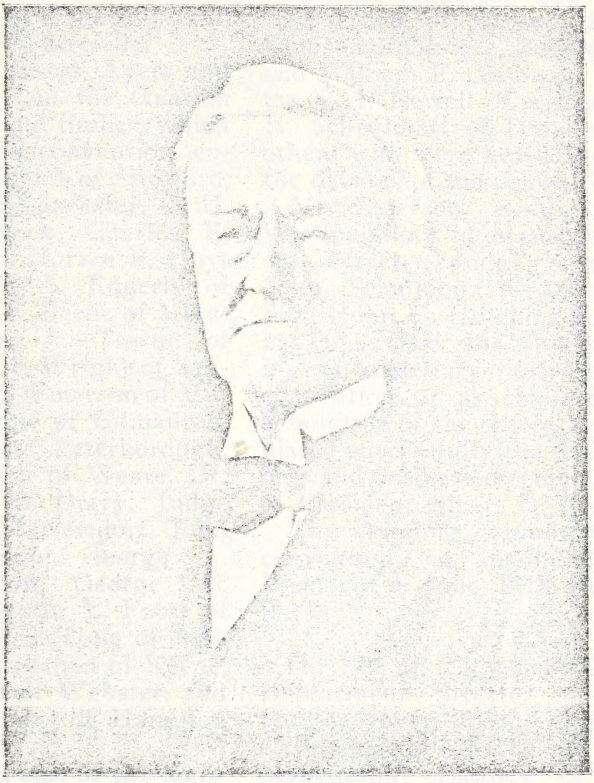
"If a proposition did not meet with favor, it was graciously abandoned ofter a vote test, and frequently without call for a division of the convention. There was the utmost courtesy in the debates which were frequently lightened by touches of humor. The spirit of the convention from the start was to confine its work to important amendments and to submit as few questions to the people as possible."

The lack of oratory mentioned by Mr. Lyford was one of the unusual features of the convention. Only 50 of the delegates made speeches of any length, and it has been estimated that five per cent of the membership did 95 per cent of the talking. Such prominent members as former Congressman Hosea W. Parker of Claremont, Judge William A. Plummer of Laconia, W. R. Brown of Berlin, John Scammon of Exeter, Dwight Hall of Dover, and Merrill Shurtleff of Lancaster took no part in the debate and General Frank S.

Streeter of Concord was not heard from until the very last day of the convention, when he was moved to spirited support of the pensions amendment.

The principal speeches of the convention were those made by President Albert O. Brown in opening its two sessions, in reviewing the work of the convention. Mr. Lyford certainly was the "floor leader" of the convention and his work in that respect was splendidly done. His able "first assistant" was Hon. Leslie P. Snow of Rochester.

If the convention had been a political body, it would be said that the "minority" was well led by Major



Hon. Hosea W. Parker of Claremont
Temporary President of the Convention.

accomplished and in taking the floor upon the important questions of taxation. The name of Hon. James O. Lyford of Concord will figure most frequently in the index, and some of those references will be to interesting and informing remarks upon subjects under discussion; but most of the references will be to the numerous occasions upon which he made the proper motion or suggested the proper action to facilitate the work James F. Brennan of Peterborough, with frequent assistance from Hon. Henry H. Metcalf of Concord, and vigorous occasional interjections by ex-Mayor J. J. Doyle of Nashua; while Hon. Rosecrans W. Pillsbury of Londonderry, Speaker Charles W. Tobey of Temple, William A. Lee of Concord and E. Percy Stoddard of Portmouth were as energetic as usual in debate.

From an oratorical standpoint the

gems of the convention were the speeches of Levin J. Chase of Concord and Justin O. Wellman of New London, while careful, thoughtful and diligent study of the topics before the convention was evidenced in the remarks of George H. Duncan of Jaffrey, Robert W. Upton of Bow, Elmer E. Woodbury of Woodstock, Marshall D. Cobleigh of Nashua, Dean C. H. Pettee of Durham, Philip W. Ayers of Franconia and John H. Foster of Waterville.

In addition to Messrs. Ayers and Foster, the debate on the taxation of growing wood and timber, which was the best of the convention, enlisted John C. Hutchins of Stratford, John T. Amey of Lancaster, C. H. Duncan of Hancock, Charles B. Hoyt of Sandwich, Horace F. Hoyt of Hanover, John A. Edgerly of Tuftonboro, John F. Beede of Meredith, Judge Omar A. Towne of Franklin, Robert M. Wright of Sanbornton, Charles S. Emerson of Milford, Royal L. Page of Gilmanton, B. F. W. Russell of Peterborough, George H. Eastman of Weare, Dr. W. R. Sanders of Derry, Judge Jesse M. Barton of Newport, John Byrne of Lebanon, George A. Veazie of Littleton, George W. Pike of Lisbon, Arthur L. Foote of Wakefield, Rev. T. S. Tyng of Ashland, William J. Callahan of Keene, Henry F. Pearson of Webster, and Walter B. Farmer of Hampton Falls.

The reduction in size of the legislature, whether by the adoption of the district system or by the plan finally chosen, called forth good speeches from a number of the delegates previously mentioned and also from former Councilor John B. Cavanaugh of Manchester, John P. George of Concord, John T. Winn of Nashua Curtis B. Childs of Henniker and Harry G. Dean of Danbury. Fred S. Pillsbury of Manchester ably championed the cause of the "conscientious objector." Principal Wallace E. Mason of the Keene Normal School led the fight for the pensions amendment. Professor Edwin J. Bartlett of Hanover and A. F. Wentworth of Plymouth made their only speeches for and against the initiative and referendum. Charles S. Emerson and Benjamin F. Prescott of Milford, Arthur E. Kenison of Ossipee, Robert R. Chase and William F. Glancy of Manchester, C. J. Newell of Alstead and A. H. Schoolcraft of Dorchester were others who were heard from during the debates of the convention.

Mr. Emerson, ex-Mayor Harry W. Spaulding of Manchester, General Streeter, Judge Barton, Hon. John Scammon, Mr. Cavanaugh, Hon. John C. Hutchins and Speaker Tobey had the honor of acting as temporary presidents of the convention or as chairmen of the committee of the whole, and all emulated successfully the eminent fairness and business-dispatching ability of President Albert O. Brown.

The standing committees of the convention, as appointed by the President in June, 1918, were as follows:

On Bill of Rights and Executive Department—Streeter of Concord, Hall of Dover, Buxton of Boscawen, Cavanaugh of Manchester, Pattee of Manchester, Gaffney of Nashua, Jacobs of Lancaster, Bartlett of Hanover, Bowker of Whitefield, Howard of Portsmouth, Towne of Franklin, Charron of Claremont, Meader of Rochester, Norwood of Keene, Clement of Warren, Frost of Fremont, Towle of Northwood, Bartlett of Pittsfield, Goulding of Conway, Tilton of Laconia. To fill vacancies caused by deaths and resignations, Gunnison of Rochester,

Woodbury of Woodstock and Dort of Troy were appointed to this committee in January, 1920.

On Legislative Department—Lyford of Concord, Amey of Lancaster, Snow of Rochester, Barton of Newport, Doyle of Nashua, Scammon of Exeter, Brennan of Peterborough, Spaulding of Manchester, Watson of Keene, George I. McAllister of Manchester, Hale of Laconia, Evans of Gorham, Wright of Sanbornton, Brown of Berlin, Duffy of Franklin, Eastman of Portsmouth, Butler of Haverhill, Haslet of Hillsborough, Hutchins of Stratford and Foote of Wakefield. The new members of this committee at the January session were Parker of Claremont and Clarke of Walpole.

On Judicial Department—Plummer of Laconia, Howe of Concord, Demond of Concord, Upton of Bow, Hamblett of Nashua, Belanger of Manchester, Prescott of Milford, Colby of Claremont, Madden of Keene, Donigan of Newbury, Aldrich of Northumberland, Woodbury of Salem, Lewis of Amherst, Pettee of Durham, Smith of Haverhill, Doe of Somersworth, Sise of Portsmouth, Baker of Hillsborough, Hodges of Franklin, Chandler of Chatham. The vacancies on this committee were filled by Price of Lisbon and Peyser of Portsmouth.

On Future Mode of Amending the Constitution and Other Proposed Amendments—Stone of Andover, Page of Portsmouth, Wallace of Canaan, Walker of Grantham, Varney of Rochester, Bartlett of Derry, Lawrence of Haverhill, Jones of Lebanon, Craig of Marlow, Emerson of Milford, Hull of Bedford, Rogers of Pembroke, Morrison of Peterborough, Young of Easton, Shirley of Conway, Ripley of Stewartstown, Farrell of Manchester, Hodgman of Merrimack, Schellenberg of Manchester, Spring of Laconia. By the death of Mr. Stone and Judge Page, former Councilor Wallace became chairman of this committee and there were added to it as new members Metcalf of Concord, Stevenson of Exeter, Booth of Hinsdale, Annis of Colebrook, Kenison of Ossipee and Horne of Rochester.

On Elections—Shurtleff of Lancaster, Brown of Concord, Rollins of Alton, Wetherell of Exeter, Ayres of Franconia, Huntress of Keene, Stanley of Lincoln, Roy of Manchester, Chapman of Manchester, Bergquist of Berlin, Hallinan of Nashua, Towle of Newmarket, Deschenes of Manchester, Young of Rochester, Glancy of Manchester, Schenck of Tamworth, Rice of Rindge, Sayers of Manchester, Davis of Croydon, Smart of Bennington. The only death on this committee was that of Mr. Wetherell, whose place was taken by Mr. Duncan of Jaffrey.

On Finance—French of Moultonborough, Wight of Berlin, Welch of Dover, Bates of Exeter, Pariseau of Manchester, Hill of Plaistow, Brown of Hampton, Davis of Hopkinton, Locke of Laconia, Waterman of Lebanon, Emerson of Manchester, Laberge of Manchester, Cater of Portsmouth, Dame of Newport, Hayford of Newton, McElroy of Manchester, Shaw of Salisbury, Dillingham of Roxbury, Worthen of Manchester and Spaulding of Stoddard. This committee lost four members by death and two by resignation. Mr. Bates became the new chairman and the additional members named were Blanchard of Moultonborough, McHugh of Gorham, Fairbanks of Dover, Parker of Goffstown, Wellman of New London and Russell of Peterborough.

On Journal—Tobey of Temple, Veazie of Littleton, Emerson of Hampstead, McDaniel of Nottingham, Hurd of Dover, Knox of Madbury, A. H. Chase of Concord, Shaw of Chichester, Greer of Goffstown, Dickinson of Winchester, Faulkner of Swanzey, Beal of Plymouth, Hancock of Milan, Pound of Wolfeboro, Clark of Nashua, Frye of Wilton, True of Plainfield, Perkins of Laconia, Dionne of Nashua, Rogers of Newport.

On Credentials—Kinney of Claremont, Bailey of Sunapee, Templeton of Exeter, Marvin of Newcastle, Andrews of Somersworth, Marshall of Dover, Kenison of Ossipee, Morey of Hart's Location, Smith of Center Harbor, Moses of Tilton, Metcalf of Concord, Dean of Danbury, Fessenden of Brookline, J. J. McAllister, Jr., of Manchester, Pierce of Winchester, Bullock of Richmond, Woods of Bath, Woodbury of Woodstock, Hutchins of Berlin, and Philbrook of Shelburne. Messrs. Metcalf, Woodbury and Kenison resigned from this committee at the opening of January sessions and Kennett of Madison, Bunten of Dunbarton and Hoyt of Hanover were appointed in their places.

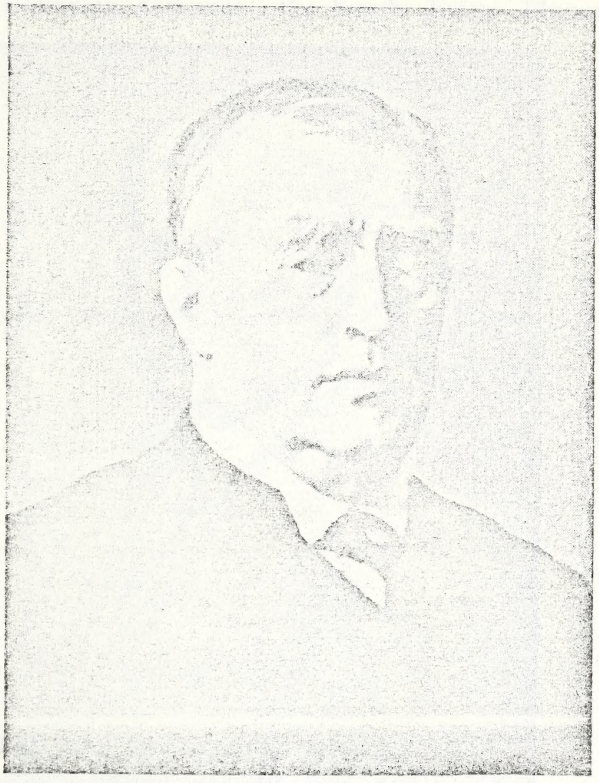
On permanent organization—Quimby of Concord, Livingston of Manchester, Entwistle of Portsmouth, Cobleigh of Nashua, Perkins of Antrim, Gray of Columbia, Sherry of Dover, Nute of Farmington, Philbrook of Laconia, McNally of Rollinsford, Wellman of Keene, Ball of Washington, Connor of Manchester, Sanders of Derry, Perley of Enfield, Edgerly of Tuftonborough, Bilodeau of Rochester, Head of Hooksett, Thompson of Concord, Roy of Somersworth.

On Rules—Gibson of Conway, Sherman of Claremont, George of Concord, Weston of Derry, Wesley of Dover, Childs of Henniker, Mason of Keene, Chase of Manchester, Horan of Manchester, Pike of Lisbon, Pillsbury of Manchester, Wescott of Rochester, Thomas of Strafford, Whitcomb of Stratham, Stoddard of Portsmouth, King of Walpole, Paul of Claremont, Lombard of Colebrook, Robichaud of Nashua, Young of Laconia.

A special committee on assignment of committee rooms was appointed with Mr. English of Littleton as chairman.

Delegate Frank S. Streeter of Ward Four, Concord, was President of the Constitutional Convention of 1902 and chairman of the standing committee on Bill of Rights and Executive Department in the Convention of 1918-1920. Born in East Charleston, Vt., August 5, 1853, the son of Daniel and Julia (Wheeler) Streeter, he was educated at St. Johnsbury Academy, Bates College and Dartmouth College, graduating from the last named institution in 1874. Since 1892 he has been a member of its board of trustees and had an active and important part in shaping the tremendous development of the college in the past quarter-century. In 1913 he received from his alma mater the degree of Doctor of Laws. General Streeter studied law with the late Chief Justice A. P. Carpenter and was admitted to the bar in 1877. For 40 years he has practiced his profession in Concord and has been a dominant figure in the bar of city and state, as well as taking part in many important cases outside of New Hampshire. A Republican in politics, he was a member of the Legislature in 1885, serving on the Judiciary committee; member of the state committee since 1892; president of the state convention, and delegate-at-large to the national convention, 1896; member of the national committee, 1907-8. Mr. Streeter served on the

staff of Governor Charles A. Busiel as judge advocate general. From March, 1911, to August, 1913, he was a member by Presidential appointment of the International Joint Commission. He has been president of the State Historical Society, the State Bar Association and the State Defense League, and is now president of the State Board of Education, a work which he regards as of the highest importance and to which he has devoted himself assiduously since his oppointment by Governor John H. Bartlett in 1919. He was very active in war work as a member of the executive committee of the State Committee on Public Safety and on various other lines. General Streeter is a 32nd degree Mason, has been president of the Wonolancet Club, Concord, for many years and is a member of numerous other clubs in Manchester, Boston and Washington, in which cities he is almost as well known as in his home town. General Streeter married, November 14, 1877, Lillian, daughter of Alonzo P. and Julia (Goodall) Carpenter of Bath. They have two children, Julia (Mrs. Henry Gardner) and Thomas W., of the American International Corporation, New York City.



GEN. FRANK S. STREETER OF CONCORD
Chairman of the Bill of Rights and Executive Department Committee.

Delegate William Alberto Plummer of Ward Four, Laconia, was the only justice of the

state's supreme or superior courts to sit in the convention, so that his appointment as chairman of the standing committee on Judicial Department was very fitting, as well as justified by his ability and experience. Judge Plummer was born in Gilmanton, December 2, 1865, the son of Charles Edwin and Mary Hoyt (Moody) Plummer, and was



JUDGE WILLIAM A. PLUMMER OF LACONIA
Chairman of the Committee on Judicial Department.

educated at Gilmanton Academy, Dartmouth College and the Boston University Law School, holding degrees from the two latter institutions. He was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in 1889 and practiced his profession successfully at Laconia, in partnership with Colonel Stephen S. Jewett, until 1907, when he was appointed a judge of the Superior Court of the state, serving until 1913, when, upon the re-organization of the state's judicial system he became an associate justice of the Supreme Court and so continues. The value of his services to the state in this position, for which he is eminently fitted, is universally recognized. Before his appointment to the bench Judge Plummer was a leader in the Democratic party of the state, serving in the House of Representatives in 1893 and again in 1907, and being chosen a delegate to the national convention of the party at Chicago in 1896. At the legislative session of 1907 he was the floor leader of the minority. Judge Plummer was for 19 years a member of the school board of the



city of Laconia and for 16 years its president. He is a director of the Laconia National Bank and the Laconia Building and Loan Association and a trustee and vice-president of the City Savings Bank of Laconia. A 33rd degree Mason, he is a past grand master of the grand lodge of New Hampshire and also belongs to the Knights of Pythias, Elks, county, state and national bar associations, New Hampshire Historical Society, etc. Judge Plummer married, January 1, 1890, Ellen Frances Murray of Canaan. Their son, Wayne M. Plummer, a graduate of the Boston University School of Law and a member of the New Hampshire bar, was assistant secretary of the Constitutional Convention.



HON. LESLIE P. SNOW OF ROCHESTER

Photo by Bachrach

Delegate Leslie Perkins Snow of Rochester in his several speeches upon the more important matters coming before the convention displayed the same clearness of thought and expression, the same ability as an orator and logician, which have won him such eminent success in the legal profession. He was born in Eaton, October 19, 1862, the son of the late Edwin Snow, one of the prominent men of his day in New Hampshire public life, and was educated at the Bridgton, Me., Academy; Dartmouth College, A. B., 1886; and Columbian Law School (now George Washington University) LL. B. 1890. When little past his majority he served as moderator of the town of Eaton and as representative from that town in the



House of 1887 was one of the youngest members of that famous body. He acted as special pension examiner, 1887-1890, for the United States Government, serving in Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado and at Washington. He was admitted to the Maryland bar in 1890 and to that of the state of New Hampshire in 1891; and has since practiced his profession continuously in Rochester, at first as a member of the firm of Worcester, Gafney & Snow until Mr. Gafney died in 1898 and Mr. Worcester in 1900. He then continued the business individually until 1917 when the present firm of Snow, Snow & Cooper was organized. The position which Mr. Snow occupies in his profession is shown by the fact that he is at the present time president of the New Hampshire Bar Association. Among his other activities are the presidency of the Rochester National Bank since 1902; vice-president Rochester Trust Company; president Gafney Home for the Aged; five years member of the Rochester school board. During the war he was president of the Public Safety Committee of Rochester; member of the executive committee of the Rochester Red Cross chapter; city food administrator and acting food administrator for Strafford county; chairman of the first, second, third and fourth Liberty Loan local committees; chairman Strafford county War Savings and Thrift Stamp campaigns; chairman Christmas, 1918, Red Cross Roll Call; Strafford county district chairman of the United War Work campaign; member of the committee of the New England Federal District for placing certificates of indebtedness. In addition his two sons, Conrad E. and Leslie W., were both commissioned officers with the A. E. F. in France. Mr. Snow is a 32nd degree Mason, Knight Templar and Shriner, an Odd Fellow and a member of the Theta Delta Chi college fraternity (president of its New England Association in 1886.)

James F. Brennan, delegate from Peterborough, was born in that town March 31, 1853; graduated from the Maryland University, class of 1884, with the degree of LL. B.; was admitted to the Maryland and New Hampshire bars the same year; and has since successfully practiced law in his native town. He has held many public offices, being a member of Governor Felker's staff, 1913-15, with the rank of major; member of the House of Representatives, 1913, 1915 and 1917, during which three sessions he was on the Judiciary Committee, his party's candidate for speaker and floorleader, and advocated some of the most important legislation of those sessions. Of the 26 bills he introduced during his terms as legislator 23 were enacted into law. He took a prominent part as delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1918-20, serving on the Legislative Committee. He is the first Democrat elected as a representative or delegate from the strongly Republican town of Peterborough in nearly seventy years. He was one of the three trustees of the State Library from 1903 to 1909; a member of the State Board of Charities and Correction from 1899 to 1918; and has been chairman of the Public Library Commission of New Hampshire since its establishment by statute to the present time. He is a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, the American-Irish Historical Society and the Peterborough Historical Society, and was elected historiographer of the last two at their organization. He is a lifelong Democrat, serving on its state executive committee many years; was a delegate-at-large to his party's

national conventions in 1904 and 1916; has been presiding officer of the Democratic State Convention; and has been heard on the hustings in many campaigns. He served on the Selective Draft Board for his district during the World War, has held many offices in Peterborough and is now one of the new Peterborough Hospital grantees and trustees and one of the three trustees of the Town Library. He has travelled widely in America and Europe; was never married; has an extensive library; and is especially interested along literary and historical lines.



MAJOR JAMES F. BRENNAN OF PETERBOROUGH

Delegate Levin Joynes Chase of Ward Three, Concord, made just one speech during the January, 1920 session of the constitutional convention, but that utterance will remain longer in the minds of his fellow members than the numerous remarks of some others. That is Mr. Chase's habit as to public life; to make few speeches, but to have those which he does make well-considered, well-expressed and worth while. The result is that whenever he is heard, on public or semi-public occasions, he is given the closest attention. Mr. Chase was born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 6, 1862, the son of Reginald Heber and Susan (Stanwood) Chase, and was educated in private schools in that city. For many years he was in the employ of the Wells-Fargo Express Company at San Francisco, Cal., but since January 1, 1909, he has been the manager of the Con-

cord Electric Company and a leading figure in the life of the Capital City. In 1913 and 1915 he represented his ward in the State House of Representatives and there made a reputation for eloquence, wit and substance in speech which has made him much in demand throughout the State as an after dinner speaker and orator of occasion. He is a trustee of the Concord Public Library, and was for several years president of the Concord Board of Trade, a position to whose duties he devoted much valuable time and result-bringing attention. He is a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, Elks, Wonolancet Club, Snowshoe Club, Beaver Meadow Golf Club; is an Episcopalian and a Republican. January 2, 1905, he married Bertha Louise Adams, and their home is in the West Concord suburb of the capital city. As a writer, Mr. Chase has few equals and no superiors in New Hampshire; but the fact that much of his work has not been published over his own signature has deprived him of the full credit which is due him for the grace of style, breadth of knowledge and culture, bright wit and keen observation which are in evidence in all his contributions to the printed page.



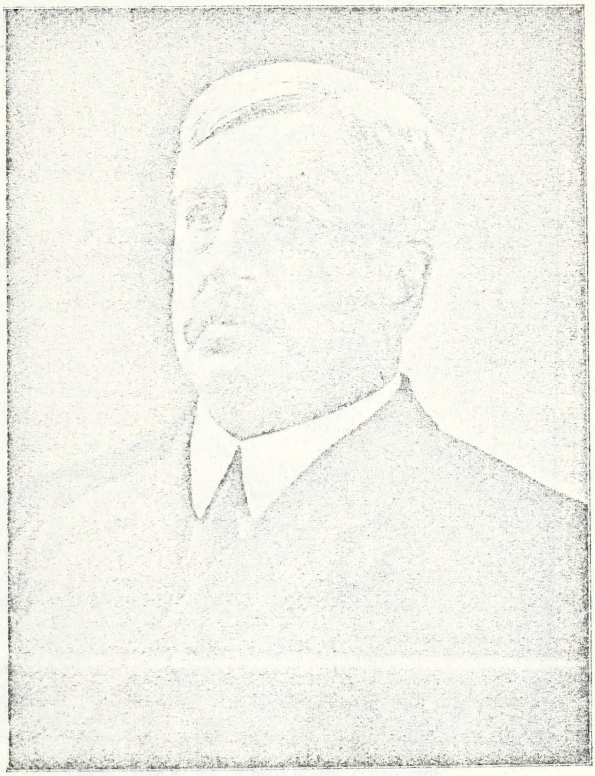
HON. LEVIN J. CHASE OF CONCORD

Photo by the Kimball Studio, Concord, N. H.

Delegate Willis George Buxton of Boscawen shares with Delegate Rosecrans W. Pillsbury of Londonderry the distinction of having had the greatest amount of experience



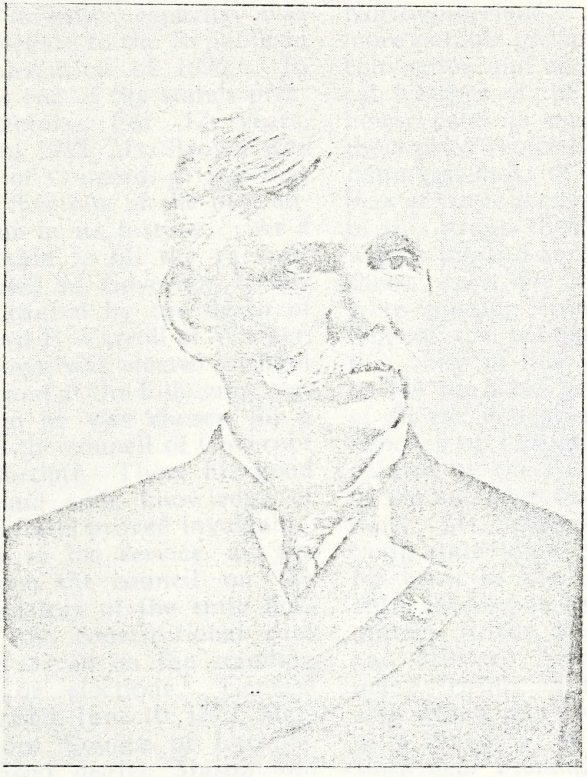
in amending constitutions, each having been a member of the conventions of 1889, 1902, 1912 and 1918-1920. In this convention Mr. Buxton was a member of the standing committee on Bill of Rights and Executive Department and manifested the independence and individuality for which he is well known by heading the list of signers of the minority report in favor of abolishing the Governor's council. Mr. Buxton was born in Henniker, August 22, 1856, the son of Daniel M. and Abbie A. (Whittaker) Buxton, and was educated in the academies at Clinton Grove and New London and at the Boston University Law School. Admitted to the New Hampshire bar in 1879, Mr. Buxton practiced at Hillsborough until 1882, when he became a partner of the late Judge Nehemiah Butler at Penacook and upon the latter's death a year later succeeded to the practice which he has since conducted. Mr. Buxton has long been prominent in politics, being a member of the Republican state committee 22 years and of the Progressive state committee during its existence.



Hon. Willis G. Buxton of Boscawen

He was chairman of the committee on elections and a member of the committee on revision of statutes in the House of Representatives of 1895, and chairman of the judiciary committee in the State Senate of 1897. He was a delegate to the Progressive national conventions of 1912 and 1916. He was associate justice of the Concord district court for two years and is now judge of

the Boscawen municipal court. He has served his town as its treasurer, library trustee, health board and school board member and treasurer and superintendent of the water precinct. Judge Buxton is a Mason, Knight Templar and Odd Fellow; member of the New Hampshire Historical Society; trustee of the Merrimack County Savings Bank; trustee and secretary, since 1895, of the New Hampshire Orphans' Home at Franklin. He married June 4, 1884, Martha J. Flanders of Penacook. Mr. and Mrs. Buxton have travelled widely and their hospitable home at Penacook is a center of culture and civic spirit.



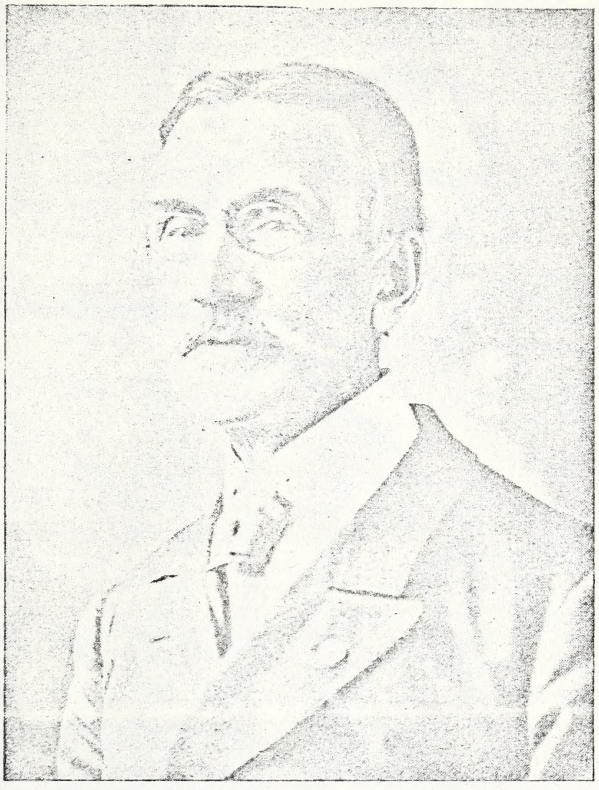
GEN. JOHN H. BROWN OF CONCORD
Photo by the Kimball Studio, Concord, N. H.

While the constitutional convention of 1918-1920 averaged high in ability and in general qualifications for its work, there were few in its membership of experience in public affairs equal to that of Delegate John H. Brown of Ward Six, Concord. Born in Bridgewater, May 20, 1850, the son of James and Judith B. (Harran) Brown, he was educated at the New Hampton Institution, where he graduated in 1870. In youth he was engaged in trade at Bristol and also was in the lumber business and was a surveyor of land. For a time he was a railway mail clerk and then for many years freight and claim agent for the Boston, Concord & Montreal and Boston & Maine railroads, during this time becoming a resident of Concord, where he is an extensive owner of real estate and a leading citizen.

His public service began at Bristol, where he was postmaster 1882-5, eight years selectman, four years deputy sheriff and representative in the Legislature of 1891. On the staff of Governor Charles A. Busiel he served as commissary general, thus gaining the title by which he commonly is addressed. General Brown was an "original McKinley man" and in this capacity was chosen a delegate to the Republican national convention of 1896. In 1900 he was one of the state's presidential electors. For 12 years, from 1905 to 1917, Mr. Brown was postmaster of Concord, giving that important office one of the best administrations in its history. At a special election to fill the vacancy in the council of Governor Henry W. Keyes caused by the death of Hon. Edward H. Carroll of Warner, General Brown was elected without opposition, and at the following regular election he was chosen for a full term in the council of Governor John H. Bartlett. There his good judgment and wide knowledge of the state's affairs proved invaluable, particularly in his service as the member from the council on the board of trustees of the state hospital. In the constitutional convention he served on the standing committee on elections. General Brown married, June 10, 1872, Marietta Sanborn Lougee of Laconia. He is a 32nd degree Mason and Shriner and a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, Wonolancet Club, etc.

The following veterans of the Civil War were elected as delegates to this Constitutional Convention: Nathaniel P. Ordway of Greenland, Thomas Entwistle of Portsmouth, Martin L. Schenck of Tamworth, William H. Trickey of Tilton, Joab N. Patterson of Concord, Ansel C. Smart of Bennington, Daniel W. Hayden of Hollis, Robert E. Wheeler of Manchester, Mortier L. Morrison of Peterboro, (died during the recess of the convention) Edward A. Kingsbury of Keene, Asa C. Dort of Troy, Dr. George W. Pierce of Winchester, Hiram C. Sherman of Claremont, Daniel R. Gilchrist of Monroe, John Gray of Columbia, Antipus H. Curtis of Northumberland. There was no more notable group than this in the convention and one of the pleasantest features of the session was the honor paid its members in giving them prior choice of desirable seats. Although most of the oldest members of the convention were included in this group their fidelity to duty was as marked as in the Sixties and theirs were not the names which were missing from the rollcalls. One of the youngest appearing of this body of fine old veterans and one of the most genial and popular of all the delegates was Martin L. Schenck of Tamworth, who was appointed by the President a member of the standing committee on Elections. Mr. Schenck was no stranger to the state house, for he represented his town in the General Court of 1917, serving on two standing committees, Roads, Bridges and Canals and Military Affairs, and making many friends in the Capital City who were glad to welcome him back as a delegate to the convention. Born near Flemington, N. J., he is the great-grandson of Major John Schenck of the New Jersey line in the Revolutionary War, and his own service in the Civil War, two and a half years in Stoneham's cavalry division of the Army of the Potomac and Grierson's cavalry division of the Army of the Tennessee, under the immediate command of Generals Meade, Grant and Sherman, reflected credit upon his patriotic ancestry and his own sterling qualities. Among his memories are some of Abraham Lincoln in the

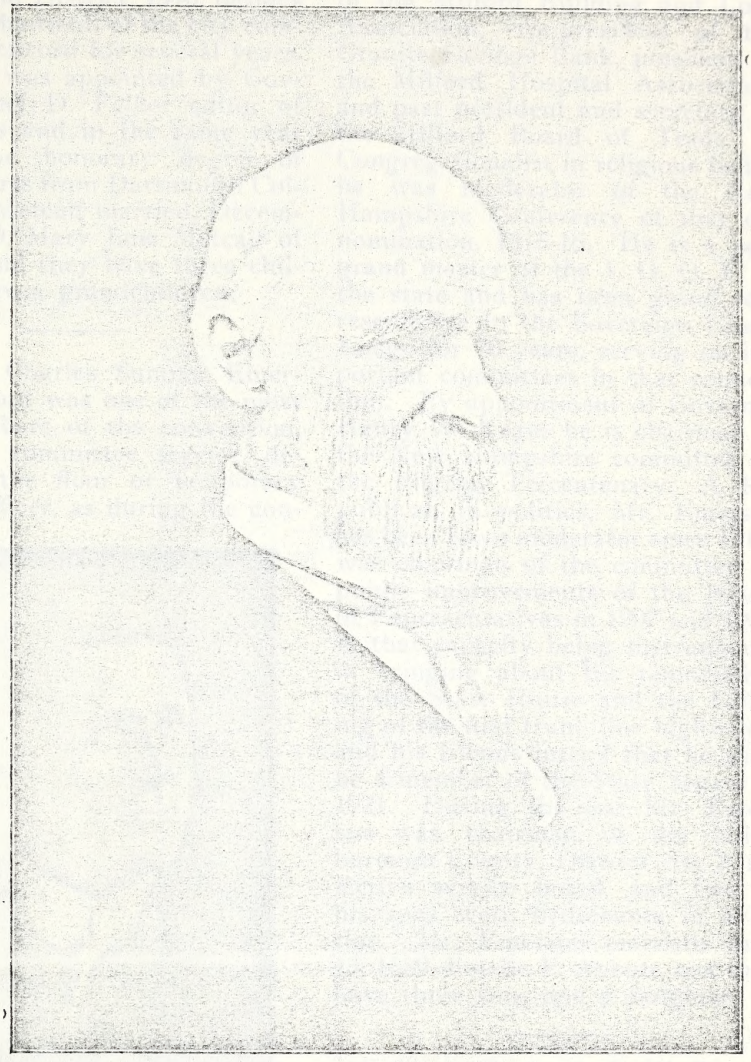
White House and of every president from Grant to Wilson, with all of whom he has shaken hands. Mr. Schenck was educated in public and private schools at Trenton, N. J. He is an Episcopalian, a 32nd degree Mason and a member of the Sons of the American Revolution and various clubs as well as of the G. A. R. and the Second Cavalry Veteran Association of New Jersey.



HON. MARTIN L. SCHENCK OF TAMWORTH

No member of the convention showed more evident interest in its work, was more constant in attendance and attention, than the veteran journalist and publicist, Henry Harrison Metcalf, who, though a deep-dyed Democrat, was given the honor of an unanimous election as delegate from the Republican Ward Seven, Concord. Mr. Metcalf was born in Newport, April 7, 1841, the son of Joseph P. and Lucy (Gould) Metcalf. He was educated in public and private schools, at Mt. Caesar Seminary, Swanzey, and at the law department of the University of Michigan, from which he received the degree of LL. B. in 1865. Studying law with Hon Edmund Burke of Newport, he was admitted to the bar in 1866, but engaged in journalism the next year, with the result that it became his life work. At different times he has edited the White Mountain Republic, Littleton, the People and Patriot, Concord, the Manchester Union, the Dover Press and the Granite Month-





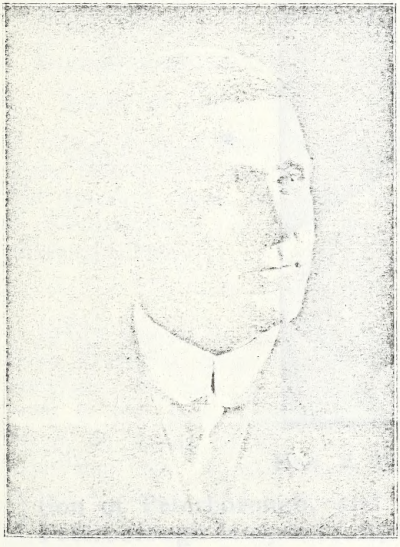
HON. H. H. METCALF OF CONCORD

ly, of which he was the founder, besides doing a large amount of other literary work, including the compilation and publication of several volumes of biography. Mr. Metcalf is a member of the board of trustees of the Universalist State Convention, president of the New Hampshire Old Home Week Association, past president of the New Hampshire S. A. R., and past lecturer of the State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry. He was secretary of the Concord Board of Trade for 18 years and of the State Board of Trade for nine years. Mr. Metcalf has had state-wide prominence in politics for half a century, since his service as secretary of the Democratic State Committee, 1869-70. He was a delegate to the national convention of the party in 1876; president of its state convention in 1900; and Congressional candidate



in the Second District, 1910, besides serving as chairman of the city committee in Concord for several years. In 1913 he was appointed by Governor Samuel D. Felker editor of state papers and in the same year received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Dartmouth College. Mr. Metcalf married, December 18, 1869, Mary Jane Metcalf of Littleton, and they have three children and seven grandchildren.

Delegate Charles Sumner Emerson of Milford was one of the most useful members of the convention, whether in committee service, debate from the floor or temporary presiding officer, as during the con-

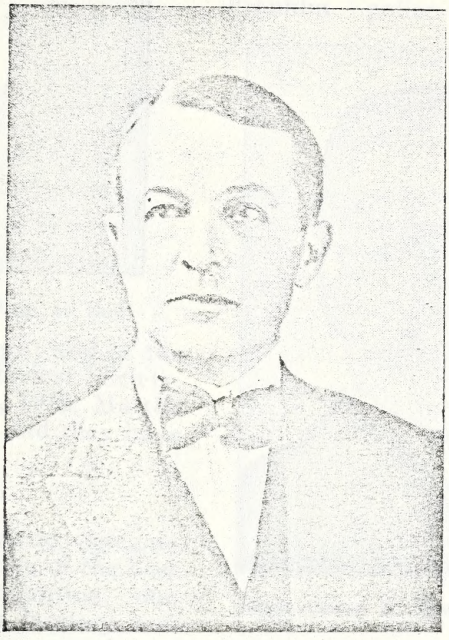


CHARLES S. EMERSON OF MILFORD

sideration of the initiative and referendum amendment. Mr. Emerson was born in Milford, April 2, 1868, the son of Sumner B. and Martha A. (Bales) Emerson. He was educated in the Milford public schools and at Cushing Academy, and has followed in the footsteps of his father as the leading merchant of his home town. He is president of the Milford Building and Loan Association, vice-president of the Granite Savings Bank, president of the Milford Hospital Association, and past president and secretary of the Milford Board of Trade. A Congregationalist in religious belief, he was moderator of the New Hampshire Conference of that denomination, 1915-16. He is a past grand master of the I. O. O. F. of the state and has been grand representative to the Sovereign Grand Lodge for 10 years, serving on important committees in that connection. By appointment of Governor Henry W. Keyes he is chairman of the New Hampshire committee on the Pilgrim Tercentenary. A Republican in politics, Mr. Emerson has been town moderator since 1910; was chairman of the committee on public improvements of the House of Representatives in 1907 and 1909, in that capacity being instrumental in bringing about the remodelling of the State House and the building of the first trunk line highways; and his friends intend that he shall be a member of the State Senate of 1921. During the war Mr. Emerson was chairman of the Hillsborough County, District No. 2, selective service board, and two of his sons were lieutenants in aviation. Mr. Emerson married, June 13, 1889, Estelle F. Abbott, and they have three sons and a daughter.

Delegate Benjamin F. W. Russell of Peterborough was born in Boston, July 8, 1875, educated in schools of Concord, Massachusetts, and was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, class of 1898. He purchased the "Old Town Farm" at Peterborough, New Hampshire, in 1912; became a resident and voter there in 1914, and is there engaged in the breeding of Guernsey cattle and general farming. He is a member of the firm

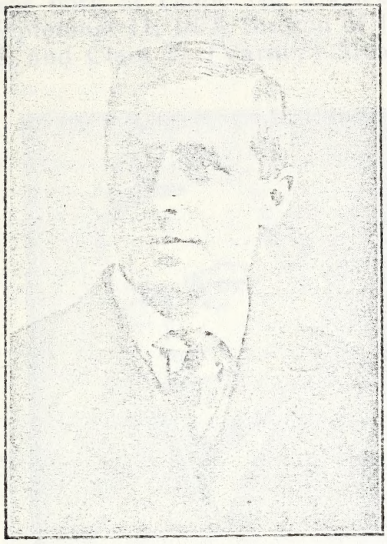
of Little & Russell, architects, 45 Bromfield street, Boston,—architects of the Peterborough Town House, American Guernsey Cattle Club Building, Peterborough Historical Building and the Peterborough Hospital. He is a member of the Peterborough Grange and Men's Club, Union and Algonquin Clubs of Boston, and Brookline Country Club; president of Old Phoenix Mill Associates Corporation of Peterborough, and of the Peterborough Hospital Corporation. Mr. Russell was chosen at a special election to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. Mortier L. Morrison. Among the many good speeches made in the convention in favor of the special taxation of growing wood and timber his was one of the best.



HON. B. F. W. RUSSELL OF PETERBOROUGH

Delegate Robert W. Upton of Bow, member of the standing committee of the convention on Judicial Department, introduced and made very able speeches in favor of the important proposal for increasing the powers of the Legislature in respect to taxation. Born in Bow, February 3, 1884, Mr. Upton graduated from the Boston University Law School in 1907, receiving the degree of B. L. magna cum laude, and in the same year began the practice of his profession in Concord as a member of the firm of Sargent, Niles & Upton. Since the death of Mr. Sargent and the withdrawal of Mr. Niles because of his public service, Mr. Upton has practiced alone and with great success. A Republican in politics, he represented his town in the House of Representatives of 1911, serving on the Judiciary and Ways and Means committees, two very important assignments. He made the original draft of the bill establishing the New Hampshire Tax Commission and also that of the factory inspection law passed in 1917. Mr. Up-

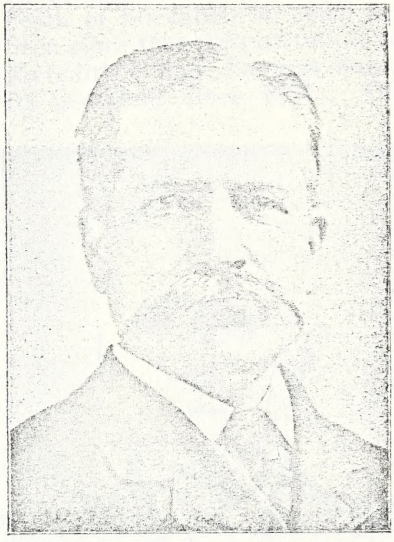
ton is a member of the executive committee of the New Hampshire Old Home Week Association; of the



ROBERT W. UPTON, ESQ., OF BOW

I. O. O. F. and Grange; and of the New Hampshire Historical Society. He married, Sept. 18, 1912, Martha S. Burroughs of Bow and they have three children.

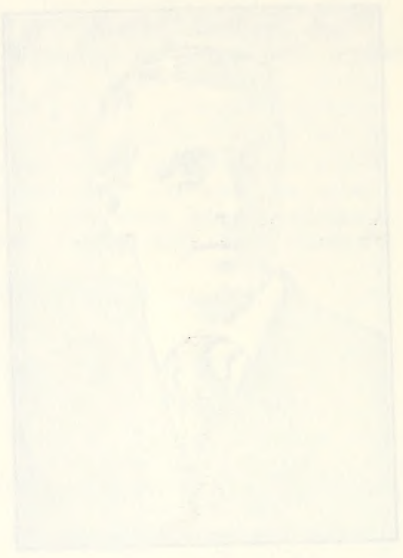
Judge Omar A. Towne, delegate from Franklin, made two of the best speeches of the convention, one each at the June and January sessions, in favor of the amendment allowing the special taxation of growing wood and timber. Born in Stoddard, Feb. 2, 1851, he was educated in the public schools and at the Penacook and Wolfeboro academies. Since 1875 he has been engaged in business at Franklin, at first as a printer and bookseller. In 1884 he bought the Franklin Transcript, in 1889 the Merrimack Journal and has made the consolidated Journal-Transcript one of the best and most influential newspapers in the State. He also is engaged in the real estate business. Judge Towne is a Republican, a Baptist, a 32nd degree Mason, Knight Templar and an Odd Fellow. He was the first president of the New Hampshire Weekly Publishers Association and also has been president of the New Hampshire Press Association and the New Hampshire State Board of Trade. He was a delegate to the constitutional convention of 1889, 22 years a member of the Franklin board of education; since 1905 justice of the Franklin police and municipal



JUDGE OMAR A. TOWNE OF FRANKLIN

courts; secretary and treasurer of the Franklin Building and Loan Association, clerk of the Webster Birthplace Association and of the Franklin Hospital Association.

Delegate John Levi Meader of Rochester, member of the standing committee on Bill of Rights and Executive Department, is one of those in the convention who filled in the recess between its sessions with service in the Legislature. In the State Senate of 1919 he represented the 23rd district, serving as



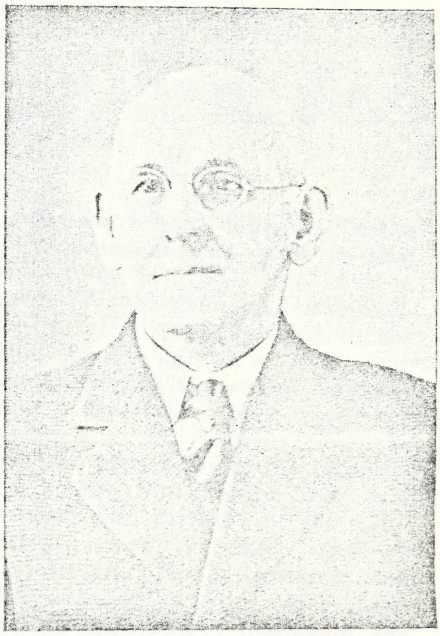
chairman of the important Committee on Finance. Senator Meader was born at Gonic (in Rochester) September 11, 1878, the son of John E. and Clara E. (Varney) Meader.



Hon. J. Levi Meader of Rochester

He was educated in the public schools of Rochester and at the Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I. Entering the employ of the Gonic Manufacturing Company, upon leaving school, he learned the business thoroughly and was the superintendent of the plant 1908-1915, since which time he has been the company's agent. Mr. Meader was a member of the House of Representatives in 1907, and in 1917 was mayor of his city. He is a member of the Republican state committee and chairman of the Republican city committee. In religious belief he is affiliated with the Friends and in fraternal circles he is a member of the various Masonic bodies, lodge, chapter, council, commandery and shrine. Senator Meader married, Oct. 2, 1901, Lila Anna Malvern of Chicago and they have three children.

Delegate John Fred Beede of Meredith, a member of the standing committee on Time and Mode of Submitting to the People Amendments Agreed to by the Convention, was born in Meredith, April 8, 1859, and educated in the public schools there, at Tilton Seminary and at Yale College, class of 1882. Banking was his choice as a life work and for three years after graduation he was engaged in that business in Boston, New York City and Buffalo. Returning to Meredith upon the death of his father in 1885, he has been since that time an officer of the Meredith Village Savings Bank and its president since 1904. Of the

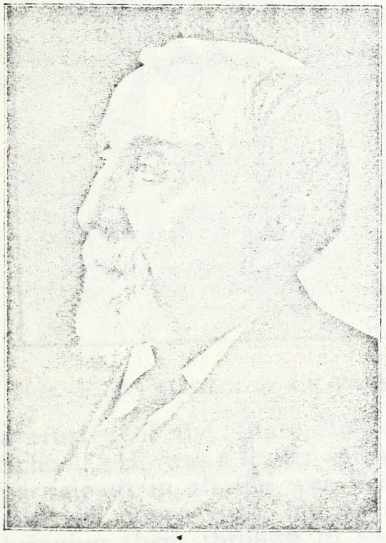


Hon. J. F. Beede of Meredith

People's National Bank at Laconia he has been a director for 20 years. Mr. Beede is a trustee of Tilton Seminary, president of the Congregational Society of Meredith Village and interested in many local enterprises of that town, succeeding as one of its principal business men

his father, the late John W. Beede. Mr. Beede is a Republican in politics. He married in 1901 Martha B., daughter of the late Hon. Woodbury L. Welcher of Laconia, and they have two children, Frances Melcher and John Woodbury.

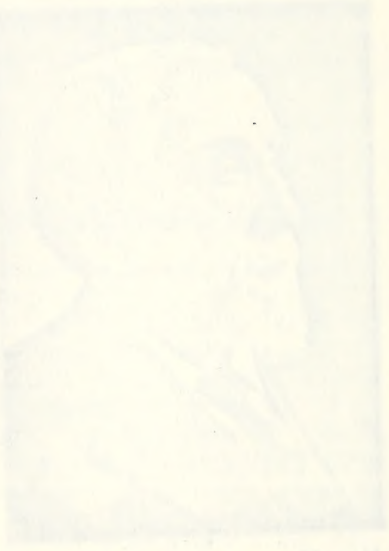
Delegate Horace F. Hoyt of Hanover, whose voice often was raised in the convention in behalf of the farmer and his interests, was born in Enfield, October 26, 1842, the son of Horace F. and Caroline E. (Hardy) Hoyt. Since childhood he has resided in Hanover where he attended the public schools. For more



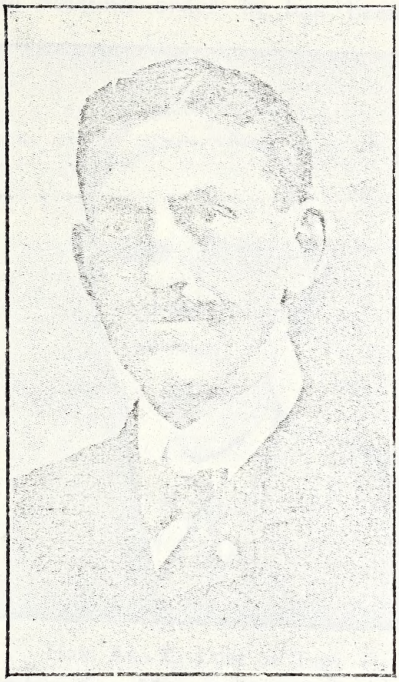
HON. HORACE F. HOYT OF HANOVER

than 50 years he has been conspicuous in public, among the offices which he has held being selectman of Hanover, 1868-73; commissioner for Grafton county, 1894-1912, nominated by acclamation eight times; member New Hampshire House of Representatives 1893, chairman committee on retrenchment and reform; 1915, chairman committee on county affairs (vice-president Farmers' Council), 1917 chairman committee on county affairs, member committee on equalization of taxes; superintendent Hanover Town Farm, 1887-90; served as tax collector for Hanover 30 years in succession; trustee of public funds; director and treasurer Hanover Public Library; president Etna Creamery Association; director and trustee Baptist Church, Etna; director Dartmouth Savings Bank; Mason for more than 50 years; member Franklin lodge, and St. Andrew's Chapter, R. A. M., Lebanon, and has taken the Templar degrees; Patron of Husbandry 42 years; chaplain Mascoma Valley Pomona Grange 27 years, and New Hampshire State Grange 12 years, and still in office. Mr. Hoyt is a Baptist and a Republican. He cast his first vote for Abraham Lincoln for president, and has missed voting at no election since, except the primary of 1916, when he was ill in a hospital.

Delegate Frank Wilbert Hamlin of Charlestown was born in that town, June 14, 1863, the son of George Washington and Ellen L. Hamlin. He was educated in the public schools and as a young man began a highly successful business career in his native town which has continued to the present time; he being the proprietor of the Hamlin Department Store since 1887 and president and director of the Connecticut River National Bank of Charlestown. He is treasurer and junior warden of St. Luke's Episcopal Church there; justice of the municipal court; trustee and treasurer of the Silsby Free Library; and trustee of the town trust funds. A Republican in politics, he was a member of the House of Representatives of 1903, serving as chairman of the committee on Claims, and in the State Senate of 1909 represented the Seventh District, being chairman of the committee on Banks and



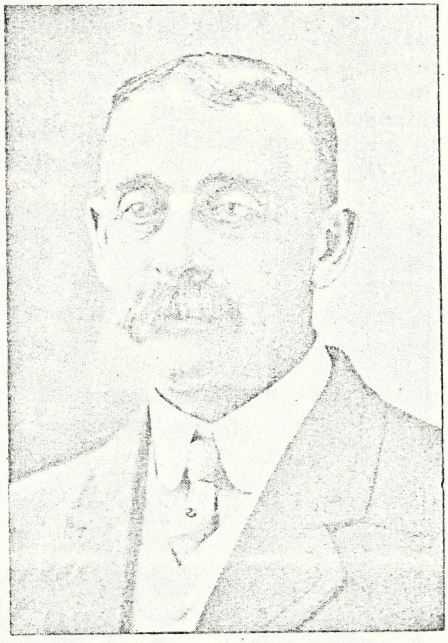
a member of the committees on Revision of the Laws, Incorporations, Claims and School for Feeble-Minded. In 1919 he was appointed



HON. F. W. HAMLIN OF CHARLESTOWN

a trustee of the State Industrial School. He was a leader and active participant in all the war "drives" and did more than his share in bringing them through to success. This year Mr. Hamlin has announced his candidacy for the nomination of his party as Councilor in the Fifth District, a place for which his public and private record alike show him to be well qualified. He is a member of the various branches of the I. O. O. F. order. December 26, 1887, he married Ada E. Perry.

Delegate Orville D. Fessenden of Brookline, a member of the convention's committee on credentials, has had three experiences as a constitution mender, having represented his town in the conventions of 1902 and 1912, as well as that of 1918-1920. He also has served under the dome as a member of the House of Representatives in 1897, when he was a member of the committee on public health, and in 1905, when he served on the committee on manufactures. Mr. Fessenden was born in Boston, April 11, 1865, and was educated in the public schools and at Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass. He is a dealer in flour, grain,

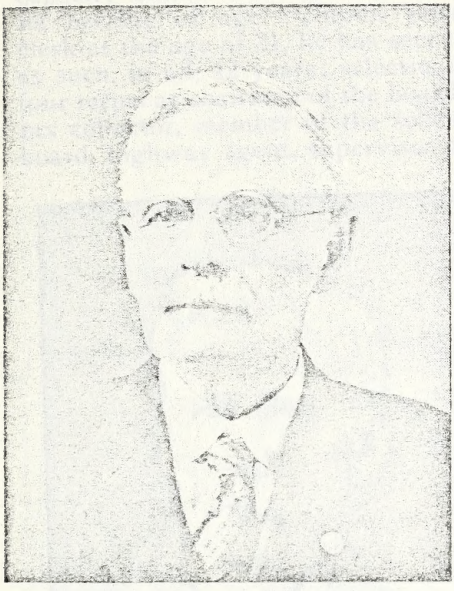


HON. O. D. FESSENDEN OF BROOKLINE

coal, wood and lumber and a leading citizen of his town, where he has been moderator and member of the school board, chairman of the Public Safety Committee, etc. In 1918 he was a candidate for State Senator from the 12th district.

Delegate Asa C. Dort of Troy was born in Marlborough in 1843 and educated in the town schools, at Tilton Seminary and at the New

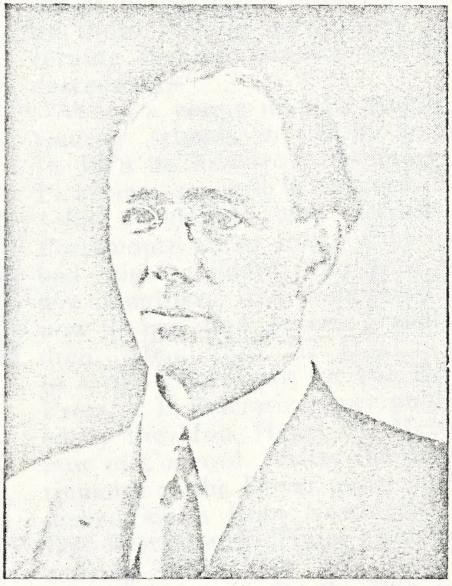
Hampshire Commercial College. He served in the First New Hampshire Cavalry in the War of the Rebellion as quartermaster sergeant of Company D and is a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. Of the Masonic order he has been a



HON. ASA C. DORT OF TROY

member for 55 years. Mr. Dort has held the offices of town clerk, fire chief, school treasurer and town treasurer for 46 years. He was a member of the Legislatures of 1879, 1881 and 1919, serving on the committees on Liquor Laws and Manufactures. Mr. Dort is a Republican in politics and a Congregationalist in church affiliation. He is married and has one daughter.

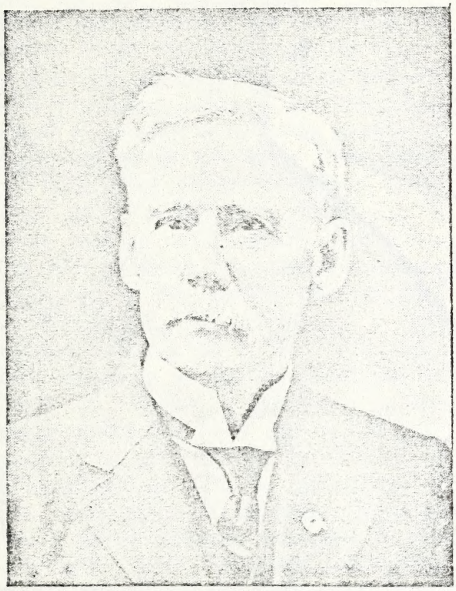
It is probable that no delegate to the convention gave more time to the study of subjects coming before it for consideration than did George Henry Duncan of Jaffrey, one of the best posted men in New Hampshire upon the science of government and a fluent speaker in its exposition. Born in Leominster, Mass., December 23, 1876, the son of George C. and Mary E. (Coolidge) Duncan, he was educated at the Murdock School, Winchendon, Mass., and Amherst College, class of 1899. Upon the death of his father he took up his business as a druggist at East Jaffrey and has since continued it. He has served his town as selectman, member of the school board, delegate to the constitutional conventions of 1912 and 1918 and a member of the House of Representatives of 1915, serving on the committee on Revision of the Statutes. From 1915 to 1917 he was postmaster at East Jaffrey and has been president of the Jaffrey Board of Trade. He is a director of the Annett Manufacturing Company. Mr. Duncan is a Democrat in politics, a Mason and Patron of Husbandry. November 19, 1900, he



HON. G. H. DUNCAN OF JAFFREY

married Helen Prescott and they have one son, George. The Single Tax and the Initiative and Referendum are two important principles of government in which Mr. Duncan has taken an especially active interest.

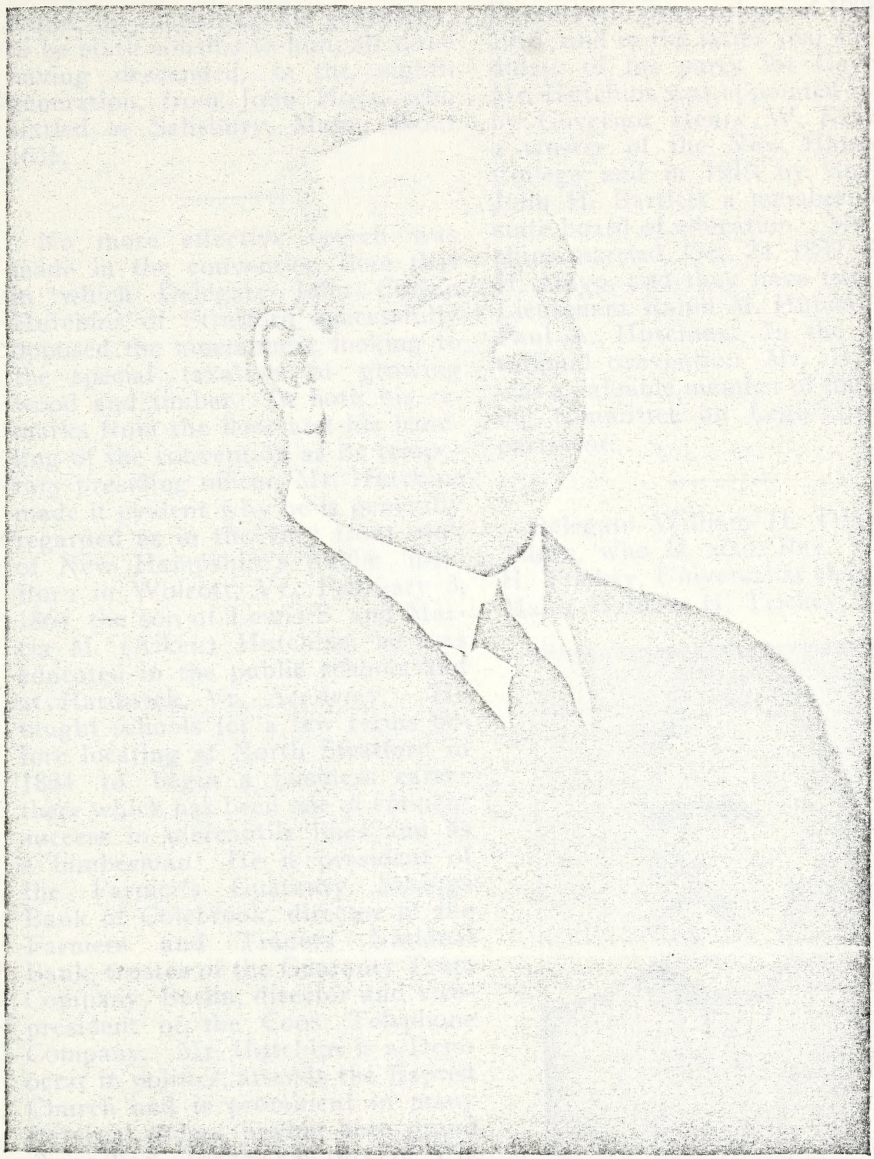
Delegate Jackson Morton Hoyt, born in Newington, Jan. 15, 1850, the sixth in descent from William Hoyt, who settled there in 1703, has been a lifelong resident of the town and has served it in some official capacity almost continuously since he became of age. Chosen town clerk at the age of 21, he has served as such, in all, 12 years; selectman, four terms as chairman of the board; tax collector, member of the school board, highway agent, supervisor of



Hon. Jackson M. Hoyt of Newington

the check list, auditor, superintendent of public cemetery for many years (which office he now holds, with that of moderator for town and school meetings), and is the only person in town who holds a commission as justice of the peace. At the State election in 1918 he was unanimously chosen representative to the General Court, receiving the support of both political parties, although a pronounced Democrat. His early education was obtained at the district school in Newington, supplemented with a three months term at a business school in Boston. He is a member of the Congregational Church, and has been senior deacon the last eight years and clerk since 1894, also sexton 36 years. He has written a history of the Newington church covering a period of 200 years, which was read by him at the anniversary in 1915, and published in January, 1916, in the Granite Monthly. He claims farming as his occupation, although much of his time he is engaged in carpentering or painting, besides his employment in the public cemetery, in which he has been employed more or less since 1867. During the World War he acted as town historian. In 1890 he copied the early records of the town from 1713 to 1820, and without question is more familiar with the history of the town than any person living, and is often consulted by those seeking information concerning the old families and their descendants.

When a young man he taught in country schools in nearby towns. In 1878 he married Miss Mary S. Pickering, seventh in descent from John Pickering, who settled at Portsmouth about 1636. They have had nine children, four sons and five daughters, of whom seven are now living, and seven grandchildren. About 1875, Mr. Hoyt began to write local news for the Dover Press, a Democratic paper published by the Hon. Henry H. Metcalf, now of Concord. After the discontinuance of the Dover paper he furnished locals from Newington for the Portsmouth Times, gradually retiring with, now and then, an obituary notice. On the 70th anniversary of his birth, Mr. Hoyt was at Concord in attendance at the Constitutional Convention, where he had the pleasure to become acquainted with two of his kindred, Colonel Charles B. Hoyt from Sandwich, and Deacon Horace F. Hoyt from Hanover, whom he

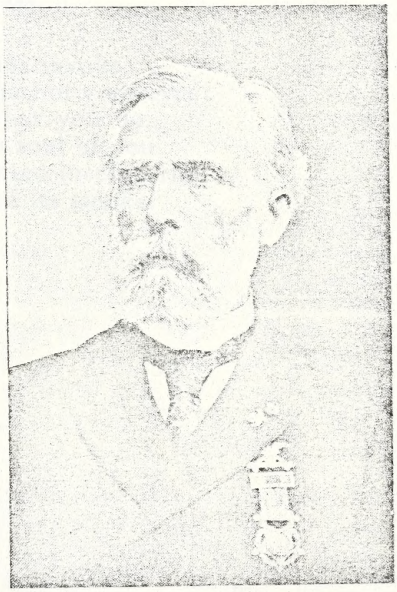


John D. Kitchin

found, by consulting his genealogy, to be sixth cousins to him, all three having descended, in the eighth generation, from John Hoyt, who settled at Salisbury, Mass., about 1635.

No more effective speech was made in the convention than that in which Delegate John Corbin Hutchins of Stratford successfully opposed the amendment looking to the special taxation of growing wood and timber. In both his remarks from the floor and his handling of the convention as its temporary presiding officer, Mr. Hutchins made it evident why he is generally regarded as in the very front rank of New Hampshire's public men. Born in Wolcott, Vt., February 3, 1864, the son of Lewis S. and Marcia M. (Aiken) Hutchins, he was educated in the public schools and at Hardwick, Vt., Academy. He taught schools for a few terms before locating at North Stratford in 1884 to begin a business career there which has been one of eminent success in mercantile lines and as a lumberman. He is president of the Farmer's Guaranty Savings Bank of Colebrook, director of the Farmers and Traders National Bank, trustee of the Guaranty Trust Company, Berlin, director and vice-president of the Coos Telephone Company. Mr. Hutchins is a Democrat in politics, attends the Baptist Church and is prominent in many fraternal orders, having been grand chancellor of the Knights of Pythias of the State, and being a 32nd degree Mason and Knight Templar, Odd Fellow and Elk. Mr. Hutchins has held all the town offices in Stratford; was a member of the House of Representatives in 1899 and the State Senate in 1913, where he was the minority leader and chairman of the committee on education; delegate to the national Democratic conventions of 1908 and 1916; and in the latter year the candidate of his party for Governor. Mr. Hutchins was appointed in 1918 by Governor Henry W. Keyes as a trustee of the New Hampshire College and in 1919 by Governor John H. Bartlett a member of the state board of education. Mr. Hutchins married, Oct. 24, 1889, Saidee H. Mayo, and they have two sons, Lieutenant Ralph M. Hutchins and Paul A. Hutchins. In the constitutional convention Mr. Hutchins was a valuable member of the standing committee on Legislative Department.

Delegate William H. Trickey of Tilton, who is, also, Rev. William H. Trickey, Universalist clergyman, Major William H. Trickey, veteran



MAJOR WILLIAM H. TRICKEY OF TILTON

of the Civil War, and Commandant William H. Trickey of the New Hampshire Soldiers' Home, had the honor of calling the convention to order at its initial session in June,

1918, and was the author of the liberalizing amendment to the Bill of Rights, upon which the convention took favorable action. Born in Exeter, Me., Jan. 22, 1841, the son of William and Abigail (Nudd) Trickey, he was educated in the schools of Wolfeboro, and enlisted as a private in the Third New Hampshire Volunteers, July 29, 1861. He was promoted through each rank to that of major in the same regiment, commanded his company in the attack on Fort Wagner, and his regiment in the attack on Fort Fisher; was four times wounded during the war; and was mustered out August 2, 1865. He has been commander of the New Hampshire department, G. A. R., and of the Massachusetts Commandery of the Loyal Legion and is a 32nd degree Mason. After the war he was engaged for a time in the manufacture of shoes at Dover, where he served in the city council and was a member of the Legislature, 1870-1. For some years he was in the United States mail service. Deciding to enter the ministry, he graduated from the divinity school at Tufts College and held pastorates at Newfields, Claremont and Hinsdale, N. H., and Danvers, Mass., before taking the position at the Soldiers' Home, which he has filled so ably and acceptably since June 1, 1907.

INTANGIBLE

By Ruth Bassett Eddy

It is not what your vibrant lips invoke,
Nor e'en the deep, sweet solace of your eyes:
It is not what you say or what you do,
It's something deeper in the soul of you
That makes my love, like scented incense rise,
And fold you in the blessing of its smoke.

HOW LONG WAS A MILE?

By George B. Upham.

Every schoolboy can tell us that the statute mile is 5,280 feet; but it is not generally known when and by what statute its length was so fixed.

Two lines of an Act of Parliament, in the thirty-fifth year of Elizabeth's reign, 1593, fixes the length of the land mile in all English speaking countries today.

This statute reads as follows: "No new Building shall be erected within three Miles of London or Westminster. One Dwelling-house in London or Westminster, or three Miles thereof, shall not be converted into more. No Inmates or Underfitters shall be in the Places aforesaid*—Commons or Waste Grounds lying within three Miles of London shall not be inclosed.** A mile shall contain eight Furlongs, every Furlong forty Poles, and every Pole shall contain sixteen Foot and an half."

It by no means follows that this statute became immediately known to the public, or when known was readily accepted as fixing the length of the mile in common use, for we well know that the English people are very slow to accept changes, or innovations of any kind. We also know that the mile in common use in England in the seventeenth century was longer than the statute mile.

When, therefore, did the statute mile come into common and general use in England and in America? What was the length of the mile of the Pilgrims around Plymouth, and of the Puritans around Boston, when they built their roads and set up their milestones in the seventeenth century? What was the length of the mile of the surveyors who made early surveys in the New Hampshire wilderness? The encyclopedias do not tell us. The specialists in the great libraries in Boston could not say; nor could they, after considerable search, refer the inquirer to any source whence the information could be obtained. The U. S. Bureau of Standards at Washington did not know. The U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey "passed the buck" to the U. S. General Land Office, which replied that it had no records relating to the subject. Finally the U. S. Geological Survey, the last of the departments appealed to, kindly referred to an article on the "Old English Mile," written by Professor William Flinders Petrie, of London University, and published in the Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh—Session of 1883-84, Vol. XII, pp. 254-266, which article, so far as known to the writer, contains more information on this subject than any other publication extant. Yet valuable as Professor Petrie's article is, he does not tell us when

*The earliest dictionary defines Underfitter as "a Law word for an Inmate or Ledger." This word also appears as undersitter, the variation doubtless arising from the similarity of the old English long s and the letter f. As early as 1580 and for more than half a century later proclamations and laws repeatedly but vainly sought to prevent the growth of London and its extension into the suburbs. The earliest proclamation of Elizabeth on this subject indicates that she and her advisers feared, if the city further increased in numbers, it would be impossible to supply it with food and the necessities of life at reasonable prices, also that they feared plague or pestilence. The population was about 160,000 at that time. The suburbs, without the walls, then had a bad name, as "all those disreputable persons who could find no shelter in the city settled in these outlying districts." A writer of the time observed "how happy were the cities if they had no suburbs."

**Mile has come down into our daily speech from the Latin *mille*, thousand. The Roman mile was a thousand paces, (*mille passuum*), their pace being the length of the double step, that made by one foot from the place where it was lifted until it was put on the ground again. Their foot was about 11.64 English inches, and their mile about 432 feet shorter than the statute mile.

the Statute mile came into common and general use.*

At the beginning Professor Petrie says: "The length of the old English mile has hitherto been so uncertain that any fresh light upon it is well worthy of study." After mentioning certain new sources of information, he continues "It is proposed, therefore, in this paper to bring together all the data worth consideration, beginning with the most recent.....and so arrive at some definite statements within known limits of uncertainty."

Later in his paper he says: "It may seem rather astonishing to see on all maps, until within recent years, such a careful definition of miles as 'statute miles, 69½ to 1°; but the need for this explicitness arose from the great confusion which existed between different miles."

In Gibson's edition of "Camden's Britannia," published in 1695, and containing forty or more maps of English countries and localities, there are no less than three varying scales on nearly all the maps for three different kinds of miles, two of them considerably longer than the statute mile. The "great" mile equalled 1.29 statute miles, the "middle," 1.167, and the "small," 1.037. Petrie says of them: "Now these values are very exactly in the proportion of 10, 9, and 8; and since we cannot doubt that the 1.037 was intended for the statute mile of 8 furlongs, it seems that these three miles were 10, 9, and 8 furlongs respectively."

Even more to the point of our inquiry are Petrie's studies of the maps of Ogilby, the great surveyor of England, to whom the first accurate road maps and measurements are due. He published his atlas, "Itinerarium Angliae," in 1675—the typographical edition of his work, "The Travellers Guide," is dated 1699. It mentions "the miles of 'horizontal distance' (i.e., as the crow flies), those of 'vulgar computation,' (i.e., the old long miles), and those of 'dimensuration,' (i.e., the statute miles)." In Petrie's investigation of the Ogilby maps "the roads were broken up into lengths of about forty miles each for purposes of comparison of the mile lengths. The lengths compared together are in all 154 in number, of which 134 belong to the old mile, the other 20 to the Northwest of England and the Welsh mile. From the mean of these 134 lengths the old mile appears as 1.307" statute miles.

Now comes the most significant statement, for our purposes, in Petrie's article. Still writing of these 134 lengths he says: "The posting miles which are given, though agreeing in general with the old miles, yet in nine cases are shorter, and in two cases a little longer, *the shortest form is equal to the statute mile.*" He does not tell us how many there were of the "shortest form," but if there were only nine of them "shorter" than the old mile, we may fairly take it that there were still fewer of the "shortest form" which he says was "equal to the statute mile."

If about a century after the legalization of the statute mile so little was it in common use in England, what may we expect of New England at the same period and later?

If the old English mile, equal to 1.307 statute miles was the "popular"** and "posting" mile in England down through the seventeenth

*Petrie refers to the old English miles as "the popular mile during the four centuries in which we have traced it," ending about 1700.

**Captain John Smith, "sometimes Governor of Virginia and Admirall of New England," was clearly aware of the statute mile of eight furlongs, for in his "Sea Grammar," published in 1627, writing of the highest mountain as "ten furlongs perpendicular," he says "that is a mile and a quarter." But Captain John Smith was not only abreast of his time, he was far ahead of it, and knew the value of the statute mile as an equal multiple of the furlong. In his charts, as might be expected, he uses the nautical mile, sixty to the degree.

century and probably later, was the common road or milestone mile, and the usual surveyor's mile of New England, any shorter or different length at the same time? That seems unlikely, although of course, possible.* No reason is apparent why the statute mile should have been commonly adopted here any earlier than in England.

Several pamphlets and articles about Mile-stones in New England, particularly around Boston, have been written, but, with one exception, it does not seem to have occurred to the writers to consider the distance between them. In writing of the milestones between Boston and Quincy, Mr. Read says: "The total distance, 10¾ miles plus one rod, indicates that the stones were not placed in their proper locations, and furthermore the distances between them vary from 78 to 120 chains." This seems hopeless. It is nevertheless hoped that some of our learned antiquarians will give careful consideration to the length of the early New England mile. In such inquiry it would be useless to consider milestones set later than the early part of the eighteenth century, and perhaps useless to consider the earlier ones, for few, if any, of these are now in their original locations. If sure of the old route some information might be gained by measuring accurately to an early milestone twenty or thirty miles distant from the "Town House," formerly on the site of the present Old State House, in Boston; but early surveyor's records, stating the length of the mile in feet, would be more convincing.

Much that Professor Petrie writes is of great interest to the topographer, civil engineer and surveyor. One of his very interesting conclusions is that by the change of the mediaeval English foot from 13.22 inches to the foot of 12 inches, "we have lost the basis of a decimal system of measures, and thus complicated our land measure in a most troublesome manner." He gives the series of measures making up the mediaeval mile as follows:

1 foot	13.22 inches
6 feet—1 fathom	79.32 inches
10 fathoms—1 chain	793.02 inches
10 chains—1 furlong	7932.00 inches
10 furlongs—1mile	79320.00 inches

equals 1.252 statute miles.

It may be noted that the number of inches in the mediaeval furlong, as per the above table, is only 12 more than in the modern furlong. The furlong, Anglo-Saxon furlang, was the length of a furrow, the standard drive of a plough before it was turned. "The statute mile and furlong were probably independent of each other originally. The earliest mile near the statute mile was one of 5000 feet, defined in the Canterbury registers as 7½ furlongs, 3 perches and 2 palms, about 1350 A. D. Then about 1470 A. D. a mile appears of 8 furlongs, which first received legal recognition in 1593 A. D. Now if the mile of 8 furlongs had always existed, it is very unlikely that one containing a fractional number of furlongs would have arisen, so it is probable that the furlong is the older measure, and that the mile was adapted to fit it. And this is also indicated by the register of Battle Abbey mentioning furlongs but not miles, so the furlong appears a long time before the mile."

In summing up, Petrie says: "On the whole I should incline to fix the value of the old English mile as 1.300 statute miles during the end of the fifteenth on to [the end of] the seventeenth centuries, and to suppose that during the fourteenth century and at the beginning of the

*See, an article by Charles F. Read, in Proceedings Brookline Historical Soc. 1909, p. 21, and one by Samuel A. Green in Proceedings Mass. Historical Soc. 1908-9, Vol. 42, 3 series, p. 11.

fifteenth, it was lengthening from a value of 1.265 which it had in the thirteenth century. As it had lengthened thus, it is not improbable that the original value of it was still shorter, perhaps not exceeding 1.250 statute miles." But from the quotation above it appears there was in the fourteenth century a shorter mile of 5000 feet.

This, Petrie thinks, was lengthened to 5280 feet to make it the even multiple of the furlong. It is rather strange that in speaking of distances we here in New England ordinarily say "an eighth of a mile," instead of using the ancient and interesting word furlong. It would probably be heard frequently in the mountains of North Carolina, where in daily use are many words we rarely hear, but which in Shakspeare's time were in common use in England.

The varying length of the early mile is of interest in New Hampshire history, if for no other reason because it probably entered into fixing the location of the Mason Curve. The Masonian Proprietors would naturally desire to place the Curve as far west as possible thereby enlarging their domain.

What was the starting point on the sea for the measure of the sixty miles inland where they were to begin the survey of the curve, and what was the length of the mile they used? These questions will be considered in the next article.

A MARCH DAY

By Kate J. Kimball

Without, the brown ground is streaked with old snow.
The trees are still gray, the stinging winds blow.
Not even the pines look cheerful and green,
There, only a rusty blackness is seen.
My well-cherished vines are lifeless and bare.
My lovely trim garden, can it be there?
In that acre of ice and mud and snow
Will my delicate peas and lettuce grow?
Of the strawberry vines there's not a trace.
Asparagus, where is your filmy lace?
Not a robin sings, nor Mister Bluebird.
Not even the brave Chickadee is heard.
"Is there one lovely thing without," I cry.
"Where's the lace of the elms against the sky?"

But within, just see my grate fire glow.
(There's a furnace, too, in the cellar below.)
Here on my table three daffodils bloom,
Little golden suns in my pleasant room.
I am warm and safe in my sheltered nook.
I read on and on in a thrilling book.
I read of old Europe distraught and torn,
And thank God America's young and strong.
Thank God for the men that flung life away,
That I may live on in safety today.

COL. DANIEL HALL

Colonel Daniel Hall of Dover, soldier, scholar, lawyer, author, orator, and publicist, died at his home, Thursday, January 8, 1920, in the 88th year of a life distinguished alike for the length of its days and for the usefulness, love and honors with which they were filled.

The story of his career is so well and widely known, even to the younger generation, that only the bare recital of its most salient facts is necessary or desirable here. But some brief record of what he accomplished and some simple tribute to the talents and virtues he possessed should appear in the historical and biographical records of the state magazine.

Colonel Hall was born in Barrington, February 28, 1832, the son of Gilman and Eliza (Tuttle) Hall; being in the eighth generation from John Hall, the first deacon of the First Church in Dover, and in the seventh generation from Captain John Tuttle, one of the great men of town and province in the seventeenth century.

His early life was spent upon his father's farm, but even in boyhood days in the district school the scholarly bent of his mind was disclosed and promise given of the future culture which he attained. Save for a few months in the academies at Strafford and Tilton, he fitted himself for college, and while there earned most of the money for his expenses, teaching every winter in the schools of Barrington; yet he graduated at the head of the brilliant Dartmouth class of 1854, of which but two members now survive, President Benjamin A. Kimball of the Concord & Montreal Railroad, and Leander M. Nute of Portland, Me.

After leaving college he was for four years a clerk in the New York custom house, at the same time beginning the study of law. This he completed in the office of Daniel M. Christie at Dover, having lost his official position through becoming one of the founders of the Republican party, and was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in May, 1860.

In the summer of 1861, having the friendship of Senator John P. Hale, he was appointed clerk of a special Senate committee engaged in investigating the surrender of the Norfolk, Va., navy yard to the Confederate government, and when that work was finished he became clerk of the Senate committee on Naval Affairs, of which Mr. Hale was chairman.

In March, 1862, he was commissioned captain in the United States Army and participated in the battles of Fredericksburg, Antietam, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. Invalided home in December, 1863, he was nursed back to health by his mother, and in June, 1864, was appointed provost marshal for the First New Hampshire district, with headquarters at Portsmouth, and so continued until the end of the war.

After leaving the army, Captain Hall resumed the practice of law in Dover, but was judge advocate with the rank of major in the militia under Governor Frederick Smythe and an aide-de-camp, with the rank of colonel, on the staff of Governor Walter Harriman.

While studying law, Colonel Hall had been school commissioner for Strafford county, 1859-60. He was clerk of the supreme court for Strafford county, 1866-74; judge of the Dover police court, 1868-74; reporter of the decisions of the New Hampshire supreme court, 1876-7; United States naval officer of customs for

the port of Boston, 1877-85, and delegate to the state constitutional convention of 1912.

Esteemed throughout his active life a leader in the Republican party, he was the president of its state convention in 1873; chairman of its state committee 1874-7; and chairman of the state delegation to the national convention of 1876.

Colonel Hall was a member of the board of managers of the state Soldiers' Home at Tilton from 1889 until his death. A member of Post 17, G. A. R., he was commander of the department of New Hampshire 1892-3. He was also a member of the Loyal Legion.

Much interested in historical and genealogical research, he had been president of the New Hampshire Historical Society and the Northam Colonists Historical Society of Dover and was an interested member of the Piscataqua Pioneers Society. Before these bodies he had delivered valuable addresses in line with their objects and purposes.

Both as a writer and speaker Colonel Hall always was eloquent, interesting and instructive. His greatest effort in this direction undoubtedly was his oration at the unveiling of the statue of John P. Hale at the State House in Concord in August, 1892; but the volume of Occasional Addresses, which he published in that year, contains many other excellent examples of the great store of knowledge and the unusual command of language which he brought to the consideration of any topic.

Colonel Hall married, on January 25, 1877, Sophia, daughter of Jonathan T. and Sarah (Hanson) Dodge of Rochester, a woman of great ability and the finest character, who proved a worthy helpmate of her distinguished husband until her much mourned death, December 1, 1918.

Their only child is Arthur Wellesley Hall, born August 20, 1878, a graduate of Harvard, and lawyer in Dover, who married Inez, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Bunker of Dover. Their son, born February 12, 1909, carries on the name of his grandfather.

In the last years of his life Colonel Hall further endeared himself to his fellow citizens of Dover by two acts, the presentation of a beautiful soldiers' monument to the city and the establishing of the Woodman Institute, which will preserve his memory among future generations.

An old friend of Colonel Hall and a long-time contributor to this magazine, John B. Stevens of Dover, has written from the heart the following tribute to one of New Hampshire's best citizens:

"Colonel Hall died in old age, not by a violent stroke from the hand of death, not by a sudden rupture of the ties of nature, but by a gradual wearing out. Like ripe fruit, he has dropped into his mother's lap.

"He was very well known throughout the state, and to Dover was an open book. The sympathetic pen of Dr. A. H. Quint has dealt with the incidents of his early life, his chief characteristics, deeds and words, and a host of newspapers have told us he was in all ways accomplished, trustworthy and experienced. But something remains. There are aspects of the character of my old friend, which have not been made so prominent as they deserve.

"As a young man he was a believer in most of the doctrines of the Democratic party, but unalterably of opinion that slavery was wrong and its extension a monstrous evil. It is not strange that development made him a Republican. But it is unlikely that the young man worked out his problem logically. The open and cultivated mind of youth, under favorable cir-

cumstances, takes a higher place than that of the mere reasoner. It is a higher faculty to see than it is to demonstrate what ought to be seen.

"His personal appearance at middle age was striking. He was chiefly remarkable for an exceptional smile, and the winning fashion of his manifestations of interest in whatever was in hand. His eyes and mouth were full of character, his manners simple and dignified, and he had that graceful ease which comes from early familiarity with able men, secure position, friendship, books and society.

"Born in Barrington and educated at Dartmouth, he made Dover his home for many years, and here in quiet perseverance, broken only by State and Federal office-holding all the work of a long and most industrious and successful life has been done, and well done.

"The writer's earliest recollection of him dates back to a period anterior to his settling in Dover. We used to meet in Deacon Lane's bookstore. What a treat it was to roam at will among the varied treasures the worthy possessor knew nothing about. The writer recalls looking up to his somewhat older companion with mingled awe and admiration. From the time of that brief and distant association our ways diverged. We knew of him only by hearsay until he began the study of law with Daniel M. Christie.

"We are not competent to speak of him as a councilor-at-law, but we can say he never spared himself when the faintest shadow of obligation seemed to call for effort or sacrifice. His fidelity was a proverb and an axiom. Very eloquent he was, as all who heard his public speech will testify. We leave his military career to the surviving veterans, who shared war's dangers with him. The printed record shows toilful and dutiful expenditure of young strength in his country's behalf.

"Early in life he began to lay the foundation of a noble library. It grew with his years and became a near and dear and ever more precious possession. In a day when the study of language and literature began to be considered antiquated—a culture not demanded by modern life—the sedulously studied English of Colonel Hall elicited strong expressions of appreciation from 'mouths of wisest censure.' Colonel Hall was a polished scholar of the old school. He had a wonderful hold on traditional human feeling—talked with unusual attractiveness of manner, with sure directness, with strong sense and fine taste.

"Long after his printed thoughts have ceased to be sought, some touch of nature in them, some trait of insight or ingenuity of solution will come into Dover fireside conversation and remind a future generation of the man whose memory we honor today. He was a fearless champion of all noble causes—a booster of misunderstood and frequently unpopular causes—a defender of free speech, free toil, free schools, guarded ballot boxes. Never was man more faithful to his vision, never one with whom conviction and avowal, conviction and action, were more indissolubly joined.

"This is the estimate of one who knew him intimately for many years and who will retain a pleasant memory of his talents and diligent search after truth."

A. W. O. L. IN BELGIUM

By a New Hampshire P. T. Girl (Miss Myrna S. Howe)

It was a sunny June afternoon when orders came for two of us to leave Germany, where we had been with the Third Army in the capacity of Reconstruction Aides in Physio Therapy.

We knew that this meant home and the good old U. S. A.

It would have sounded good to say and think U. S. A. in France, where we had spent almost a year with our boys and where we felt at home; but to be leaving Germany was joy itself.

We loved her scenery; but scenery, it seems, does not make a people, in spite of the theory of environment.

You will say, as many do, "Why, we hear so much of their kindness to all the Third Army!"

If you can call plain, every day "handshaking," for the sake of what's coming out of it, kindness, perhaps we had it. But should you engage in conversation with a German long enough for him to become stirred over the war he would always end with "Huh! We'll get you by another twenty years."

Well, we were happy to be going back across the border from this untouched, picturesque land to the shell-torn country where we felt we were among friends.

For some days my pal and I had contemplated a little journey A. W. O. L. into Belgium. We said "Too bad, after seeing so much while on leave and on duty, not to see that first little country to be trampled on by the Boche in his descent on humanity."

So this bright June day settled the argument and at 4 a. m. the following day we were bouncing in an ambulance toward the Bahnhof in Trier en route to Luxemburg. At Luxemburg we purchased military tickets for Brussells (for only five francs) and after a hot ride through a peaceful, rural country arrived in Brussells at 2 p. m.

First, we thought we would slide by the M. P.'s, but on second thought we knew we could talk a 24-hour pass out of one of them and decided we would play safe to start. So, with the desired slip of yellow paper, we walked across the Place into a busy city and made straight for the Y. M. for information in regard to trips, etc.

We found a splendid trip, leaving at 8 the following morning for Bruges, Zeebrugge and Ostende—two days—and that 24-hour pass! "Never mind, we'll go. All they can do to us is to confine us to quarters on arrival at Brest."

So that afternoon we spent taking glimpses of Brussells—petit Paris, they call it, and so it is, and more charming in some ways for its smallness.

Needless to say the Palais de Justice, the largest building in the world, held us for some time; as did the old King's Palace and Hotel de Ville, ornate buildings, with beautiful carvings and statuary adorning the outside and inside, old Flemish architecture and full of history and legends.

We visited lacemakers, with their bobbins flying, feasted on the biggest, juiciest strawberries ever grown; and, of course, tried to buy a Belgian police dog; but since so many Americans had this craze we couldn't produce enough francs, the demand having caused the dogs to be valued more highly than in the old days.

We turned in very early to make ready for our trip the following day, saying, "We'll see more of Brussells on our return."

The railway trip to Bruges takes

one through one of the most beautiful bits of lowland country imaginable—cunning little white cottages; huge windmills, waving their arms like great birds; long stretches of green fertile fields—and then the first signs of destruction.

It's a strange hurt that one senses when suddenly awakened from a lovely quiet dream, looking over these beautiful fields, by the looming up of the wreck of a home, or twisted railroad tracks hurled into space, wires pulled down, great gaps in the earth, bridges gone.

Then, again, we dropped into a peaceful country, and as we neared Bruges, saw no destruction. You see Bruges was a German sub.-shelter and they guarded it safely.

A young aviator was our guide, and a good one, too. He walked us straight up the narrow, cobblestoned street, leading to the Main Place and the famous old Belfry of Bruges with its sweet chimes sounding every quarter hour. Some way or other we felt near at home in this quaint town. It must have been the tower, I believe, and the thought of Longfellow's poem.

Of all the crooked streets and odd people; speaking Flemish and dressed in all kinds of garments, too full and too small; big wooden shoes and no shoes; and all staring at Les Americaines and we at them!

We were billeted in a small house with a ladder stairway, huge straw beds and the usual scarcity of water. Our lunch was excellent, in spite of the "poison fright," as one woman persisted in calling poisson frite.

Immediately after lunch we hiked through the town to the submarine bases and sheds on the large canal leading to Zeebrugge. A tunnel had been built underground to these sheds and the Germans and their agents had gone back and forth daily erecting their gun bases and sheds, unknown until too late.

The sheds are of concrete, immense buildings, holding eight submarines. The cement roof is seven feet thick and the rest in proportion. It took a crew, in from their daily work, three or four weeks to rest before going out again. From this base 10 submarines were kept at sea and eight resting continually until May, 1918, when they were bottled up by the daring British fleet at Zeebrugge and deserted Bruges for good.

We rambled through the debris of subs. blown up in the canal and of other damaged boats, and gradually found ourselves back on the road to town and to visit Rubens' old studio, built in 1634.

It has his first picture on its walls and many curios of interest in the room. Out in the quaint little garden we were refreshed by a large stein of beer and then were ready to walk on to see more of this historic town.

We ventured into a 16th century church where nuns were chanting their vesper hymns and prayers; a dear little place modelled after the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. We must also see the Chapel of the Holy Blood, built in 840, where we learned of the Procession of the Holy Blood held every May, two weeks after the first Monday after the second of May. A vial brought from Jerusalem by a count, a leader in the Second Crusade, contains the Holy Blood, and it is placed in a casket worth six million francs. The original casket was destroyed by the Iconoclasts, but John Crab of Bruges modelled the present gem after the original in 1648. It is in honor of this vial of blood that all the people march in the famous procession every May.

But we must hasten on to the old Palace of the Lords, to the canals and a lace shop, and finally to climb the Belfry and look down on the old pointed roofs of Bruges, and, at last, weary, but happy, to bed.

The following day beamed on us, and we set out for Zeebrugge. The

country here is very like Holland, which is only eight or ten miles away. We walked about four miles along a splendid esplanade on the North Sea to the famous Mole, where the British bottled up the Germans by sinking the Thetis, Iphigenia and Intrepid. Later, we saw the Vindictive at Ostende where she endeavored to block the canal there, but was rammed and unable to complete her work.

So many, many things we did and saw! But above all these wonderful sights and interesting and instructive trips comes the most glorious scene and the saddest—the one never-to-be-forgotten panorama—Ypres and Flanders fields.

We left the train at 6.30 a. m. to walk over these fields. The sun was breaking through a haze that made the crushed white walls of Ypres look more ghostlike.

We shuddered at the ruins—the Hall of Cloth crumbled except for the one lone tower partly standing, raising its head to heaven, the one thing left in the city high enough to reach up toward those thousands of British and Canadian boys who fell all around Ypres and whom Colonel McCrae, before he fell, immortalized by his poem, "We Shall Not Sleep."

The poppies bloomed bright among the ruins and the graves, one little hopeful sign of life for those returning to endeavor to rebuild their homes and villages.

It is rightly termed No Man's Land. Who could live in that distorted, shell-torn land, filled with ruins, debris, graves, tanks, dug-outs, and row upon row of white crosses!

We found one courageous soul upon our return from tramping, the keeper of the big hotel in Ypres, back there to live again. Tears filled his eyes as he spoke of his "grande hotel" and his old home and friends; but there in his little shack was the beginning of the second hotel, and we enjoyed one of his own good meals, cooked with little or nothing, but good, nevertheless.

We had left our party the night before, and suddenly our 24-hour pass loomed before us. This was our third day out from Brussells. So we looked back upon the black, broken shadows of the trees and all that sad scene, and turned our faces towards Brussells once more.

Well, will wonders never cease! We passed the M. P. and out into the Place, so well pleased with ourselves that we decided to try Antwerp the next day. So early to bed, up again at daybreak, and up to that beautiful seaport city to visit the famous art galleries with Rubens' and Van Dyck's originals, and the old cathedral with its immense organ, wonderfully carved pulpit and Rubens' masterpiece, "The Descent from the Cross." It was good to find these beautiful old edifices and art treasures left whole.

We walked all day and learned to love the city and the little Belgian girl whom we found to be an old friend in Bordeaux, where she was a refugee and working in one of our canteens.

At evening we trotted back to Brussells. Yes, we must leave the next morning or be led out by the Provost Marshal's gentle hand; so we didn't see all we wanted of Brussells, but we made one more trip, to the place of Edith Cavell's execution and to the graves of those Belgian martyrs shot in Brussells by Germans as alleged spies. One never saw a more unlovely spot. We stood where the firing squad had stood, then turned and left, sick at heart with our thoughts.

Back we journeyed to our hotel to pack up our kits and leave, this time for our port and home. A glorious A. W. O. L. trip it was, lasting 10 days more and taking us out of Belgium, back to France and soon after to the grand old U. S. A.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S MOST FRIENDLY TREES

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

No. 1.

The Pine.

"And the Lord God planted a garden, and put therein the man he had formed, and out of the ground made to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food."—The Scriptures.

Nature has two great forces which far outrun all others in their influence on mankind, the ocean and the forests. From the depths of the seas came all forms of life, and the connecting arms of rivers and seas made civilization possible. The fish and the shell-fish sustained the earliest tribes, and then as man made his bow and arrow he was able to follow along the sea-edge and follow the streams, and finally to branch off thru the great forests, living upon the nuts, fruits, and animal life which he found living there. Trees were man's early shelter, his first altars for worship; the leafy coverts were his inalienable possession which he defended with his life.

And as civilization began among the trees in the history of man, so it began in the New World. The settler from Europe found the great Atlantic coast from Virginia to New England an almost universal forest. The hardy groups that settled Dover, Exeter, Hampton and Portsmouth, and later pushed up into other parts of the State, located amid the great forests where the woodman's axe had n'er been heard till their own hardy blows rang out. The entire Atlantic coast was a pathless wilderness to all save the native sons of the forests, the redmen. And those forests, which had dropped their life upon the earth for thousands of years, had made fertile the ground for man's seed. The settler cleared away the moss-covered giants, let the sun warm the dampness of the forests, and dropped his rye, buckwheat, beans, corn, turnips—and Mother-Nature did the rest.

The primitive forests varied somewhat, but the predominating tree was the pine. That beautiful, fragrant and musical tree was to our ancestors the most friendly of all the family of the forest. Maine calls itself the "Pine-Tree State," but New Hampshire could have claimed the title just as well, for we had as many of the pines to the acre as Maine, and they ran just as high and straight; for we find as late as about 1750 the King of England ordered all pines that were over 150 feet in height and suitable for masts should be blazed and kept for His Majesty's Navy. Many of the noble trees of primitive growth ran above 200 feet in height. New Hampshire down to 1784 carried the Pine Tree on its state shield.

The Pine is a great democratic tree, it is found in every land, and is loved by every race, but of all the kinds of pine, none is so beautiful, graceful and friendly to man as the white pine—the native pine of New Hampshire. It is a pyramid of beauty and majesty, and the warm sun plays in flickering rays thru its silken needles; looking into a pine grove as we approach it we see a most beautiful series of whorls of branches, banked one upon another. There is a delicate fragrance from the pine and a gentle and musical purring which fills the soul with peace. Whether seen from afar as it gives character and beauty to the landscape, or from close range as we lie upon a carpet of needles at its roots, the pine-tree is always a joy to the sight. The evergreens

are the friendliest family of trees for man and animal and the white-pine is the friendliest of the family.

The evergreens are the oldest trees, best known to man, most useful to him; and none are more useful than the white-pine. The scripture does not say, but I am quite sure the tree that the Lord God first planted for man was the White-Pine. The wood of the pine is so light, inflammable, soft-grained, easily cut and handled, that it early became the favorite tree for use in building and warming the home, for implements and the like, among our ancestors. The pines were tents of coolness and shelter spread out in protection over the settlers of New Hampshire, and we their sons and daughters should love and fittingly admire and preserve the stately, graceful, friendly trees that have meant so much to near 300 years of human life in our state.

Winnicunnit, "the beautiful place of the pines." was the Indian name for old Hampton, and it might fittingly have been the name of the entire state.

THE SUMMIT: CUBE MOUNTAIN, FEBRUARY 22, 1919

By Walter B. Wolfe.

You climbed the peak with me
Ernest, Ned and Paul,
Toiled up thru drifted snows
Ever onward
Unto the summit's glory,
Windswept, barren—
With drifted snows
Vying with the grey-green lichen
Upon the cold grey rock....
You reached the heights,
Looked out into the haze,
And passed—
Alone I stood
Far, far above the banked snow clouds—
There, far below, the silent valleys
Patched with flecks of sun and shade,
And the habitations of men
Far, far below....
O wind swept silence
High upon the mountain's peak
You have shown me
The majesty of loneliness....
They have passed,
Ernest and Ned and Paul,
Alone—
I have seen the soul
Of the mountain....

EDITORIAL

As will be gathered from the review of its work published elsewhere in this number, the New Hampshire Constitutional Convention of 1918-20 was not an ambitious body. Most of its votes were in the negative and most of the affirmative action which it did take was not of great importance. If the seven amendments to the constitution which it proposes are all ratified by the people they will take two dead letters from the Bill of Rights; will reduce by one-fourth the size of the House of Representatives; will allow civil pensions; will make the Governor's veto power a more convenient instrument for shaping the state's financial policy; and will open the whole field of incomes and inheritances to state taxation. These last two amendments are important and necessary, because the limit almost has been reached of the burden which state taxation can place upon the present available subjects of its power. The state must have more money and the easiest and best way in which it can get it is by these new taxes. We have little doubt that two-thirds of the voters will recognize this exigency and vote "yes" on these amendments. Our own opinion is that the other five amendments also should prevail. No crisis will follow if they are beaten, but there will be an improvement in various conditions if they are adopted. Some, with future-piercing vision, feel and express regret that the convention refused to submit to the people amendments allowing the special taxation of growing wood and timber; providing a less expensive and cumbersome mode of amending the constitution; and establishing the principle of the referendum. But the majority of the delegates evidently believed that in conservatism was safety; and perhaps they were right.

OUR WORLD AT PEACE

By Charles Nevers Holmes

The war-tide ebbs, the peace-tide flows,
No more death's anvil rings and glows,
No roaring guns—the mangled dead—
And sun-kissed field no more is red;
The sword is sheathed, the dove returns,
Again the hearth-fire brightly burns,
And by that cheerful light and heat
Some happy household sits—complete.

A BOOK OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

RHYMES OF VERMONT RURAL LIFE. By Daniel L. Cady. Pp. 279. Frontispiece portrait. Rutland, Vt.: The Tuttle Company.

Maine has her Holman Day; New Hampshire has her Sam Walter Foss; Vermont has her Daniel L. Cady. Straight from the soil their poetic inspiration; true to the hearts of the people the sentiment of their verses. Doctor Cady was born just across the Connecticut river from New Hampshire in Windsor, Vermont, and attended school at our famous old Kimball Union Academy, Meriden; so that he seems like one of our own folks. And while he insists upon the Vermont title, not only on his book, but in the headlines of his individual poems, the rhymes themselves apply just as well to the state whose mountains are white as to that whose mountains are green. Picking apples, boiling sap, making soap, planting corn, working up the woodpile, cleaning out the "suller," mending brush fence, dipping candies, banking up the house, picking stone, butchering in the fall, playing checkers, washing sheep, blasting stone, burning brush, pitching hay, working on the road; we do them all on New Hampshire farms just as they do across the river. And with just the change of a word we can say with our neighbor poet:

The native hills of old Vermont
  Are 'bout as good as hills can be;
They kindly met my opening eyes,
  I hope they'll be the last I see.
When folks get back from 'round the world
  They sorter fill a long-felt want—
There's nothing neater on the map
  Than these old hills of old Vermont.

FREE

By Harold Vinal

I would not have you bound to me,
  Through all eternity,
But free and buoyant as a bird,
  That beats above the sea.

Yet glad to know you thought of me,
  Though far away—
And that your spirit follows mine
  Both night and day.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

SUMNER WALLACE

Sumner Wallace of Rochester, one of the not large number of New Hampshire millionaires, was born in Rochester, March 7, 1856, the second son of Ebenezer G. and Sarah E. (Greenfield) Wallace, and died at his winter home, Lake Wales, Florida, January 11. He was educated in the schools of Rochester, at South Berwick, Me., Academy and at Dartmouth College, where he graduated in 1877. His life work was in the great shoe manufacturing business founded by his father and uncle, but his financial connections were important and far-reaching, so that he was an officer of banks and corporations in half a dozen states At home he was president of the Rochester Trust Company, director of the Concord & Montreal and Manchester & Lawrence railroads, etc. A Republican in politics, he represented his city in the Legislature of 1885 and was a member of Governor Frank W. Rollins' council, but refused further preferment. He was a Mason and Odd Fellow. His wife and four sisters survive him.

JOSEPH W. CHASE

Joseph Warren Chase, born in Chester, Dec. 2, 1830, the son of Captain Joseph and Mehitable (Hall) Chase, died in the same town February 9. In youth he was employed in Manchester, Chicopee and Worcester, Mass., but for the past 63 years had resided on the same farm in Chester. He served in the Civil War in Company C of the First New Hampshire Regiment of Heavy Artillery, and was a member of the G. A. R. He married Mary P. Edwards of Worcester, who died 35 years ago. Of their five children, two survive, Mrs. Linda McCannon and Edward C. Chase. John C. and Charles B. Chase of Derry are nephews. Mr. Chase was a good citizen of the type that is becoming regrettably rare. Especially will he be missed because of the great fund of local history which he had stored in an unusually retentive memory.

WINSLOW T. PERKINS

Winslow T. Perkins, born in Tamworth, Jan. 4, 1837, the second son of True Perkins, died at his home in Malden, Mass., Jan. 15. He attended New Hampton Institution and in early life was in business in Minneapolis. Called home by the illness of his mother he remained here to engage in railroading, his first position being that of agent at Dover. Steady promotion followed, and in 1890 he was appointed superintendent of the Eastern Division of the Boston & Maine, a position which he held for 20 years, retiring in 1910. A Republican in politics, he had served in the Dover city government and New Hampshire Legislature. He was a Mason and Odd Fellow. His wife, Caroline (Gray) Perkins, and two sons, George W. and Edwin C., survive him.

Rev. WILLIAM W. RANNEY

Rev. William Watson Ranney, pastor of the Church of Christ at Hanover since September, 1917, died Feb. 2. He was born at North Bennington, Vt., June 30, 1864, and graduated from Williams College in 1885. For a time he was in Y. M. C. A. work, later studying for the ministry at Andover Theological Seminary. After graduation there he was a member of the Maine Missionary Band, working in the rural sections of that state. For 13 years he was pastor of the Park Congregational Church at Hartford, Ct. After spending a year in travel in the mission fields of Asia, Mr. Ranney accepted a call to the First Congregational Church of Colorado Springs, Col., where he remained until 1916. A year of further study at Yale and Andover was followed by his call to Hanover. Mr. Ranney leaves a wife, Helen, the daughter of Rev. George E. Street, D.D., of Exeter, and a daughter, Mary.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES

Men who are widely known in the banking and business world comprise the officers and directorate of the New England Guaranty Corporation, which, although only in business since the first of the present year, has already earned profits that are sufficient to pay the 1920 dividends on all preferred shares now outstanding.

Chandler M. Wood, president of the Metropolitan Trust Company of Boston and a director or other officer in many financial and business institutions, is president of the new corporation. Arthur J. Skinner, president of the Commercial Trust Company of Springfield, is active vice-president. Richard E. Breed, president of the American Gas & Electric Company of New York, and John H. Harrington, owner and publisher of the Lowell Sun, are also vice-presidents. Horace E. Hildreth, director of the Waltham Watch Company, is treasurer. Arthur G. Hosmer is secretary and assistant treasurer.

Christopher L. Meyerdirks, who, for some 18 years managed the credit department of Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne of New York without the loss of a dollar, has become credit manager for the new corporation. Mr. Meyerdirks is considered one of the country's greatest experts in his field of labor, and it is very largely through such channels as he has represented that commercial banking, so long practised in continental Europe with wonderful success, has at last been adopted in the United States as the best known means of commercial expansion.

The other directors all successful and substantial men in their lines of business, are as follows: Daniel E. Storms, vice-president of the Perelstrous & Storms Tool Corporation, New York; H. L. Handy, president of the H. L. Handy Company, Springfield; I. T. McGregor, vice-president of the Commercial Trust Company, Springfield; S. W. Jameson, president of the United Life & Accident Insurance Company, Concord, N. H.; Charles P. Holland, president of the Plymouth County Trust Company, Brockton; Frank H. Page, president of the National Equipment Company, Springfield; former Congressman Eugene E. Reed of Manchester, N. H., active vice-president of the Watson-Williams Company, Boston; Charles E. Schoff, president of the Franklin County Savings Bank & Trust Company, St. Albans, Vt.; Charles E. Hatfield, president of the First National Bank, West Newton; Edward H. Watson, president of the Watson-Williams Company, Boston; Frank P. Comstock, vice-president of the People's Savings Bank, Providence; Col. Walter R. Porter, treasurer of the Troy blanket mills, Keene, N. H.; Clifton Colburn, president of the Manufacturers' National Bank, Lynn; H. Douglas Williams, treasurer of the Watson-Williams Company, Boston; Alfred D. Fisher, shoe manufacturer, Lynn; former Gov. Charles M. Floyd, president of the Floyd Clothing Company, Manchester, N. H.; Charles A. Littlefield of Littlefield & Moulton, box manufacturers, Lynn.

The home office of the New England Guaranty Corporation is in the Sears building, corner of Court and Washington streets, Boston. As indicated, its business is commercial banking which consists, in brief, of the purchase of open commercial accounts receivable and acceptances, from well rated manufacturers and jobbers, paying therefor about 80 per cent of their face value upon receipt of proof of shipment. The remaining 20 per cent is retained as a guaranty and paid only as each account is collected. The method is explained fully in a prospectus which the company issues upon request.

Manufacturers are inclined to give an enthusiastic reception to a plan like this which enables them to increase their business without resorting to the expedient now so common of an increase in capital stock, with the resulting perpetual drain upon future earnings.

The phenomenal success of the companies started in Baltimore some years ago to operate along these lines is striking evidence of the need of such banking service. The organization of such an institution with an authorized captal of $2,000,000 in Boston is also an effort to hold New England business in its local channels which bids fair to bring good results.

The fiscal agent for the new corporation is the Watson-Williams Company, investment bankers, through whose efforts and instrumentality this splendid system has been brought to Boston and New England and developed. The Watson-Williams Company, in fact, secured the first business here.

The State Street Trust Company is transfer agent, the American Trust Company registrar, and Barker, Wood & Williams general counsel for the corporation.—Boston Herald, Feb. 10.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES

NEW ISSUE

Tax Free in New Hampshire and Vermont.
Free of Normal Federal Income Taxes. Massachusetts State Income Tax Refunded.

$150,000 PEERLESS INSULATED WIRE AND CABLE COMPANY

8 Per Cent. Cumulative Sinking Fund First Preferred Stock

PAR VALUE $100.

Preferred as to Assets and Dividends.

Dividends payable quarterly on the first days of February, May, August and November.

NO MORTGAGE OR FUNDED DEBT.

Informing regarding this issue and the business of the Company as set forth in the letter from W. E. Cook, President of the Company, may be summarized as follows:

1. The company manufactures a superior grade of weatherproof wire by using in a large measure unspun cotton for insulation in place of the manufactured braid universally used by other manufacturers. A basic patent as well as numerous patents on special machinery employed in the production fully cover the product.
2. The Company's business has grown rapidly since its inception, without active solicitation for orders, and the demand for the Company's product is constantly increasing. With additional working capital, the Company can accept orders which will tax the plant to its fullest capacity.
3. No bonds, mortgages or other liens can be placed on the property without the consent of 75% of the outstanding first preferred shares.
4. The first preferred stock is entitled to 110 and accumulated dividends in case of liquidation or dissolution of the Company.
5. The Company pledges itself to create a Sinking Fund of at least 2% of the outstanding first preferred stock annually, commencing November 15th, 1921, and each year thereafter; the fund is to be applied each year first, to the purchase of the first preferred stock at the market price, not to exceed 110 and accrued dividend, and any sum remaining to the redemption of first preferred stock.
6. The Company pledges itself not to alter or repeal the Certificate of Incorporation nor the By-Laws which relate to the first preferred stock without the consent of 75% of the outstanding first preferred shares.
7. The proceeds from the sale of the first preferred stock are to be used to provide additional working capital.
8. The advantages of this industry are its stability, steady and permanent growth, high character of accounts receivable, rapid turnover of working capital, and large percentage of capital in liquid assets.
9. The net earnings are now at the rate of about 2½ times the dividend requirements and after completion of present financing the net earnings will be greatly increased.

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HERBERT A. McELWAIN, President

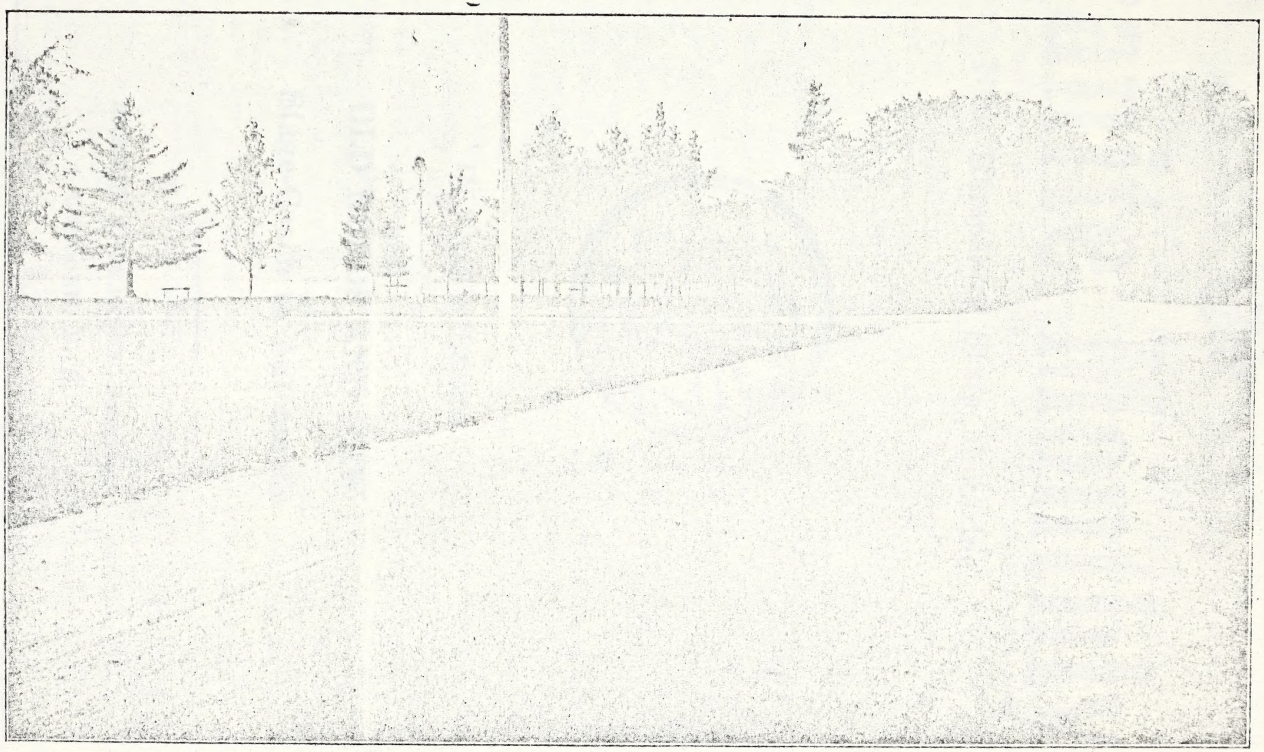
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LII. APRIL, 1920 No. 4

THE STATE AND ITS ROADS

By Frederic E. Everett, Commissioner of Highways

The term "State Road," as commonly used, is more or less of a misnomer, when applied to the New Hampshire State Highway system. While it is true that there are State roads in New Hampshire, most of the present system is made up of State Aid and Trunk Line Roads. State Roads are those sections of highway, the right of way of which is held by the State, and the State is charged with the whole cost of construction and maintenance. State Aid roads are those sections of highway constructed and maintained jointly by the State and Towns. Trunk Line or Cross State Highways are those main lines that have been designated and laid out by the Highway Department, and are constructed and maintained jointly by the State and Towns.

The State records show that as early as the sixties, appropriations were made for roads. The amounts were for the most part small and were confined to towns and unincorporated places that were sparsely settled and unable to maintain highways suitable for traffic. Practically all the roads through the Notches and in and around the White Mountain region were built and maintained in this way until 1905.

In 1899 the laying out and building of a state road was authorized by the Legislature, extending from the Massachusetts line at Salisbury and along the ocean front to Newcastle, N. H., through the towns of Seabrook, Hampton, North Hampton and Rye. This was the first authorized and designated State Highway in New Hampshire.

The special appropriations for highways asked for each year steadily increased. Each representative was expected to get a part of the State money that was being distributed. The requests became so numerous that in 1903 an act was passed listing the more important of these roads with the idea of establishing a system of state roads and confining the appropriations to this system rather than scattering it broadcast throughout the state at the will and pleasure of each succeeding legislature. The roads that had had special appropriations and were deemed of sufficient importance to be included in this system were as follows:

Tunnel Stream Road, in the town of Benton.

Lost River Road, in the towns of Easton and Woodstock.

Profile Road, in the towns of Lincoln and Franconia.

Lafayette Road, in the towns of Franconia, Bethlehem and Carroll.

Portland Road, in the town of Carroll.

Cherry Mountain Road, in the town of Carroll to the Jefferson town line.

Base Road, in the town of Carroll, to a point near the Base Station of the Mount Washington Railroad. (Formerly known as the Mount Washington Turnpike.)

Jefferson Notch Road, in the town of Jefferson.

Bretton Woods Road, lying in "Crawford Purchase" and town of Carroll.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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THE STATE AND ITS ROADS

Crawford Notch Road, lying in the towns of Carroll and Hart's Location.

Hurricane Mountain Road, being between Conway and Chatham.

Pinkham Notch Road, lying in the unincorporated place known as "Pinkham Grant," and in the towns of Gorham and Randolph.

Androscoggin River Road, in the towns of Cambridge and Dummer.

Errol Hill Road, in the town of Errol.

Dixville Road, in Dixville and Millsfield.

Diamond Pond Road, in town of Stewartstown.

Connecticut Lake Road, in town of Pittsburg.

Ocean Road, in towns of Seabrook, Hampton Falls, Hampton, North Hampton and Rye.

Country Pond Road, in the town of Newton.

Moultonboro Roads, in town of Moultonboro.

New London Road, in towns of New London and Springfield.

Miller Park Road, in the town of Temple.

Forest Lake Road, in the town of Whitefield.

These include a mileage of 133 miles and are State Roads. They are practically what may be termed summer roads, and as such are only maintained during the summer season. They are for the most part what we term "dirt" roads, that is, they are built and maintained of the natural material, although some of the Notch roads are good examples of gravel construction. The Ocean Road is what we term a built road, that is, it has been laid out and constructed partly of gravel and partly of macadam and the whole been treated with oil or tar.

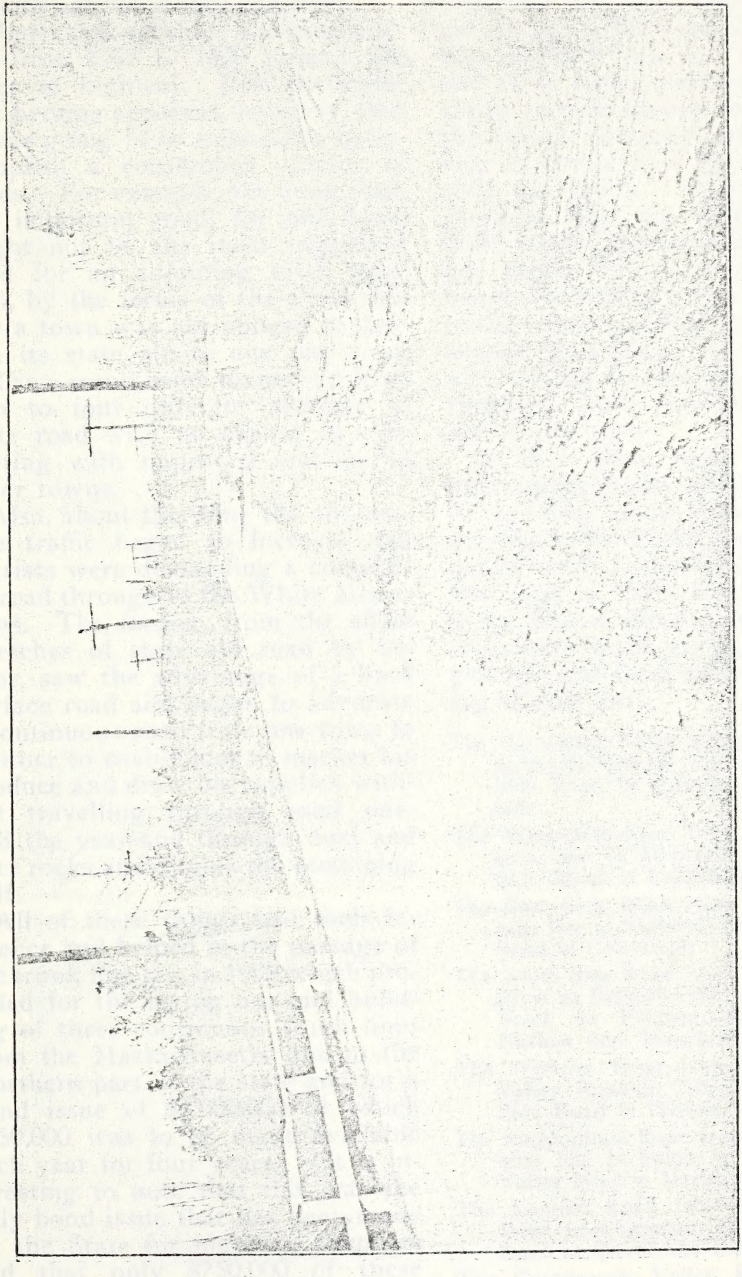
In 1905 the so-called State Aid law was passed which provided for state assistance to all towns that made application for the same at their annual town meetings. It provides that each town must set aside a certain sum of money for permanent improvement, varying from $0.25 on each $1,000.00 of valuation for the larger towns to $1.00 for each $1,000 of valuation for the smaller towns; and if a town desires state aid it must raise and set aside an additional amount equal to 50% of the amount for permanent improvement. If this is done the State apportions to the town a certain amount of State money varying from $0.20 on each $1.00 set aside by a town of large valuation, to $3.00 for each $1.00 set aside by a town of small valuation.



Hon. F. E. Everett

It further provided for the appointment of a State Engineer and an annual appropriation of $125,000 per year to carry out the provisions of this act. Any town accepting state aid was obliged to build a road satisfactory to the State Engineer. The funds must be used for construction and not for repairs and upkeep.

This law was well drawn and fitted particularly well the needs and requirements of New Hampshire. It gradually brought the towns to a realization of the benefits of a good road as compared with a poor one, and that there was something needed in the construction of highways



CEMENT CONCRETE SURFACE, MERRIMACK VALLEY ROAD, HOOKSETT.



besides a road machine and a gang of men and boys with rakes to smooth out the stones and sods.

Under this act there was constructed from 1905 to 1909 around 500 miles of highway. One particular fact became apparent, however, that it was going to be impossible to accomplish a continuous system of roads. For example, the main road, the important road, for one town might not be the most important road for an adjoining town, and, also, by the terms of the State Aid law a town was not obliged to confine its state aid to any one road, and as a result some towns had from two to four different sections of state road with no chance of connecting with improved sections in other towns.

Also, about this time the automobile traffic began to increase and tourists were demanding a connected road through to the White Mountains. The farmer, from the short stretches of state aid road by his door, saw the advantage of a hard surface road and began to advocate a continuous road from one town to another to enable him to market his produce and draw his supplies without travelling through mud one-half the year and through dust and over rocks and bumps the remaining half.

All of these things had their influence and helped in the passage of the trunk line law in 1909 which provided for the laying out and building of three continuous trunk lines from the Massachusetts line to the Northern part of the state and for a bond issue of $1,000,000 of which $250,000 was to be made available each year for four years. (It is interesting to note that this was the only bond issue that has been made by the State for highway purposes and that only $750,000 of these bonds were ever issued. All other state monies have been made available by direct appropriation.)

By the terms of this act a trunk line town was not eligible for state aid on any other road until its section of trunk line was constructed, and as an added inducement to the towns to raise money for this work, the state's allotment was considerably increased over that on strictly state aid roads. All towns were given at least one dollar for each dollar raised and some of the poorer and smaller towns given as high as five or six dollars to one dollar. All of the towns on these lines promptly availed themselves of the opportunity offered by the State and construction work has gone steadily ahead each year.

In 1913, three more trunk lines were added to the system. In 1915, 12 so-called cross state roads connecting up the trunk lines at various points were authorized. In 1917, four, and in 1919, two. Following is the list of these trunk lines and cross state roads, giving the name of the road and the beginning and ending of each line:

The Merrimack Valley Road from the Massachusetts line at Nashua to the West Side Road in Carroll at Twin Mountain.

The West Side Road from the Massachusetts line in Winchester to the East Side Road in Colebrook.

The East Side Road from the Massachusetts line at Seabrook to the West Side Road in Colebrook.

The South Side Road from the Connecticut River at Bellows Falls to the East Side Road in Portsmouth, via Keene, Nashua and Manchester.

The Whittier Road from the Merrimack Valley Road in Meredith to the East Side Road in Ossipee.

The Rockingham Road from the Massachusetts line in Salem to the Merrimack Valley Road in Manchester.

The Central Road from the West Side Road in Claremont to the East Side Road at Dover and Rochester.

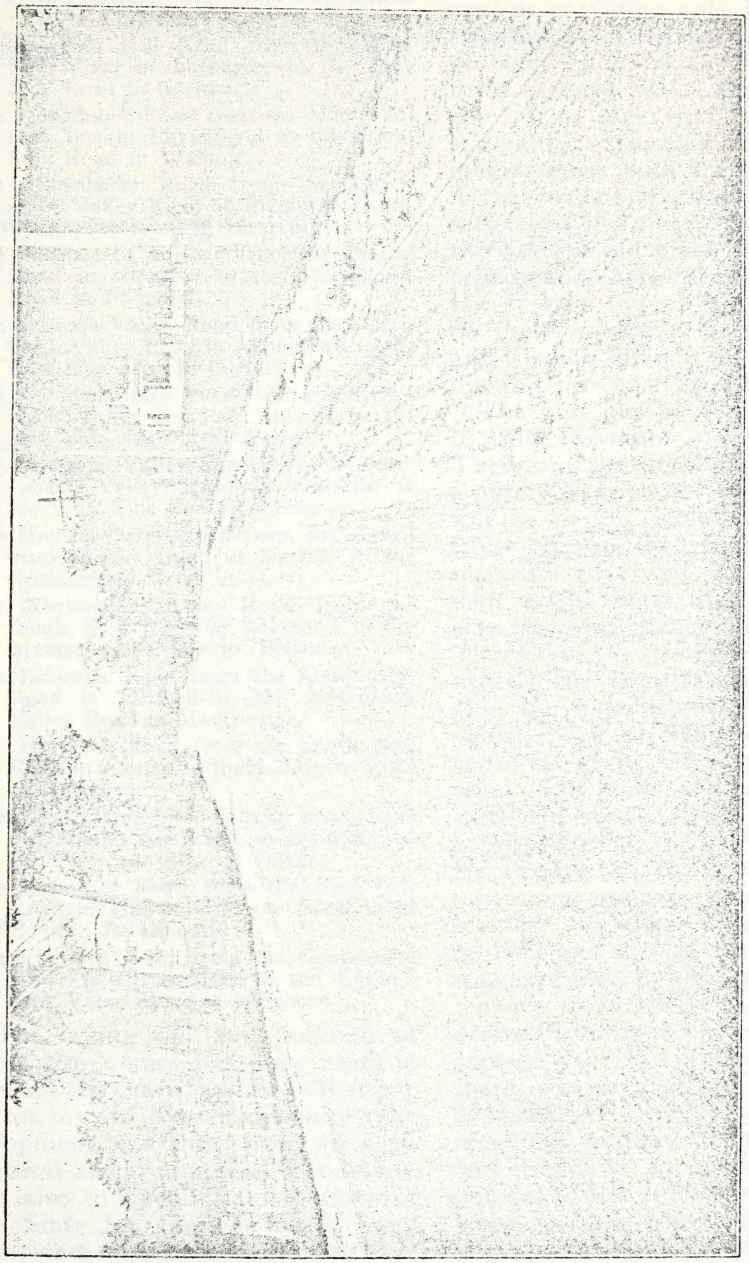
The Contoocook Valley Road from the Massachusetts line in Rindge to the Central Road in Hopkinton.

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Modified Asphalt Surface, Federal Aid Project No. 1, Seabrook.

The Franconia Road from the Merrimack Valley Road in Franconia to the Waterford Bridge over the Connecticut river in Littleton.

The Gorham Hill Road from the West Side Road in Lancaster to the East Side Road in Gorham.

The Monadnock Road from the Massachusetts line in Fitzwilliam to the South Side Road in Walpole.

The Moosilauke Road from the Merrimack Valley Road at Plymouth to the West Side Road in Haverhill.

The Sunapee Lake Road from the Central Road in Newport to the Moosilauke Road in Plymouth.

The Suncook Valley Road from the Merrimack Valley Road in Allenstown to the East Side Road in Ossipee.

The Winnipesaukee Road from the Merrimack Valley Road in Laconia to the East Side Road in Rochester.

The Mascoma Valley Road from the Merrimack Valley Road in Franklin to the West Side Road in Lebanon.

The Hudson-Derry Road from the Merrimack Valley Road at Nashua to the Rockingham Road in Derry.

The Raymond-Plaistow Road from the South Side Road in Raymond to the Massachusetts line in Plaistow.

The Baboosic Road from the South Side Road in Milford to the Merrimack Valley Road in Manchester.

The Hampton Road from the South Side Road in Exeter to the Lafayette Road in Hampton.

The New Hampshire College Road from the South Side Road in Stratham to the East Side Road at Dover.

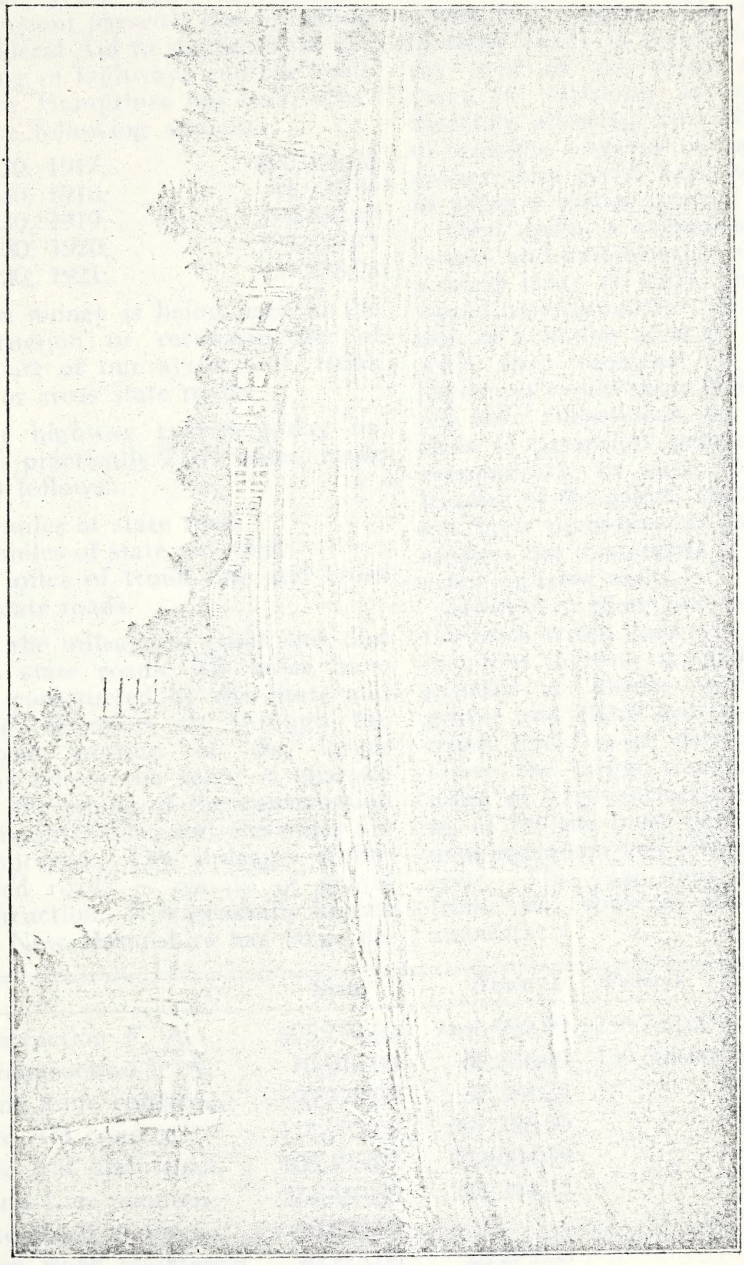
The Lafayette Road from the East Side Road in Hampton to the South Side Road in Portsmouth.

The Cheshire Road from the Connecticut River in Chesterfield to the Contoocook Valley Road in Hillsboro.

The laying out and building of these trunk lines has done more in the last ten years than any other one factor toward New Hampshire's development, not only from an agricultural and commercial standpoint, but also in opening up sections of the State for summer traffic and summer homes that would not have been reached in any other manner.

New Hampshire made the same mistake that practically all states made that began their road program from fifteen to twenty years ago, in providing only for the construction, leaving the maintenance problem wholly in the hands of the town through which the road passed. It is true that our original state aid law charged the town with maintenance, with the penalty that if the roads were not maintained satisfactorily to the State Engineer, the State could make the necessary repairs and charge them to the state tax of that town. But there were no funds available for this purpose and it was a difficult matter to carry out this provision of the law.

The first four or five years, 1905 to 1910, the motor traffic was light. Therefore, the wear was not of such a nature as to create any great anxiety as to the maintenance. But from 1909 to 1912 traffic increased tremendously, and it became evident to the State that some provision for maintenance must be made. This led to the passage of the motor vehicle law in 1911, making available the net income from motor vehicle fees, two-thirds of which could be spent for maintenance of trunk line roads and one-third for state aid roads. This money was appropriated to the towns in a similar manner to the method of apportioning state aid and trunk line monies. This law went into effect in 1912 and during that year there was expended by the state for maintenance $123,937.00. The money derived from motor vehicles fees increased year by year until in 1919 there was expended by the state, $543,885.50. In spite of this tremendous increase in motor vehicle fees they have not increased in proportion to the mileage of new highways, and the tremendous increase in cost of labor and material, and it is only a short time before the state will be obliged to make a provision for maintenance in addition to this



BITUMINOUS MACADAM, PENETRATIVE METHOD, MERRIMACK VALLEY ROAD, BELMONT.

income derived from the motor vehicle fees.

Three years ago the National Government passed a law providing for Federal Aid to the States in the building of highways and the State of New Hampshire has been allotted the following amounts:

June 30, 1917,	$20,996.62
June 30, 1918,	41,993.24
June 30, 1919,	370,420.49
June 30, 1920,	394,839.71
June 30, 1921,	434,838.93

This money is being used in the construction or reconstruction of any part of our system of trunk lines or cross state roads.

Our highway system today includes practically 2,045 miles, made up as follows:

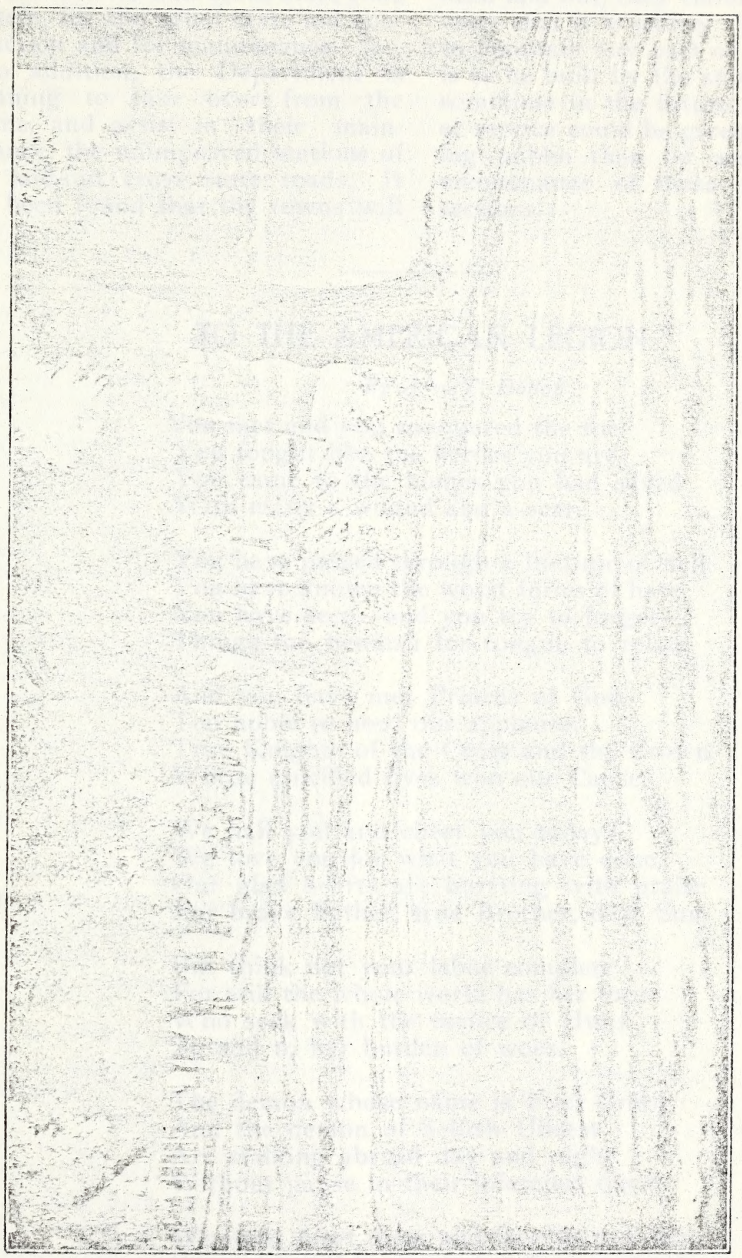
132 miles of state road.
600 miles of state aid road.
1313 miles of trunk line and cross state roads.

Of the mileage of trunk line and cross state roads, 900 miles have been constructed by the State and Town, 58 miles are through the compact portion of the larger towns where the town is charged with the whole of the construction and maintenance, and 355 miles are unimproved. The mileage of improved roads is mainly of gravel construction. It is generally known that New Hampshire has large deposits of good gravel suitable for road material, and it has been found that this type of road gives very satisfactory results. The first cost of these roads in comparison with the cost of the more expensive types of surfacing is very low, therefore allowing New Hampshire to complete a system of roads much sooner than could have been done in using a higher type of surface.

Then again, a comparison of interests and amortization charges of a bond issue of such amount as would be required for the construction of a higher class of pavement with that required for a gravel pavement would show $800 to $1500 per mile (dependent on the high class of pavement selected,) could economically be used for maintenance of the gravel roads. It has not been necessary to expend this amount for maintenance except in a few isolated cases.

However, there are sections of the main trunk lines where the tremendous increase in traffic has demanded a harder surface than gravel and there are on the main trunk lines, more particularly between the larger towns, about 75 miles of hard surfaced road, made up of for the most part of bituminous macadam and bituminous concrete. This year there is available from all sources the following amounts:

	State	Town	Federal	Total
Construction F. A.	$95,750.00	$140,999.99	$256,750.00	$513,500.00
Reconstruction F. A.	70,917.00	68,583.00	139,500.00	279,000.00
Trunk Line construc.	99,778.00	87,382.25		187,160.25
State Aid construc.	111,952.00	397,726.50		483,760.00
State Aid Maintenan.	108,495.07	104,004.03		212,499.10
Trunk Line mainten.	274,289.89	211,244.13		485,534.02
State Road mainten.	60,000.00			60,000.00
Town Road maintenan.	20,275.00	20,275.00		40,550.00
Total	$841,456.96	$1,030,214.90	$396,250.00	$2,262,003.37



PATROL MAINTENANCE OF GRAVEL ROAD, MERRIMACK VALLEY ROAD, ASHLAND.

These funds are to be used in the construction and reconstruction, of the trunk lines and cross state road system, for the usual state aid construction and for maintenance.

In addition, the Department is planning to take over from the towns, and assist in their maintenance, the unimproved sections of the laid-out cross state roads. It has been found that the towns will not maintain any part of a trunk line or cross state road after it has been laid out, they claiming in most cases that it is money thrown away to maintain any part of a road that is to be built by the state and town sometime in the future. No greater service could be given the traveling public than by assuming the maintenance of these unimproved sections.

TO THE AMERICAN LEGION

By Amy T. Dolloff

You met and you conquered the foe.
You fought like the heroes you are.
You came to the homes you had saved
With many a wound and a scar.

You have passed through a lifetime of hell.
You have known the worst furies of hate.
You have seen—and you try to forget—
Things too fiendish for tongue to relate.

And you have met Princes of God,
Too noble to need our applause,
True Knights of the Cross and the Crown
Whose crucified lives won our Cause.

We hail you and cheer you today!
We love you for what you have done!
Our glad hearts are bursting with praise
For brave Father, true Brother, dear Son.

But think not your labor complete
For still the whole world has her foes
Who seek with the malice of Huns
To add to her burden of woes.

The demon whose name is Foul Greed
And the demon of Selfish Unrest
Are stalking abroad day and night
Without pause in their infamous quest.

We must meet them and face them today.
You must still be our bulwark of strength,—
Our trust in this critical hour
Whose testing will try you at length.

These funds are to be used in the construction and reconstruction of the trunk lines and cross state road system, for the usual state aid construction and for maintenance.

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TO THE AMERICAN LEGION

TURNPIKES, TOLL-GATES AND STAGE-COACH DAYS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Mabel Hope Kingsbury

When the Indian war broke out in 1755, two families, who had settled in a "pathless wilderness" of New Hampshire, were obliged to hurry their families to the fort to escape the attack of the red men. The incident is thus described:

> * "My father came in great haste from his work, saddled his horse and told my mother to get ready quickly to ride to the fort. They started at once—my father in the saddle (doubtless with little Ruth, four years old, in his arms) mother on the pillion behind, clinging with one hand to her husband and with the other grasping the meal sack into which the baby (Bathsheba, about one year old) had been hastily dumped for greater convenience in transportation (carrying it dangling beside the horse.) The fort was reached in safety, but on alighting from the horse, the sack was opened and the baby was found with her head downwards, having made the journey of four perilous miles in that abnormal condition."

That happened before the turnpike days! Such instances showed our forefathers the desirability and necessity of good roads. The early records of New Hampshire towns have much to say about roads; the kind, the width, the survey, etc., and usually said roads had some distinguishable name, such as Dart road, Dinah's road, Streeter road, and the like.

When, in 1796, a new kind of road appeared it also had a name—the turnpike road.

Frederic J. Wood, in his recently published work, "The Turnpikes of New England," tells us that his efforts to gather data on the subject of turnpike roads in the New England states were at first fruitless. One reason, probably not the right one, why there was so little recorded about the new idea in roads (the turnpike) may have been this; the townsmen had been talking, discussing, and making roads for forty or more years, and they felt that they had said and recorded all there was to be said on the subject.

> ** In many New England towns will be found an old road locally known as "the turnpike," or the "old turnpike," over which are hovering romantic traditions of the glory of stage-coach days, while perhaps a dilapidated old building, standing close beside its now grass-grown pathway, is reverently pointed out as having occasionally been the temporary resting place of men great in our country's annals. But aside from the charm of such old stories the inquirer will be able to learn but little for, strange to say, those old roads have not found their place in history, and what little is known about them seems to be fast departing with an older generation."

Major Wood found his task most interesting when he made search in old deeds and dust-covered volumes for what records have been made in regard to the turnpike roads, and the result of his investigations and research is of inestimable value, and makes most entertaining reading.

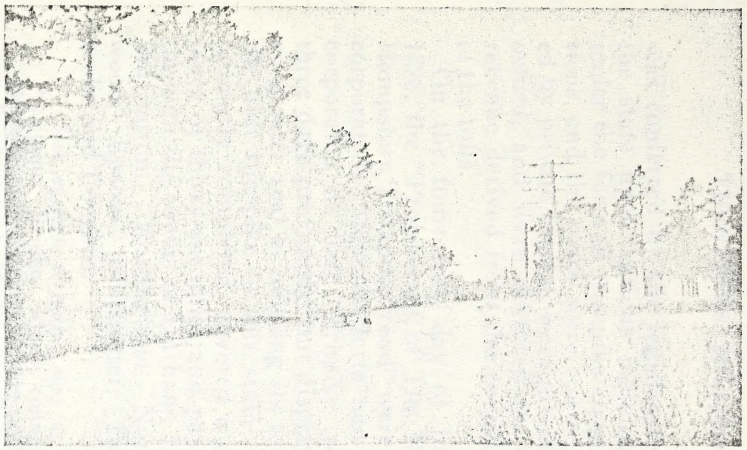
To enlighten our hazy understanding of the meaning of "turnpike" he tells us that as distinguished from the ordinary roads of the same time, a turnpike road was one on which gates barred the progress of the traveller, and payment was demanded at these gates for the privilege of using the road. These payments were called "toll" and the gates were known as "toll-gates." The privilege of building such turnpikes and of collecting toll thereon

* Keene History.

** The Turnpikes of New England by Frederic J. Wood.

TURNPIKES, TOLL-GATES AND STAGE-COACH DAYS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE









East from Federal Bridge
Down hill to the Merrimac

Across the plains
Approaching Concord Bridge

PLATE LVI — THE NEW HAMPSHIRE TURNPIKE





was conferred by the legislature of the state upon various individuals under the form of turnpike corporations, and the roads were constructed by private capital, were privately owned, and were operated for the revenue derived from the collection of the tolls.

On the fourteenth day of June, 1796, the "Proprietors of The New Hampshire Turnpike Road" were incorporated. Massachusetts had incorporated its first turnpike road three days previously, but displayed no greater zeal in building its road; the first turnpike in this state was promptly completed, covered a distance of thirty-six miles and passed through the towns of Durham, Lee, Barrington, Nottingham, Northwood, Epsom, Chichester, Pembroke and Concord.

* "Its eastern terminus was at the Piscataqua Bridge, which connected Durham and Newington over a half mile of water, and was considered in those days a marvel of bridge building. The western end was at the "Federal Bridge" over the Merrimac in Concord, and the road there is now known as Portsmouth Street."

The granite marker that locates the site of the first ferry, and the Tucker ferry, and later the Federal Bridge might well have added to its notes the fact that it also marks the westerly terminus about 1798, of The New Hampshire Turnpike.

The Third New Hampshire Turnpike was chartered in December, 1799, to run from Bellows Falls through Walpole, Surry, Keene, Marlboro, Jaffrey and New Ipswich on the route to Boston. Building of the road began in 1800, and this "pike" came over the hills by what is now known as the "old Walpole road."

It is related of Daniel Webster that, when going up the Walpole hills on this old Walpole road, he requested the driver of the stage-coach to halt at the top of one of the hills in order that he might alight and view the magnificent scenery.

This Walpole road got itself "talked about" not only enthusiastically because of its magnificent view and beautiful scenery, but also vigorous and conclusive sentiments were expressed in regard to the steepness of the hills and the difficulty of keeping the turnpike in repair.

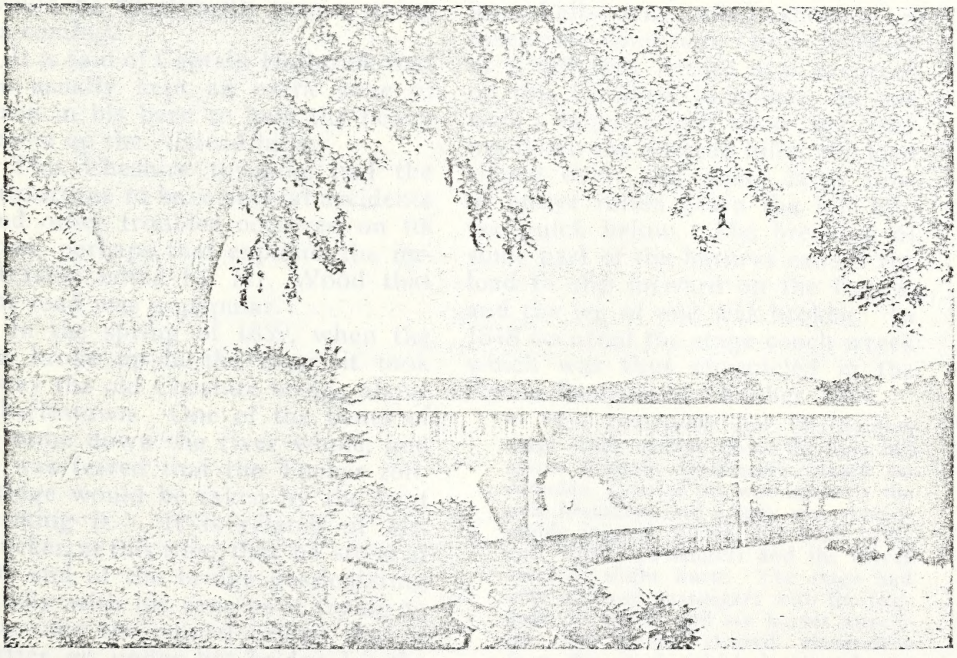
Efforts were made to change the turnpike's course, by building a new road through the gap where the railroad now runs, and so avoid the steep hills. The towns, however, opposed the project because of the expense, and the small benefit they thought they would receive. After twenty years of opposition this road —Summit road it is called—was completed, but before that time the Third New Hampshire had ceased to exist as a turnpike. It was succeeded by the Cheshire branch of the B. & M. R.R., excepting that the railroad does not cross the foot of Monadnock mountain as the old turnpike did.

As first laid out, the turnpike did not enter the center of Keene at Central Square, but curved to the west, and passed around it. In 1808 a revision of the line was made and the present straight lines of Court Street became the new turnpike limits.

A turnpike from Keene through Troy to Fitzwilliam was completed about 1806. In 1805 appeared the Cheshire Turnpike, which extended north from Keene (by the old road, east side of the river) through Surry, passing the Holbrook tavern, and over the hills of Alstead to Drewsville and Charlestown. These two corporations made connection at Keene, crossing the Third New Hampshire turnpike, and created a lively competition for the travel to and from Boston.

* Frederic J. Wood.





Court Street, Keene, N H. Third New Hampshire Turnpike
Lottery Bridge, Claremont, N. H. Second New Hampshire Turnpike

Plate LVII

One of the noted tavern stands in Cheshire County was situated in the north part of Surry on the line of the Cheshire Turnpike. Captain Francis Holbrook owned it for many years; he enlarged the tavern, rebuilt and enlarged the barns, built a slaughterhouse where a beef, sheep or hogs were killed weekly during the winter season. It was not uncommon for his stables to accommodate twenty-five or thirty horses upon a single night.

This being on the main line from Boston to Montreal during stage-coach days, in the fall of each year, soon after the first snow storm, the farmers of eastern Vermont and western New Hampshire made a trip to Boston with butter, cheese, pork, beef, etc., to exchange for groceries, dry goods, molasses, codfish and other goods. At times the road, as far as the eye could see, would be black with teams, going or coming.

It is said of Captain Holbrook that he usually kept an extra yoke of oxen in his barn to help the heavy teams up the Alstead hills.

This Cheshire turnpike had the misfortune to have several accidents and other troubles occurred on its road; perhaps that explains the impression noted by Mr. Wood that the road was unpopular.

In the spring of 1839, when the ice broke up in the river, it took away the old Cheshire bridge above Charlestown. One of the bents of it came down the river whole, and it was feared that the Tucker toll-bridge would be taken by the bent striking it. It is related of Mr. Tucker, at this time, that he stood at the end of the bridge gesticulating wildly with his cane as if trying to convince the ruined bridge that it better go under his bridge by the west channel, as it would take away his structure if it went by the east channel.

* "As the floating bridge reached the place where the two channels divide, it suddenly all went to pieces, flattening out so it passed under without damaging the bridge above, and the most of it went by the east passage. As it floated past the upper end of the village, and into the upper end of the rapids, end foremost, the sign was still in its place warning 'Passengers not to pass faster than a walk.'"

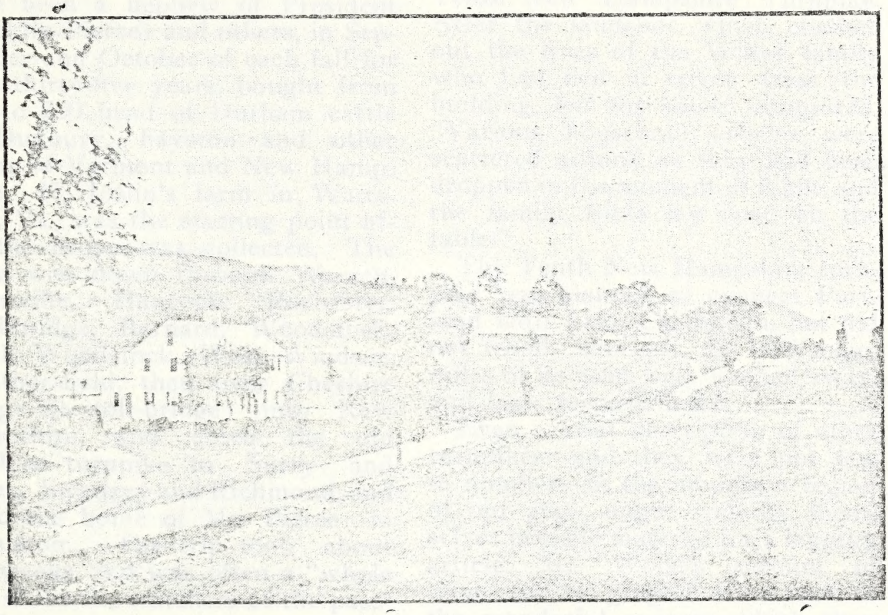
The great freshet of January 13, 1841, carried away the turnpike bridge in Surry, and also the turnpike bridge in Drewsville. The next year, on Town-meeting day, three stages with mail and passengers found the bridge at Cold river almost afloat. One of the drivers attempted to cross, and was nearly over when the bridge floated away, taking the coach and all on board with it, and at the same time dragging the horses from the bank into the water. Three women were drowned, and a man (a messenger conveying money to the bank at Bellows Falls) was pulled ashore in an insensible condition. Other troubles of a different nature also occurred on this Cheshire turnpike. At one time a large freight team was coming down the Alstead hills; the load tipped over, and many large tubs of butter rolled down the hill into the gulch below. The breaking of some part of the harness caused the load to slip forward on the horses, and the leg of one was broken. In 1848 occurred the stage-coach wreck which was thus chronicled in the Keene Sentinel of October 19th.

* "The Drewsville and Charlestown stage while coming down the long hill above Captain Holbrook's tavern on Monday, October 16, was upset by the pole breaking, and a lady was considerably injured, having her head badly cut. Other passengers and the driver received slight hurts. The stage had only nineteen passengers with the baggage on board, and six horses attached. The horses cleared themselves from the wreck, which fortunately, by the intervention of a stone wall, was stayed from rolling down a steep hill and probably killing some of the passengers."

* History of Rockingham, Vt.

The stage-coach of the above accident was said to have been one of the Montreal and Boston coaches, all painted in gold and panelled glass.

Although the Cheshire turnpike was rocky and steep after leaving Holbrook's tavern for the north, south of the tavern it ran through the beautiful valley of Surry, and made a delightful thoroughfare. The turnpike became free in 1841, and the present road takes the same route over those same Alstead hills.



Surry Valley, Cheshire Turnpike.

It is said of the Fourth New Hampshire Turnpike that the road was located by a committee selected entirely from men outside of this state. They estimated the cost at six hundred dollars a mile, but it proved to be over $1,200 a mile. Annual fall trips similar to those already mentioned, were made over this road.

This Fourth New Hampshire turnpike was the predecessor of the Southern Division of the B. & M. R.R. from Concord to White River Junction, but took a more direct course. Between Andover and Potter Place the old turnpike can still be seen close beside the railroad track, and also in Lebanon; in other places the two are far apart.

In connection with the Coos Turnpike, Mr. Wood tells us about a "turkey drive." A boy in St. Johnsbury, Vt., was a helper in driving a flock of five hundred turkeys from that town to Lowell, Mass.

* "A line of freight wagons was run by Balch, each team composed of eight well-groomed white horses, one seat being occupied by a stalwart negro, a striking figure and unusual in those days."

* Frederic J. Wood.

* "The drive became a notable procession, and word of its coming was carried in advance by the more rapid travellers who had passed it, so that whole villages would be on the watch for its arrival. As the birds became accustomed to the manner of progressing, more ceremony developed, and soon our youthful custodian found that he could lead the way with the flock following him. A gobbler of especial dignity soon assumed a position

beside the leader, and thus the procession advanced at the rate of about twenty-three miles a day until its destination was reached without the loss of a single bird."

This incident reminds me of "reminiscences" I have heard relating to droves of sheep, hogs, and turkeys, and occasionally a string of horses, that used to come down the old Cheshire turnpike before 1840.

Large droves of cattle went through Surry, which was one of the stopping-places at night. George Pierce of Royalston, Mass., (said to have been a nephew of President Franklin Pierce) and others, in September and October of each fall for over thirty-five years, bought from 400 to 700 head of Durham cattle in Duxbury, Fayston and other towns of Vermont and New Hampshire. N. Joslin's farm in Waitsfield, Vt., was the starting point after the drove was collected. The route was down through Warren, Greenville, Hancock, Rochester, Stockbridge, Barnard, Woodstock, South Woodstock, West Windsor, Weathersfield, then over Cheshire Bridge (a toll-bridge) into New Hampshire, and down the old Cheshire turnpike to Surry and Keene, Swanzey and Richmond, and on to the home of Mr. Pierce in Royalston. The trip took about two weeks, and was often a "whole circus" for the watchers of the passing drove.

In 1819, a century ago, a path by which the summit of Mount Washington could be reached was cut by Ethan Crawford. In 1821 he opened another path along the line afterwards utilized by persons climbing the mountain. Other foot and bridle paths appeared, but it was not till 1853 that a turnpike "arrived" here. That year the Mount Washington Road Company was incorporated with turnpike privileges. The route was surveyed, construction begun, and the road half completed, when financial difficulties drove the company out of existence. In 1859 the Mount Washington Summit road came into existence, bought up the old road, completed it, and access by carriage to Mt. Washington's summit was given in 1861. This carriage road is still in operation, and tolls are collected from persons travelling over it.

The Willey house, in the heart of the Notch between the stupendous mountain sides, stood beside the Tenth New Hampshire Turnpike. After the landslide which crushed out the lives of the Willey family who had fled in terror from the building, left the house uninjured, "Various household articles were scattered around as they had been dropped in the moment of flight, and the family Bible lay open on the table."

The Tenth New Hampshire turnpike was planned to connect Portland with Lake Champlain, but did not wholly succeed. In 1826 many miles of its road were washed away, and later reconstructed.

Even a brief description of other turnpikes—and they were not few in number—in the mountain region of our state might well by themselves provide material for a lengthy article. Mr. Wood's account of them, and his graphic description of the wonderful scenery which they have opened up to all nature-loving people, is exceedingly interesting.

The last turnpike charter granted in New England by virtue of which a turnpike was built or operated was The Liberty Road. This was for access to the top of Mount Chocorua, and it was granted in the year 1887 to James Liberty and some of his neighbors to maintain a "bridle path and carriage road from near the dwelling house of Charles Durell in said Tamworth (where said road is now located and construct-

* Frederic J. Wood.

ed) to the line between the towns of said Tamworth and Albany, thence to the top of Chocorua Mountain in said town of Albany."

This road is one of seven by which Chocorua may be ascended. It leaves the highway in the north-central part of Tamworth, at the Durell farm, and near the "Nat Berry Bridge." The first part of the way is a carriage road, at the termination of which is the Half Way House where toll is collected. It is a foot or bridle path from there to the Peak House, which is some little distance below the actual summit of the mountain. The Peak House was swept down the mountain side by a fierce storm in September, 1915, and a new building has since been built. Mr. Liberty secured his charter in 1889; the next year, with some school-girl friends, my brothers and several other boys, I went over this turnpike to Chocorua's summit. We were almost the first persons to pay toll, and Mr. Liberty and his accordion accompanied us part way up the mountain-side. There was no Peak House that year; merely a six-foot stone wall on three sides enclosing a space just large enough to include two tents, side by side. We reached this location late in the afternoon, made our bonfire, ate our supper, sat on the rocks, and listened to Mr. Liberty's tale of the building of the road, etc.; and he also entertained us with selections on the accordion, much to our amusement and chagrin—its music was "all-pervading" and we couldn't hear ourselves even think.

At midnight the boys must need get out the only lantern, and make for the top of the mountain, "just for the fun of it."

We girls sat on the stone wall and watched the glimmer of the lantern as it wound in and out among the rocks and listened to Mr. Liberty's description of the steep rocks and perilous places they would find and his oft repeated assertion that they would be lost if the lantern got broken.

The boys, of course, returned in safety, and then we stowed ourselves as best we could in the two tents; nine in the boys tent, and eight in ours!

Just a board floor, and no pillow nor head rest, and no covering except the extra wraps we had brought with us.

We were too excited and uncomfortable to sleep, but, finally, the occupants of the other tent having exhausted their stock of college, camp songs and the like, we were being gradually lulled to sleep by the pleasantest of whistling almost under their breath by those boys. They were whistling in perfect unison the tune of America, when suddenly Liberty burst in, and roared out that they were not doing it right, and he would show them how. The accordion came into play once more, and we had some music. There was no further thought of sleep. Before sunrise we were eating lunch and hurrying for the summit to arrive in time to see the sun rise. It was glorious, and the beginning of a "red letter" day for us. In the memory of one of the girls it is also scheduled as a "blue" day, for she was the unfortunate one of the party to carry down the mountain turnpike, slung across her shoulder, a bag filled with blueberries. At the end of the trip the berries were a pulp, and her clothes a "sight!"

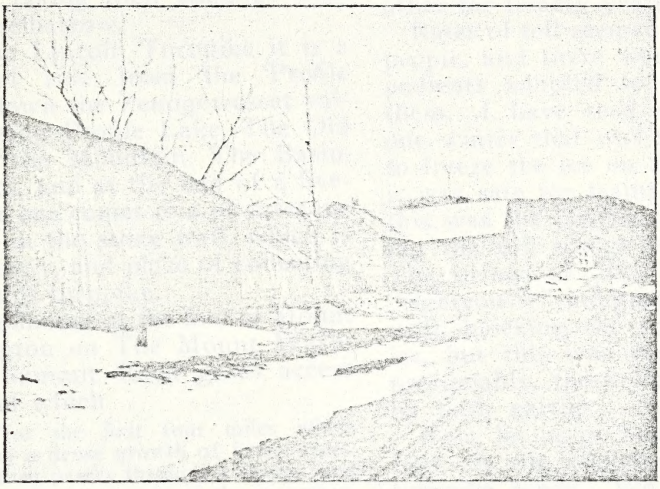
There is much more that could be written about the turnpikes of this state, and I have not even mentioned those of the other New England states, and must refer the reader to "The Turnpikes of New England" for a most interesting account of all these turnpikes; for me there must be a halt somewhere, and the

Liberty road is a good stopping place. It has memories, red, white, and blue!

It is not easy to locate the toll-gate buildings of the turnpike roads in New Hampshire; many are wholly unknown, and others will soon be forgotten. I have recently had the good fortune to see the old sign which swung in the breeze on the old Cheshire turnpike at the building in northern Surry.

of the sign still in existence is three feet four inches long and one foot two and one-half inches wide, and is a good pine board about one inch thick. The wood has been eaten away by the weather, leaving the letters plainly standing up and are easily read. The horizontal lines mark the middle of the board.

It is a matter of regret that the remainder of the sign-board has been lost; not many of the toll-gate signs of this state are now in existence.



TOLL-GATE BUILDING, CHESHIRE TURNPIKE.

Two wheels drawn by one horse	.20	like su
Every additional horse	.13	of hors
Each chariot, coach, stage waggon, phae ton or chaise, with four wheels drawn by two horses,	.32	Each cart of burd
Every additional horse,	.13	Every
Every ten cattle, horses, mules, &c.	.13	Every ten

* "The famous old toll-gate of the Cheshire turnpike (in Surry) is now marked by a few rocks and a sag in the ground—nearly obliterated and fast passing into oblivion. Here toll was exacted from both the rich and poor for nearly forty years. In those days the gate was hung in a building which extended over the highway. The keeper's house and barn were on the west side of the road, and a store, shoe-shop and wheelwright shop were opposite, on the east side. The part

The original box, made of birch bark, in which were kept the earliest tolls of the first toll-bridge across the Connecticut river at Bellows Falls, built by Colonel Enoch Hale of Walpole, N. H., is still in the possession of one of Colonel Hale's descendants. In a recent number of the Granite Monthly, Hon. George

* Surry Town History—in preparation.

B. Upham states that when the regular stage routes were first established, the stages did not make a practice of crossing this toll-bridge on account of the expense of toll, but went directly up the river from Boston and Keene to Charlestown. When passing the end of the toll-bridge, the driver blew his horn and any prospective passengers from Bellows Falls must cross the bridge on foot, taking their baggage over in a wheelbarrow.

On the Lincoln Turnpike it is a delightful ride from the Profile House down the Pemigewasset valley, passing Profile Lake, The Old Man of the Mountain, The Basin, The Pool, and at the end of a five-mile ride one comes to a picturesque opening in the stone wall, which is the gateway, and place of collecting toll for this turnpike.

The tollhouse at the foot of Mount Washington on The Mount Washington Summit Road gives access to a road which

> ** "for the first four miles winds among a dense growth of forest trees, and then passes through a ravine, and over the eastern side of the mountain. The grade is easy and the roadbed excellent. Each turn discloses some new prospect—a wide valley faintly green, with a brook or a river flashing through it; a deep dell, with a swaying sea of foliage; an overhanging cliff that seems to render impossible any further ascent, or a wonderful array of peaks."

A road that gives one of the most beautiful rides of the many noted White Mountain rides is a "may-have-been" turnpike. This road near the Glen House gives an unsurpassed view of the Great Gulf and the Presidential Range, and further south Huntington and Tuckerman's ravines and the Alpine Garden.

> * "The sharp slopes and the mountain outlines rising in startling profile. About a mile west from the lower end of the turnpike franchise a less known feature is found. Poised in apparent insecurity on a steep slope an enormous boulder seems about to roll down the hillside at the slightest touch. And for miles the Ellis and Peabody rivers show their charms at every turn."

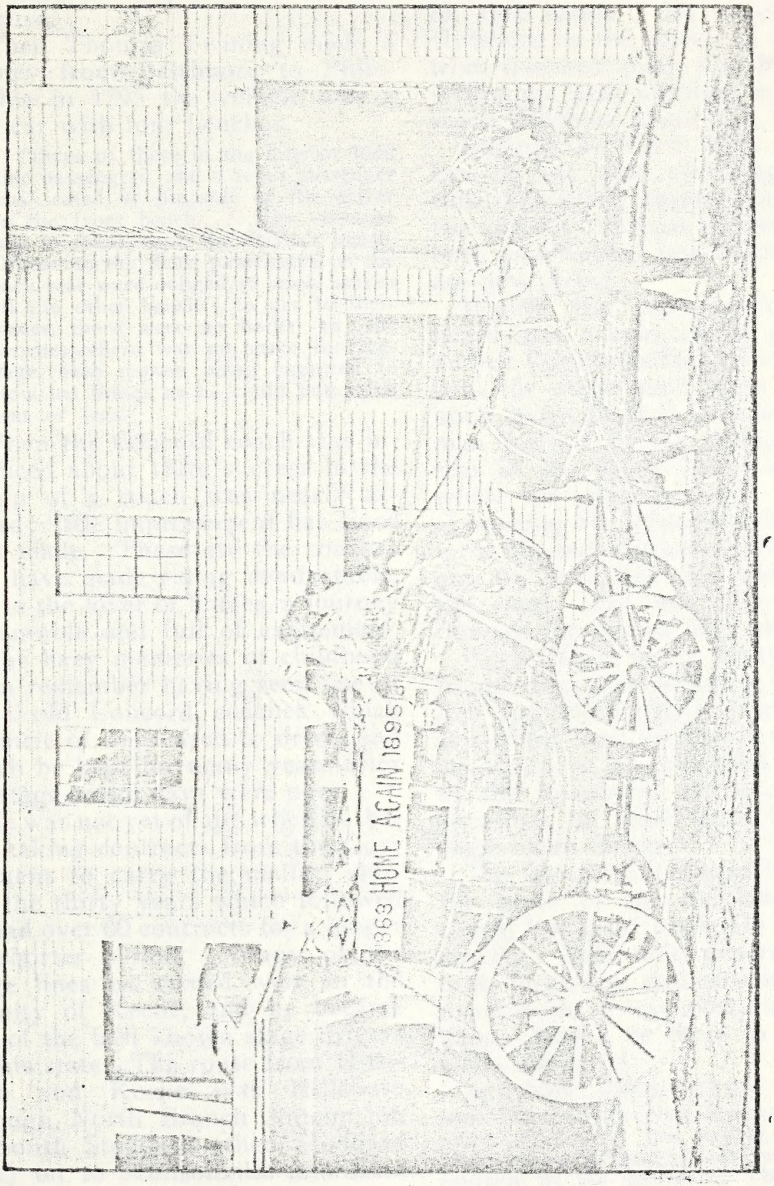
The "Dollycops Road" was in this section of the state, and the cellar of the house where the Dollycops family lived can still be seen near the bridge over the Peabody river. Tradition has it that the Dollycops couple, husband and wife, lived together, but did not speak to each other for twenty years.

Rates of toll seemed high to many people, and there were various expedients adopted to avoid paying them. I have read somewhere of one winter that was severe enough to freeze the ice on a river so that it was safe for teams to cross, and this was the custom, instead of using the toll bridge over the river. The owner of the toll-gate was "righteously" indignant, and built a wall, blocking the road across the ice, but this was torn down, and, presumably, there were words said by both parties.

Now, let us go back, in imagination, to the travellers over these turnpike roads. We fancy that in the early days of the turnpike they must have been stern and sober men intent upon the hard problem of wrestling a living from the soil. Or perhaps our fancy pictures men young in years but old in the experience of teaming the necessary freight over miles and miles of dusty roads. We do not see much enjoyment about it all nor hear the sounds of laughter or merriment.

But when I mention stage-coach days, a different scene presents itself before our eyes. A romantic interest centers about the stage-coaches, and we seem to see the prancing horses and shining coach. It was not till 1828 that a really comfortable coach arrived, but long before that the women and children,

** Harper's Monthly. August, 1877.
* Frederic J. Wood.



THE CONCORD COACH

The late William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," in the Driver's Seat.



as well as the other sex had become accustomed to some kind of a vehicle, and a journey was an affair not only of importance but of pleasure.

When Thomas Twining made a journey from Baltimore to Philadelphia in 1795 the vehicle was a long car with four benches,

> * "three of these in the interior held nine passengers, and a tenth passenger was seated by the side of the driver on the front bench.....The entrance was in front, over the driver's bench. Of course the three passengers on the back seat were obliged to crawl across all the other benches to get to their places, there were no backs to the benches—there was no space for luggage, each person being expected to stow his things as he could under his seat or legs."

When the Concord coach was introduced about 1828, success in the design of a coach was nearly attained; little improvement has since been made. These are the coaches that have made riding comfortable, and to the lover of horses, a journey pleasurable and full of excitement. In the hazy memories of childhood I can remember having seen one of these old Concord coaches which an uncle of mine used to drive, and which he kept for many years after his stage-coach days were over.

He was not yet of age when he began taking contracts from the Government to carry the mails; during the thirty years which followed he had over 60 contracts for a longer or shorter period. Many of the stage lines he owned were in the vicinity of Keene, and he became one of the best known stage drivers in this state. The route from Hillsboro and Keene was Hillsboro through North Branch Antrim, on to South Stoddard (then Stoddard Box) on to Munsonville and East Sullivan to Keene. The stage went up one day and back the next. He also had the route between Hillsboro through Antrim to Bennington. He owned the route between Hillsboro through Washington to Lempster; a younger brother, my uncle Enoch, was often the driver on this route. He would leave Hillsboro on the arrival of the train from Concord about 4.30 P.M., and return the next morning in time to reach Hillsboro about 8 A. M.

During the Civil War days he had on the road two stages at a time, conveying those about to enlist and the veterans between Hillsboro and Keene; few of those men are now living.

Within the past week I have heard from a man, eighty years old on last Christmas Day, who remembers the stage-coach days and my uncle Noah Jackson very well. This man worked in the stables in the rear of the Eagle Hotel in Keene where the stage put up. He told of meeting Mr. Jackson one time after a big snow storm similar to the one we have had this winter, and the stage was not able to get through for two or three days.

Uncle Noah was a finely proportioned man, tall and erect; his white hair and white beard which he had as a young man, seemed in my childish fancy to be accounted for only by the wonderful and exciting experiences he must have had as a stage-coach driver.

The horseless carriage has taken the place of the old time stage-coach, but good roads are still necessary. Will this generation see both forgotten, and air-coaches the usual mode of transportation? Perhaps. May I be there to see—and write about it!

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS. The full page plates of the New Hampshire Turnpikes, illustrating this article, are from Major Wood's book and are used by the courtesy of his publishers, The Marshall Jones Company, Boston. The picture of the famous Deadwood Coach is loaned the Granite Monthly by the Abbott Downing Company, Concord, who made the Concord coaches and now manufacture the Concord motor trucks.—Editor.

* Frederic J. Wood.

THE DARTMOUTH LITERARY OR DEBATING SOCIETIES * (1)

By Asa Currier Tilton

*(1) The principal authorities used are as follows: Baird, William R., *Manual of American College Fraternities*. Ed. 8. New York, 1915. Barnard, Henry, *Educational Biography*. Ed. 2. New York, 1861. Belknap, Jeremy, *History of New Hampshire*. Ed. 1. Philadelphia & Boston, 1784-1792. 3v. *Life.....by his granddaughter*. New York, 1847. Bond, Samuel R., "A Dartmouth Reminiscence of 1855" in *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine*, Jan., 1915, v. 7, p. 92-94. Brown, Samuel G., *Historical Discourse*.....[Centennial Celebration of Dartmouth College, 1869] Hanover, 1870. Same. *Life of Rufus Choate*. Ed. 2. Boston, 1870. [Repr. of "Memoir" in Choate's *Works* with additions.] Burroughs, Stephen, *Memoirs*. Hanover, 1798. [Various later eds.] Chamberlain, Mellen, *Address at the Dedication of Wilson Hall* [the College Library, June, 1885.] [Boston? Priv. Pr. 1885?] Chase, Frederick, *Historical Address.....before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Dartmouth College at its Centennial Anniversary, June 29*, 1887. Cambridge, 1887. Chase, Frederick & John K. Lord, *History of Dartmouth College*..... Cambridge & Concord, 1891-1913. 2v. [V. 1 by Chase, ed by Lord. V. 2 by Lord. Titles of volumes vary.] Clapp, Clifford B., *Speeches of Daniel Webster. A Bibliographical Review*. (Bibliographical Society of America. Papers, v. 13, pt. 1.) Chicago, 1919. Colby, James F., *Legal and Political Studies in Dartmouth College*, 1796-1896. Hanover, 1896. Crosby, Nathan, *First Half-Century of Dartmouth College, being his Historical Collections and Personal Reminiscences*. Hanover, 1876. Cross, David, "Dartmouth and the Class of 1841" in *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine*, Nov. 1908, v. 1, p. 44-52. Currier, Amos N., "Dartmouth College Fifty Years Ago" in *Dartmouth Bi-Monthly*., June, 1906, v. 1, p. 244-254. Curtis, George T., *Life of Daniel Webster*. Ed. 3. New York, 1870. Dana, Judah, "The School and College Life of Judah Dana, [ed.] by James A. Spalding" in *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine*, Feb., 1917, v. 9, p. 155-166. [Part of a Ms Autobiography.] "Daniel Webster as a Student" in *The Dartmouth*, March, 1867, v. 1, p. 81-88. Dartmouth College. *General Catalogue* .....1769-1910.....Hanover, 1910-1911. [There are various earlier eds.] Same. *Proceedings of the Webster Centennial .....Ed. by Ernest M. Hopkins*....[Hanover, 1902.] ["Mr. Webster's College Life" by Charles F. Richardson, is p. 21-54.] *The Dartmouth Index*, Oct., 1853; Oct., 1854. Dexter, Edwin G., *History of Education in the United States*. New York, 1906. Gerould, James T., 'Bibliography of Dartmouth College".....in N. H. State Librarian *Report*, 1892-1894, p. 149-216. [Also pub. separately.] Hall, Benjamin H., *Collections of College Words and Customs*. Cambridge, 1851. [Several later eds.] Harvey, Peter, *Reminiscences and Anecdotes of Daniel Webster*. Boston, 1877. Hill, William C., *Dartmouth Traditions*. Hanover, 1901. Kendall, Amos., *Autobiography.....ed. by William Stickney*. Boston & New York, 1872. Kendrick, Ariel, *Sketches of the Life and Times of.....Written by himself*. Ludlow, Vt., 1847. Quint, Wilder D., *Story of Dartmouth*. Boston, 1914. Smith, Baxter P., *History of Dartmouth College*. Boston, 1878. Society of Social Friends & Society of United Fraternity. *Catalogues*. [These sometimes contain text as well as lists of members and books.] Sparks, Jared. *Life of John Ledyard* in his *American Biography*, n. s., v. 14. [Also pub. separately.] Stauffer, Vernon, *New England and the Bavarian Illuminati*. (Columbia Studies in History &c., v. 82, no. 1.) New York, 1918. Webster, Daniel, *Writings and Speeches...National Edition*. [Ed. by J. W. McIntyre.] Boston, 1903, 18 v. [Repr. of earlier eds. with additions. His "Private Correspondence," most important for his college life, comprise v. 17, 18. His college and other early orations are in v. 15.] Worcester, John F. & Alpheus Crosby, *Memorial of the College Life of the Class of 1827*. Hanover, 1853. Ed. 2, 1869. [Material collected by Worcester, ed. and pub. by Crosby.]

Dartmouth—which is celebrating, as these columns are being written, one hundred and fifty years of national usefulness—began with a past. Eleazer Wheelock was a man who looked into the future and beyond the western frontier, then not clear of the short rivers which

empty into the Atlantic. In locating his new college on the upper Connecticut he placed it in the midst of those New England pioneers, who have done so much to push our frontier westward to the Pacific and have so profoundly influenced, decade after decade, the new communities which have been founded back of its advancing front. While his plan of educating the Indians, those stout defenders of the forest, failed of success, the history of the college and the biographies of her sons are the story of the realization of his purpose to bring the continent under the dominion of Christian religion, government, and intellectual ideals.

His Indian school, at Lebanon, Connecticut, took definite form as Moor's Indian Charity School, in 1755. His relations with the New Hampshire provincial government, which ultimately led to the moving of the School and the establishment of the College at Hanover, began in 1761. His ability and untiring efforts made him and his project famous, in Great Britain as well as America, before the College was chartered (1769) and began its work.

All colleges—if not all schools—in this period provided some training in the argumentative presentation of assigned subjects, or questions. It is not strange, then, that the Indian youth should have received such training—certainly not strange under so progressive a teacher as Wheelock, who knew, not only the methods of the colleges and schools, but also the great native ability of the Indian as an orator. A contemporary letter informs us that the Indian pupils appeared in disputations in English on questions chosen for them, or by themselves, from subjects in the arts and sciences. But the number of Indian boys at Hanover, small at best, dwindled; and by 1785 none were left. So we lack—what would, doubtless, have come into being, had they continued in sufficent numbers—an Indian literary and debating society.

The College was chartered in the period when the basis was laid for our War of Independence in the establishment, or, at least the definition, of our political ideals. It was a time of thinking, of writing, of conversing, of preaching, and of debating on public affairs and political questions. The time when college men, true to their task of fitting themselves for leadership formed debating societies—as we find them doing in the colleges then in existence. The most famous college societies date from those years.

The constructive political and social problems of the Thirteen Colonies were inherited by the pioneers, as they pressed westward and organized new communities and states; and, everywhere, they have exhibited the same genius for political thought and discussion that their Revolutionary forefathers possessed. In their new colleges literary societies were established, which flourished and were a vital element in student life after their older prototypes had lost their dominant influence, or had wholly disappeared. Debate was by no means the sole object of the societies, nor the sole sphere of their activity; but it was the life-giving element which made them the all-embracing organization of student life. The interchangeable adjectives, used to describe them, "debating" and "literary," are both accurate—the latter is comprehensive, the former emphatic.

Dartmouth was too new, too weak in numbers, in the period of national preparation to join her older sisters in this movement; though there were, doubtless, in

Hanover those informal discussions and conversations in which students of all lands and all times, have delighted and from which they have profited so greatly. Her progress too—while she did not suffer so severely as did Harvard, Yale, and the other colleges on the seaboard—was retarded by the war. Yet she gained ground and established herself firmly. Subject, as her students were, to the full influence of the Revolution and the frontier and the local political excitement of the Vermont controversy, they inevitably followed the example of the older institutions, at the earliest practicable moment, in establishing societies. The first literary society was organized in the year when the treaty of peace was signed.

This was the Society of Social Friends ("Socials"). It at once began the accumulation of a library—the solid foundation and the pride of every literary society. Ten years later, in the first of a series of attacks which were made with the purpose of destroying the societies, its records were lost; and its early history survives only in tradition. In 1786 a secession from the Social Friends led to the formation of the second society, the Society of United Fraternity ("Fraters"), which started with nineteen members. These two great societies continued so long as there were literary societies at Dartmouth. It is the typical, in fact, the almost universal phenomenon. In spite of attacks and of the formation of select, and more or less specialized societies, of ephemeral existence only, they went on from year to year, dividing the college—so long as the students were interested in their objects—into two rival, and sometimes bitterly hostile. camps. The reasons given for the formation of the smaller societies, which existed from time to time, show that the size of the great societies and the conditions which often prevailed in them were detrimental to the best results and laid them open to criticism. Nevertheless, they continued as the organized student body, supplementing the very restricted college curriculum and meagre library and funishing the chief pleasures of student life from their beginning to the middle of the last century. For us of today the clearest vision of those days may be obtained by recalling the athletic contests of our school and college days and the intense feelings which were ours in fall and spring. The spirit of youth demands the opportunity of matching its strength with that of a rival—created, if necessary, for that purpose. Now, when athletics play so important a part in student life and when improved means of communication have brought our cities and towns so near together, this spirit turns to athletic contests with other institutions; then, when colleges were isolated and when public speaking and the giving of plays were foremost in student interest, the rivalry was between literary societies in the same college. The academies were, in those decades, too small to support two with success.

There was keen rivalry at Dartmouth in securing the larger and the better membership, in size of libraries, and in superiority in debates, plays, and exhibitions. At first members were elected from any class, and even persons not connected with the College were sometimes chosen; but this was changed before long. In Dana's time the societies elected members from the freshman class—each might elect up to half the class—at the close of the college year. The students as-

sembled on the Campus on the day and hour of the election, and the members of each society invited those whom they had elected to join their respective societies. The best Freshmen were usually chosen by both societies, and each sent its most popular and influential members to invite and urge them to join its ranks. Some accepted at once, as did Dana, who joined the United Fraternity; while others withheld their decision for days, or even for weeks. This ceremony was called "fishing" and was certainly calculated to foment trouble and disorder. (*2)

The struggle became so heated that in 1790, they agreed on regulations for campaigning for members and united in administering their libraries as a Federal Library. Their interest in the great problem of the nation, the co-ordination of state and national government, may have inspired the attempt. Three years later, and again in 1796, the agreement was revised; but the rivalry was too intense to be successfully controlled by the students, —even with the occasional intervention of the faculty—and in 1799 the pact was abrogated and the library divided. The keenness of the contest is seen in the fact that within a year each library was as large as the Federal Library had been. The rivalry over the Commencement Anniversaries became so extreme that in 1796 they were discontinued for two years under the safeguard of a provision for nine months notice of intention to resume, and in 1800 were unconditionally suspended and not revived until 1811.

The original constitution of the Social Friends, according to tradition, was written in code, as the early society constitutions—and sometimes the records—often were; and was very imperfect. There was no provision for a secretary and treasurer, no fixed time for meeting, and the members presided in alphabetical order. Its 1803 constitution is systematic and comprehensive; as is that, also, of the United Fraternity, which is more detailed. Both contained provisions which enjoined friendship and morality, and forbade anything which conflicted with good behavior or moral conduct. The societies had badges on which were engraved their secret symbols, grips, and complicated cipher codes for correspondence. They gave diplomas to honorably dismissed members. The badges and diplomas were in use for over fifty years. The motto of the Socials was: *Sol Sapientiae Nunquam Occidet*; of the Fraternity: *Amicitia Sit Sempiternia.* The constitutions and orders of exercises were essentially the same in the societies of all the colleges, though there were variations in minor provisions and in nomenclature.

The ungoverned rivalry of the societies was not the only disturbing element which they brought into college life. Repeatedly, during the first decades of their existence, they were threatened with overthrow by rebellions which have been characterized as "rowdyism due to hostility to the societies." This characterization is unjust when isolated by application to one college and unqualified. Literary societies, the country over, through the whole period of their active existence, were subject to such outbreaks. Sometimes they were due to hostility between students of different social, or economic standing. Notably so, when social divisions have coincided with geographical in the regions from which a college has drawn its students. The great line of cleavage has been

(*2) Judah Dana was Class of 1795, and became a well known and highly respected lawyer in Maine.

between the older, more settled and orderly, wealthier, better educated, and more aristocratic coast regions and the less settled and orderly, poorer, less educated, and more democratic frontier regions, where the American principle that one man is as good as another has been strong, has been of inestimable value in our national life, but has, on the other hand, often gone to extremes in its hatred of any pretence to superiority in education or other commendable attainments. Sometimes they have been due to the dislike of the serious, hard working students by those who cared only for pleasures, whether good or bad. Sometimes to over-zealous championing of the great national parties by their student adherents—this is marked on the slavery question in colleges which drew students from both the North and the South. The play of these general forces has, naturally, been modified by local, college conditions —sometimes accentuated by rivalry and contests, sometimes softened by unanimity of college feeling. Youth takes its beliefs and loyalties, and even its frivolities, very seriously. Student bodies are always vehement; and, if we find extremes among the radical assailants, we also find lack of restraint among the conservative defenders of the societies.

We must, moreover, take account of the presence in the colleges and college societies of our early days of the over-developed, or abnormal, individuality—a type produced most frequently by the conditions of a frontier, or of rough, isolated, and thinly populated regions. This type of man is often lovable, admirable in many respects, energetic, strong, fearless, sometimes of intellectual and literary power; yet commonly eccentric, economically useless, and independent to the point of lawlessness or even criminality. These traits are seen in some of our explorers, pioneer leaders, and public men; they will live in literature in the writings of Henry Thoreau.

Dartmouth, in her earlier days, drew her students in large measure from regions which tend to produce this type. Two marked cases stand out in the books—John Ledyard and Stephen Burroughs. Ledyard, a native of Connecticut, entered Dartmouth in 1772, at the age of twenty-one, to fit himself for the Indian mission field. His standing as a scholar was passable; but the college routine and discipline were distasteful to him. He fitted up a stage with properties which he had brought up the valley from Hartford, and produced plays in which he acted the leading parts. One of these plays was Addison's *Cato*—long a favorite with our amateur literary society actors. Much time was devoted to his theatre and to reading plays which he might better have devoted to his college duties. After four months at Hanover he suddenly left and travelled on the frontier and among the Indians. On his return he gave up his plans for becoming a missionary. An admonition to give more attention to his college work had only the result of inspiring him to make a large dug-out with the help of some friends and sail away down river and home. He studied theology; but soon gave that up also, and went to sea. He was with Captain Cook in his last voyage around the World. After he returned he continued in the British navy, was sent to the American coast in the course of the Revolutionary War, and escaped to Long Island. In 1786-1787 he made a remarkable journey in Russia and Siberia which was summarily terminated by the Russian government, before he had com-

pleted his intended travels, through expulsion from the country. He was starting on a long African expedition, when he died in Egypt in 1789.

Stephen Burroughs (born in 1765) was no less erratic and far more unrestained than Ledyard. As a boy he constantly indulged in wild escapades. At fourteen he enlisted in the American army, but deserted and entered Dartmouth in 1781. He soon left, however, and went to sea on a privateer. Later he was a ship's physician, and then a school teacher. At one time he passed himself off as a minister, and occupied the pulpit of a Massachusetts Congregational church—using sermons which he had stolen—until he was detected and forced to flee. Soon after this escapade he was arrested for counterfeiting, convicted, and imprisoned. He enlivened his confinement by repeated attempts to escape and by setting fire to the jail. When he had served his term he went to Canada and was the leader of a band of counterfeiters for many years. Ultimately he settled down to an orderly life, became a Roman Catholic, accumulated a library, and kept a successful school. Throughout his life he was given to deeds of kindness and charity; and in the quiet evening of his life he was liked by his pupils and respected by the community in which he lived. His *Memoirs* are a classic in rogue literature, and have been published in at least nine editions between 1798 and 1858. Ledyard and Burroughs were extremes in their type; but this makes them more valuable specimens, for the sharp lines, the heavy lights and shadows, make clear a picture—otherwise blurred—of by-gone times and social conditions.

Furthermore, in considering the early attacks on the literary societies we must remember that the period from the Revolution to the year 1800, or after, was characterized by a wide-spread fall from the high moral and religious ideals of the Puritans. In the colleges—as well as outside—free-thought, infidelity, low standards of conduct, prevailed to a degree which saddened and alarmed those who held fast to the ideals of the fathers and who combatted the tendencies of the day with all their strength. In the Class of 1799 but one man acknowledged himself a "professing Christian;" and Dartmouth was not different from other colleges in prevalence of unbelief. It was the time of Thomas Paine and Shay's Rebellion. In 1788 a Dartmouth debate was on the question, whether the study of French was more profitable than that of Greek except the Testament—evidence of the early influence of French thought and, probably, of dissatisfaction with the college curriculum, though this was being broadened under the influence of new ideas. Dartmouth was one of the first colleges to teach law and government, then classed under moral philosophy. In 1782 John Whelock was appointed Professor of History; and among the college text-books in 1792 were works by Montesquieu and Burlemarqui—both jurists and publicists, the former French, the latter Swiss.

The conditions just referred to are well known to readers of the leading histories on the period; and are graphically described in a recently published monograph on: *New England and the Bavarian Illuminati.* This Order was founded in Bavaria, in 1776, to better the educational system—which was wholly dominated by the church—and to foster the progress of liberal thought. It was secret, and allied itself with the Free-Masons. Though its spread was rapid, its life was short. But Europe was

seething with conflict between new ideas and established systems; and its extent and influence were grossly exaggerated by the fear of the conservatives, some of whom attributed the French Revolution in its worst features to the activities of the Illuminati. The famous Massachusetts minister, Jedediah Morse, believed in the truth of these charges—they came to his attention from reading European books on the Order—and, also, that its activities had been extended to America. In a sermon, preached in 1798, he warned the country of the danger which, he believed, was threatening it. His fear was groundless and the agitation which his sermon caused was needless; but—as in Europe—both were due to existing social, political, and religious conditions which had already aroused apprehension. The truth was soon known, and the excitement subsided. The episode does not concern us: but the conditions which made it possible do; for—as we have seen—they were one of the elements which lay at the bottom of the disturbances in the literary societies, while these outbreaks, in turn, illustrate the general conditions.

The people of America had lived in the midst of wars almost continuously from the outbreak of the French and Indian War to the close of the Revolution—nearly three decades. We can appreciate and understand the disintegrating effects of such an experience better today than we could have six years ago. Intemperance—which had always prevailed—increased; gambling and other vices appeared. But these evils were neither deep-seated nor general in their growth; and it is a tribute to Puritanism that New England passed through the wars and the profound changes which attended and followed them with the self-restraint and self-control that she did. The struggle for religious toleration, which was in progress, was making inroads on the authority of the established religious system. More liberal theological dogmas were finding favor in the minds of some ministers. The conservative ministers resisted these, and all other tendencies which promised to weaken the position of the legally established church, sincerely and with all their power. Political questions took a prominent place in public attention and interest in the years which prepared the way for the Revolution. This was at the expense of interest in church and religious matters. It was in those years that the first literary societies were founded in the colleges.

Public affairs were even more in men's minds at the close of the war. The problems to be solved were many and difficult; and the confusion and changes which the Revolution brought in its train, in some ways intensified the severity of the task. Many men of foremost position, especially in business, were loyalists and had gone. Great leaders of the new order had appeared; but the system of leadership down into the towns was undeveloped and untried except under abnormal war conditions. There was no inherent feeling of compulsion to obey—a force which is powerful, even when hated. The ideals of the Revolution—liberty and equality—of themselves made many (especially men of the type of Ledyard and Burroughs) more disinclined than ever to submit to any leadership or authority. Under the old régime the stern church discipline had suppressed the few pleasures that were possible in a country where population was scattered and wealth was the blessing of but a few in the larger seaports. Under their newfound liberty the people demanded and sought them. Some found

them in low and coarse forms. Others bravely struggled for the higher forms which economic conditions made difficult of attainment. The theatre rose in public favor, though it was vigorously opposed. Part of the opposition was directed against evils connected with the professional stage and was justifiable. This accounts for the difference in attitude toward the professional and the amateur stage. The popularity of plays in the literary societies was, in part, due to this demand for relaxation. The idea of equality was inimical to the Masonic Order and it had difficulty in maintaining its position—the parallel with the debating societies is significant.

Into this confused and struggling social and intellectual mass burst the influence of the French Revolution. At first, it awakened general enthusiasm from its likeness to, and connection with, our own Revolution; later, its bloody excesses and its atheism caused a revulsion of feeling in the minds of many. It became involved in politics, and this added to the confusion. The conservatives became more determined and the radicals in politics and religion took fresh heart. French thought, in the end, had a deep influence, especially among the students in the colleges, where new ideas found readiest access and welcome; but it was vigorously combatted and its harmful elements finally eliminated.

With these general considerations in mind we may view in more correct perspective the dissentions and attacks which form so conspicuous a feature of the history of the societies down to 1803 and—as has been noted—illustrate the conditions in the country at large. Not that there were not other features in their life during these years—sane pleasures, quiet, useful work, and hence progress.

The first serious disturbance did not occur in the literary societies, but in Phi Beta Kappa in 1789 (the year when the French Revolution began), two years after the chapter was organized. In 1793, 1799, and 1803, it was again assailed. In these early years its purposes and activities were similar to those of the literary societies; but it was small and select, and its meetings were more dignified and serious. This made it more deeply disliked, but less open to rebellions.

In 1793 the discord, which had shown itself in the literary societies from their foundation, developed into a serious attack. This "Combination" was composed of Juniors and Seniors who were incensed because they had not been elected to Phi Beta Kappa and such students as sympathized with their views. Their attempt was made soon after the Phi Beta Kappa election. This society was the immediate cause of the insurrection; but it could be reached only indirectly, through an attack on the great societies, which were also disliked, though not so intensely, and whose destruction would make its position untenable. More than half the students joined the insurgents—a fact which proves that the movement was due to causes more deep-seated than mere pique among a few disappointed aspirants for Phi Beta Kappa. Many members of the literary societies, including some of their foremost men, were either openly or secretly connected with the conspiracy. When the old and aristocratic societies—for such they were considered to be—were out of the way, "one Grand Liberal Society" was to be established and every student was to be eligible to membership in it. The title of the new society, which is given by Dana and seems to have been the popular college name, and the pronouncement against qualifications and restric-

tions for admission to membership are facts whose significance is pointed out elsewhere in this paper. The upper-classmen, according to Dana, were preponderantly insurgent, while the under-classmen bore the brunt of the defence. Perhaps the former had been influenced by the radical tendencies of the period during their college years, and, as leaders, wished to reform college institutions to conform to their ideals; while the latter had, as yet, not been so influenced, and also had more veneration for the existing system. But Dana certainly does not minimize the part which his class, the sophomore, played in the preservation of the societies.

The insurgents invaded the rooms of the secretaries of the societies in search of the books and papers in their custody. Their plan was to destroy all records and thus make it difficult, if not impossible, for the societies to preserve their organization. They discovered only those of the Social Friends. These they destroyed. But the rebellion was less powerful in this society than in the United Fraternity, to which Dana belonged; and the conservatives had less difficulty in preserving its existence. In the Fraternity all of the Sophomores and most of the Freshmen remained faithful and fought long and hard and with ultimate success. There were many meetings, some of which were turbulent. At one of them the insurgents put through measures which would have made it possible for them to carry out their designs. But the defenders brought in enough graduate members of the vicinage to elect sufficient new members of known sentiments to give them a majority and enable them to repeal the obnoxious legislation. The insurgents then withdrew from the society and joined "the Independent Society, as they styled themselves, or Pot-Meal Society, as we styled them." This "Omnium Gatherum Society" survived some years. Phi Beta Kappa had no internal dissentions; and the repulse of the violent attack left it and the great societies more firmly established and more powerful than ever—a warning to "Disappointed, Disaffected, and unprincipled aspirants."

An investigation of the affair by a committee of the Social Friends, in 1795, attributed the trouble—quite correctly—to the general spirit of revolution and innovation which prevailed in the College. It was abroad in the land. In 1799 the attack was renewed; and again in 1803, when the records of the Social Friends were once more lost. Evidently the attacks were well-organized; for, in the revised constitution of the Social Friends, the pledge, or oath, was made more stringent by the addition of a promise not to join any organization which was hostile to the Society, nor to aid any attempt to abolish it.

An account of the uprising of 1803—the more interesting and valuable because contemporary—is given in a letter by Ezekiel Webster, then a student, to his brother, Daniel, who had graduated in 1801. The conspiracy to destroy the society (he writes) was very secretly and carefully organized. In the United Fraternity (to which the Websters belonged) only one Freshman, one Sophomore, and three Juniors remained true to the society. These succeeded in preventing the passage of an amendment to the constitution, for which a three-fourths vote was required; and also prevented the revolters from expelling enough of the defenders to give them the majority necessary to carry out their purposes. They would, he adds, be able to carry the

coming election. He says that the conspiracy was managed "with the secrecy of jesuits;" and "This conspiracy, I believe, is unparallelled.. If it has its parallel, it is in the conspiracy of the Pazzi against the celebrated Lorenzo the Magnificent. It is not like Catiline's, for Catiline himself was a saint compared with some of the fellows who plotted this scheme." (*3)

This victory assured the existence of the societies, and they had before them a half-century of success and influence. Dissatisfaction showed itself from time to time; but it never threatened their life. The turbulent period in college, as in national, life was closing. We shall see another phase of its spirit in society theatricals. The fight of the societies for existence and maintenance of their principles played no small part in the establishment of a more orderly, restrained, and reverent code of thought and conduct.

But the tumult did not prevent the societies from doing thoroughly successful work in supplementing the college course in their very important field. No period of Dartmouth's history has been more glorious than that of the decades which closed the eighteenth century and began the nineteenth. From 1790 to 1800 she gave diplomas to 363 students, while Harvard gave them to 394 and Yale to 295. And her rank was commensurate with her numbers. The societies were worthy partners of the College and shared its prosperity as well as the difficulties with which both faculty and society authority had to contend. Their activities in these years are best illustrated by the college and society life of Webster. (*4)

He became a member of the Fraternity, 7 November, 1797. The society was weak when he entered it; and his ability and activity during his four years membership helped greatly to strengthen it. After holding various minor offices he was elected Commencement Orator, 19 May, 1800, and President, 25 November of the same year. A classmate says that, whenever the class or society, had a difficult task to perform, it was given to him. His contributions went beyond this, for he often volunteered to take parts; and usually wrote his own declamations, though this was not

(*3) It is difficult to decide whether the conflicts were more violent in one society than in the other. On the whole—making allowance for the fact that both Dana and Webster, who have left the fullest accounts, were members of the Fraternity—the Social Friends seem to have had more serious trouble. Did the Fraternity draws its membership from the more conservative, orderly, Federalist element; while the Socials drew from the more democratic, turbulent, Republican-Democratic element? Such a difference may have been the cause of the secession which resulted in the organization of the Fraternity. This differentiation is often found between the societies in the colleges. The Websters were members of the Fraternity; Amos Kendall, who graduated in 1811, was a Social; but he was far from belonging with the turbulent element. He says, moreover, that, in 1810, three-fourths of the students were Federalist, and that the Socials numbered two-thirds of the student body. The relatively small membership of the Fraternity, on the other hand, may indicate that it was more select. It may have remained small and conservative from choice after losing its radical element in 1793; but its connection with the Independent Confederacy in 1799 shoud be noted in this connection. Or the difference in numbers may date from 1803. Ezekiel Webster, in his letter, says that he was the only student from Salisbury who did not join the rebels. Salisbury was opposed to the adoption of the Federal Constitution; but the father of the Websters favored it. (Walker, *N. H. Federal Convention.*) Daniel Webster was a member of a Federalist Club in College; and in his day most of the faculty and students were Federalists.

(*4) The entries in the United Fraternity records which relate to him are printed in: "Daniel Webster as a Student." Those for his senior year, including the copy of his Commencement Oration, are missing.

required. He was regarded as their best man; and "received almost unbounded flattery from his fellow members." (*5)

In 1799 he and Joseph W. Brackett were the authors of the drama which was given at the Commencement Anniversary of the Society. He also wrote poems, and contributed to *The Dartmouth Gazette* under the pseudonym, "Icarus." Among the debates in which he participated was one on the question: "Would it be good policy to treat an individual of the French nation with that respect we should one of another?" and one on the question: "Would it be just for the United States to grant letters of mark & Reprisal against the French Republic?" Here we see the prominence of France in student thought from a new angle; it was the time of the troubles following the XYZ episode.

It is on his formal orations, however, that his college and society fame rests. In his freshman year he delivered a eulogy on a deceased classmate. An oration in his senior year was on "Ambition." Better known is his eulogy on his classmate, Simonds, which was printed under the title: *A Funeral Oration, Occasioned by the Death of Ephraim Simonds....a member of the Senior Class....who died....the 18th of June, 1801....By Daniel Webster, a Classmate of the Deceased....* Hanover, M. Davis, 1801. He also delivered an *Oration on Opinion* at the Anniversary of the Fraternity in the same year. (*6)

(*5) The recollections of his contemporaries must be taken with the reservations which always apply to statements made long after the events transpired—especially as Webster's later fame would cast its glow backward to his student days.

(*6) Printed in New York *Herald*, 16 August, 1853; thence repr. in *The Dartmouth Phoenix*, March, 1857. Also printed in his *Writings & Speeches* from a copy in his own handwriting which varies from the *Herald* edition.

In later years Webster wrote in a deprecative tone of his college orations; but he bears self-witness to the zeal with which he used his college opportunities. To quote from his brief *Autobiographical Sketch*: "I was graduated in course, August, 1801. Owing to some difficulties, *haec non meminisse juvat*, I took no part in the commencement exercises. I spoke an oration to the Society of the United Fraternity which I suspect was a sufficiently boyish performance. My college life was not an idle one. Besides the regular attendance on prescribed duties and studies I read something of English history and English literature. Perhaps my reading was too miscellaneous. I even paid my board for a year by superintending a little weekly newspaper, and making selections for it from books of literature and from the contemporary publications. I suppose I sometimes wrote a foolish paragraph myself. While in college, I delivered two or three occasional addresses, which were published. I trust they are forgotten; they were in very bad taste. I had not then learned that all true power in writing is in the idea, not in the style, an error into which the *Ars rhetorica*, as it is usually taught, may easily lead stronger heads than mine."(*7)

Nevertheless, with all due allowance for the sunset glow of later recollection, the testimony is conclusive that his efforts made a deep impression on his fellow students and society brothers. One of them

(*7) The "difficulties which he dislikes to remember" arose from the failure of the faculty to appoint him valedictorian. He was the foremost man and the best orator in the class; but was neither first nor second in scholarship—the usual basis of assigning commencement parts. There was much excitement over the matter, since the class desired that he receive the appointment. He declined to take a minor appointment.

has said that he "was remarkable for his steady habits, his intense application to study, and his punctual attendance upon the prescribed exercises." Henry Hubbard, Congressman, United States Senator, and Governor of New Hampshire testifies that Webster's college mates were impressed by his ability as a speaker and by his other endowments—his breadth of view and his forceful manner. He was, also, regarded as a man who selected books with great care and read them with concentrated attention and thought.

The opinion of that close student of history and public affairs, Ex-Governor McCall, is essentially that of Webster himself: "The debating society was an institution to which Webster was devoted and from which he derived great benefit. It enabled him to overcome his timidity which had been so great at Exeter that it was impossible for him to recite his declamations before the school, and he became in college a ready and self-possessed debater. I do not find it easy, however, to detect under the flowers of his early rhetoric the promise of that weighty and concentrated style which afterwards distinguished him. But his college efforts were a necessary part of his intellectual development." (*8)

His really famous college oration was that given before the citizens of Hanover on the Fourth of July, 1800, his junior year. The selection of orator was made by the faculty and townsmen—proof that he was regarded as the best speaker among the students, or, at least, among the Federalist students. This oration was printed under the title: *An Oration, Pronounced at Hanover, New Hampshire, the 4th Day of July*, 1800; *being the twenty-fourth Anniversary of American Independence. By Daniel Webster, Member of the Junior Class, Dartmouth University.* Hanover: Printed by Moses Davis, 1800. (*9) This oration marks the beginning of his mission as the great expounder of the Constitution and the apostle of the immanence of the Union in our government and national life. The orations of his early years to which he gave deepest thought were all on this theme—that at Hanover in 1800, at Fryeburg, Maine, in 1802 (while teaching at the Academy), at Salisbury in 1805, and at Concord in 1806. His thoughts were, doubtless, early turned to the subject by his father's relations of the discussions on the adoption of the Constitution. Ebenezer Webster was a strong supporter of the Constitution after its adoption; and it is probable that his record in the Convention was due to the anti-adoption sentiment of his town committee; but the evidence is not conclusive.

The Fourth of July oration was the outstanding and prophetic event of Webster's college years. It shows, in crude form, his political creed and some of his later characteristics as an orator. It outlined

(*9) A Dartmouth Fourth of July oration by Samuel Worcester, Class of 1795, is printed in his *Life*, by S. M. Worcester. Worcester was the founder of the American Board of Foreign Missions. A copy of the original edition of Webster's oration recently sold in New York for $205.

(*8) The story of Webster's timidity at Exeter is commonly given undue weight. He was there but a few months, at the end of a school year, when only fourteen years old. Timidity on the platform under such circumstances is neither unusual, nor strange. In Webster's case it was increased by the fun that was made of his rustic ways and poor clothes. (*His Autobiography*. Curtis, *Webster*.) The teacher who encouraged him to persevere was a fellow-pupil, the precocious Joseph Stevens Buckminster—two years younger than Webster, but advanced enough to teach him elementary Latin—who became one of the most brilliant leaders of the Unitarian movement.

the Revolution, introduced some Federalist doctrine, and extolled the system of government which the Constitution established. Its sentiments are honest, manly, and elevated; and its doctrine is sound—such is the judgement of a friendly critic, Senator Lodge.

(To be continued)

APRIL - QUEST

By Harold Vinal

My heart went seeking April,
Down all her smiling ways
Of nights and days.
With arms of flowers, vaguely sweet,
She led me captive down the street—
And in the glory of her eyes,
I saw the skies.
Through meadow ways, we roamed
for days
And hand in hand, across the land—
We made of earth a wonderland.

Oh, there were blossoms in her hair,
Blossoms on her gown,
Scattered blossoms everywhere,
Up and down the town—
Laughter, like a surging sea,
Blew sprays of blossoms over me.

My heart went seeking April,
Upon a bluebird's wing;
Mad with the joy of living,
Mad with the joy of Spring—
And I, who only knew of pain,
Have turned to Life and faith again.

MAINE'S CENTURY OF STATEHOOD

By William A. Robinson

On March 15, one hundred years ago, Maine was admitted into the Union as the twenty-second state. Politically the youngest of the New England group, she is, historically, probably the oldest. Her beginnings touch the far off, romantic days of Champlain and De Monts, the Elizabethan seamen sailed along her coasts. In 1613 Samuel Argall fought in Somes' Sound the first engagement in the long struggle which culminated in the surrender of New France a century and a half later. Maine has been at once old and young. With places of historic interest antedating Plymouth Rock, she is still the resort of the lover of the wilderness, of the deer hunter, and the fisherman.

The early settlements had a checkered history and in 1652 they were brought under the authority of Massachusetts, an authority not legally established until twenty-five years later. The subsequent story was the familiar process of frontier development. A slowly lengthening fringe of settlements pushed north and east, up the river valleys into the wilderness. The coast settlements established ship building and a profitable fishing industry, engaged in illicit trade with the French, or turned an honest dollar at privateering in time of war. Indian raids and border warfare were picturesque incidents in the somewhat prosaic story of clearing the forest, pulling stumps, cutting brush in the swamps and picking stones from the uplands. Nation building is apt to be prosaic or even sordid in detail, but inspiring in the aggregate. Massachusetts looked on the Maine settlements with a certain disdain. Missionaries enlarged on the shiftlessness of the settlers, the drunkenness and immorality of the lumbermen and sailors. But all the while the foundations of a commonwealth were being laid.

With the close of the Revolution, population grew rapidly. Land was cheap and settlers poured in from the older and more crowded communities. Trouble with Massachusetts developed. Kentucky, Tennessee, and Vermont had shown that frontier communities could not be long kept subordinate to the older. Maine was not contiguous to the parent State, causes of friction were numerous, demand for self-government became insistent. Maine like most newly settled areas followed Jefferson and the new Democracy. Massachusetts was Federalist. The breach steadily widened and the separation agreement was finally concluded in 1819. The admission of the new state was delayed by the bitter controversy which finally produced the Missouri Compromise. Maine and Missouri are associated in this way although the latter state was not admitted until 1821.

Statehood made little change in the life of the community. Maine lumbering was famous and her sons carried its methods to the forests of the West. Ship building flourished, and Maine clippers were world renowned until supplanted by the British built steamship. The abundance of water power in the streams pouring down from the lakes of the interior plateau, led to the establishment of prosperous manufactures. The Aroostock valley became the greatest potato producing district in America, an invaluable source of food supply for the growing industrial centers of southern New England and New York. Accessibility to these same centers of population

has made Maine one of the great play grounds of the nation. Her wilderness charm has never departed.

Statehood, however, did mean political maturity and from the beginning, Maine was a power in national affairs. Partisanship was intense and the victors in state politics moved on into the larger area at Washington. Fessenden, Hamlin, Blaine, Reed and Frye were only the leaders in a large and distinguished group. In other localities Maine men were prominent in public affairs. Sargent Prentiss was a power in early Mississippi politics. John A. Andrew became the great war governor of Massachusetts. Melville W. Fuller reached the chief justiceship of the United States after a successful career at the Illinois bar. Hugh McCulloch became the leading financier of Indiana, Comptroller of the Currency and eventually Secretary of the Treasury, a notable figure in the long contest for sound money.

Achievement was not confined to politics. From Maine came Longfellow and Hawthorne into literature, Fordyce Barker into medicine, Charles Carroll Everett and Samuel Harris into theology, Oliver O. Howard, Seth Williams, and Rufus Ingalls into the Regular Army, Madame Nordica into music. Governor Chamberlain at the semi-centennial of 1870 pointed out the steady drain from the state by emigration. All the rest of the country was "the West" for Maine. There are few localities where her children have not been an influence. After all, that rather than Prohibition has been her chief contribution to the nation, the best memorial to the sturdy lumbermen, fishermen and farmers who founded the commonwealth.

SPRING RAIN

By Marion F. Sawyer

It is the sobbing month of April; tears
Are falling gently to the earth which draws
Them in with eagerness, so quietly
You scarce can hear it. Fragrance fills the air
From odors sweet of smelling buds, moist
Earth, and the bark of blackened trees. A note
Trills lyrically from branches of an elm—
A robin sings in ecstasy, "Cheer up!
Cheer up!" The rain falls ceaselessly and soft.

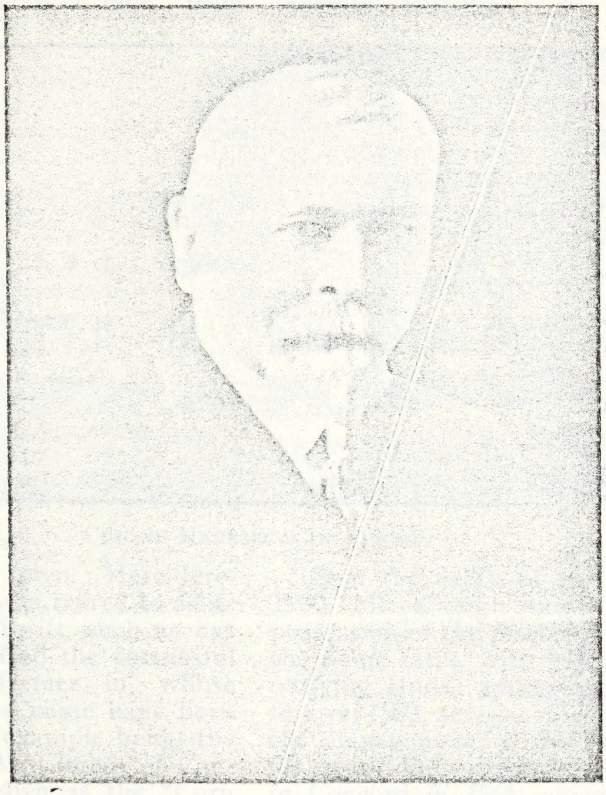
HON. JEREMIAH A. CLOUGH

By Henry H. Metcalf

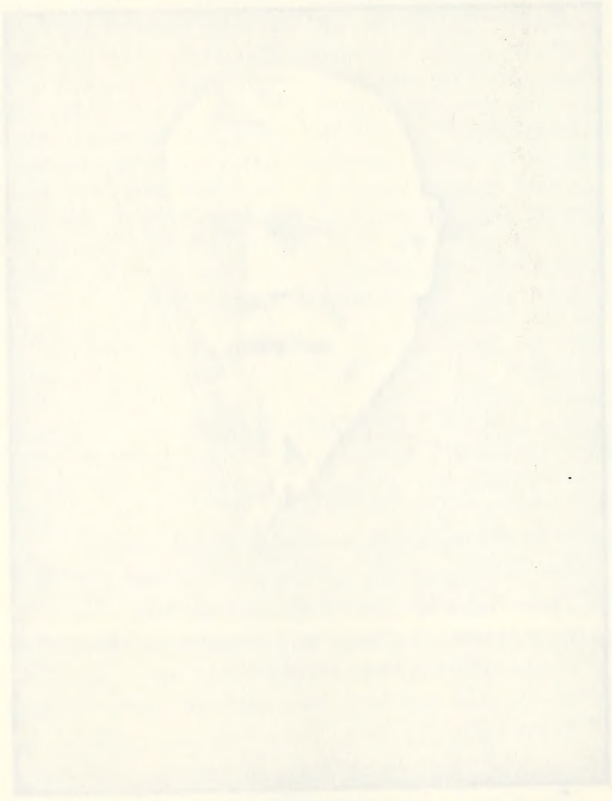
Jeremiah Abner Clough, born in Loudon, N. H., November 22, 1846, died in Concord, January 3, 1920.

The Clough family, one of the most numerous and prominent in central New Hampshire, with connections all over New England and the country at large, descended from John Clough, who came to America from London, England in 1635, locating first in Charlestown, Mass., but soon removing to Watertown, and a little later to Salisbury in the same state, where he settled before 1640, and received a second allotment of land in that year. He was a house carpenter by occupation, was twice married, had seven children, and died July 26, 1691.

Many of his descendants settled in Canterbury and Loudon, among whom was Capt. Jeremiah Clough, who was a leading citizen of Canterbury during the Revolutionary period, serving as Chairman of the Committee of Safety and as a delegate in the Provincial Convention at Exeter in May, 1775, along with the Rev. Abiel Foster. He was a descendant in the fourth generation



HON. JEREMIAH A. CLOUGH



from John Clough of Salisbury, and the great great-grandfather of the subject of this sketch whose father, Abner Clough, was a successful farmer of Loudon.

Abner Clough, whose father and grandfather were also named Abner, married Sarah Hazelton of Canterbury. They had three children; Lucy M., who died in youth; Abial H., who died in 1891, and Jeremiah A. Their home was on a fine farm on Clough Hill, in Loudon, about a mile from



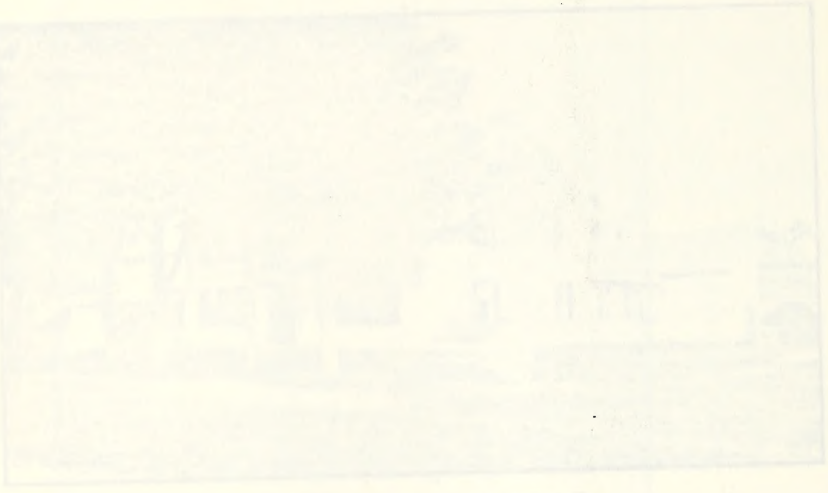
CLOUGH HOMESTEAD IN LOUDON

the center of the town. Here Jeremiah A. Clough was reared to a life of industry and thrift, such as has always characterized the successful New England farmer, in whose class many of the name have been found, a notable example being the late Col. David M. Clough of Canterbury, long known as the "Corn King of New Hampshire," although some have gained distinction in professional life, like the late Judge Lucien B. Clough of Manchester, one of whose daughters is the wife of Sherman L. Whipple, the eminent Boston lawyer.

Having secured a good English education, in the district school and at Pittsfield Academy, Mr. Clough remained with his father on the home farm, to whose management and cultivation he devoted his time and energy with abundant success, soon coming to be regarded as one of the most prosperous and enterprising farmers in Merrimack County. Mixed farming was pursued for many years, but for some time later milk production was made a specialty. The production of maple sugar was also carried on to a considerable extent.

Upon the death of his father in 1900, Mr. Clough came into full possession of the property including the home farm, with adjoining and outlying lands amounting in all to over 500 acres. He continued the management of the same until his death, but established his home in Concord in 1901, having purchased the substantial residence on South State Street, formerly owned by George H. Emery, placing a foreman in direct charge of the farm.

Politically Mr. Clough was a steadfast and reliable Democrat, and was prominent in the affairs of the party in his town and county.



He served the town of Loudon three years as a member of the board of selectmen, two years as town treasurer, also as town clerk two years, and was its representative in the Legislature of 1897, when he served on the Committee on Agricultural College, and was a member of the Merrimack County Board of Commissioners for four years. He was chosen representative again for 1907, when he was a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, and also on Labor. In November, 1908, he was elected to the State Senate from the 11th District, strongly Republican, though it was, by a majority of 95 votes, a fine demonstration of his great personal popularity. In the Senate of 1909, he was a member of the important committees on Banks, Finance, Public Improvements, State Hospital, and the Joint Standing Committee on State House and State House Yard. He also represented his town in the Constitutional Convention of 1902. While in Loudon he attended the Free Will Baptist church, of which his mother was a member. In Concord he attended the South Congregational Church. While in Loudon he was for some years a member of Surprise Grange, P. of H. He was also a member of the Wonolancet Club of Concord.

Mr. Clough made many friends through his genial manner and kindly courtesy, to all of whom his death came as a distinct personal loss. He was an honest, upright, public-spirited citizen, interested in all matters pertaining to the public good, and although he had passed the allotted age of three score years and ten, his departure will be long and widely mourned.

He was united in marriage June 20, 1877 with Nellie M., daughter of George and Almira (Sanborn) Peverly of Canterbury. They had no children but took into their family and started on the way of life, several young men. A niece of Mrs. Clough, Miss Florence C. James, has also made her home with them since their residence in Concord. One young man—Wilson E. Hunt—who came to them when fourteen years of age, in 1891, was educated and cared for like an own son. He was graduated from Kimball Union Academy, studied two years at Dartmouth Medical College, and graduated from the Medical Department of Harvard University in 1901, locating after a period of hospital work, in practice in Malden, Mass., where he has since been successfully engaged, except for a period of overseas hospital service for the U. S. government in the great war. He cherishes a deep regard for the benefactor, to whose kindly aid he owes his position and success in professional life, while Mr. Clough in his last days, took no little pride in the good work which his beneficiary was acomplishing in his chosen field.

TRIBUTES TO TWO TEACHERS

THE LATE MRS. HATTIE COLLINS PARKER.

By Rev. S. H. McCollester

Mrs. Hattie C. Parker of Marlboro crossed the River to the other Shore, December the 17th, 1919, aged 53 years. Thus another richly laden soul has passed from the mortal to immortal, freed from the illness of the flesh to the blissfulness of heaven.

She was born in Herkimer, N. Y., among the hills and valleys of that picturesque country. She was gifted and naturally brilliant, loving the flowers, picking them when a mere child with delight to adorn the home, the schoolroom, and the church. She admired nice things and was pleased to share them with friends. As she went to school she displayed precosity of mind and soul. With all her might she strove "to seek and know." She ranked high in conduct and studies. She was loved by her teachers and schoolmates.

When she was fourteen years old her family moved to Keene, N. H., where she revelled in new things, making most possible out of school advantages. Here she stood well in her classes, soon becoming noted for high rank in spelling, reading, writing, geography, arithmetic and grammar. As she advanced into higher branches she rapidly grew in love of knowledge and wisdom. Noble thoughts bubbled right out of her mind and heart. Her sanguine, nervous temperament pushed her right on in the pursuit of learning the why and wherefore of matters. She early came to patronize the public library, reading the best of books, being fondest of the Bible and the dictionary. She loved poetry, art and science and rapidly grew in general information. When institutes were started in Cheshire County she took a deep interest in them. She loved children and took early to teaching, feeling it must be her life vocation and furthermore was pleased to help her good father and mother in supporting and educating three promising brothers and herself, all anxious to learn and out-grow themselves, making the world wiser and better for their living in it.

Mrs. Parker taught for nearly thirty years, some twenty of them in Troy. She had a wonderful power to stimulate her pupils with good thoughts and high aspirations. She wished to have her pupils ponder and cherish good things, like the bravery of Abraham or the great heartedness of Moses, or the determination of Joan of Arc, or the faithfulness of Mary, or the practice of Dorcas in doing good. She didn't do this to appear religious but it came of itself, just as water runs down hill. Her tones, gestures and movements expressed in a pleasing way her dependence upon God. She was conscious all the while of this, for she well understood her entire dependence upon God for every thought or deed done; that she couldn't breath once without his help. All this went on without any pretention to piety; so it was beautiful in expression and influence. Every teacher should be conscious of the presence of God and feel dependent upon his helpfulness. If she feels dependent on herself, she will be pretentious and quite certain to be desirous to show off. At least she will not feel the responsibility resting upon her for the correct education of those under her

charge; she is likely to do as little work as possible and get as much pay for it as she can. It was far otherwise with Mrs. Parker, really right the opposite; she was liable to overdo in school and out of it.

While in Troy she was happily united in marriage to Mr. Wilfred Parker and went to live in a most sightly place, a mile from Troy village, which presents some of the most fascinating landscape pictures. After this event, she kept right on teaching. At length, as a son and daughter came into her home she rejoiced and praised God! Now how she thought and planned for the future, adding zest to her teaching. She desired that both of the promising children should have a college education.

After long and successful service in Troy she came to Marlboro to teach. Apparently she was most vigorous in body and mind and taught for more than a year with eminent success; but an internal disease was at work, cutting off the threads of her physical body; in spite of all physician, nurse and husband and son could do, in a few months she passed into the lustral light, causing friends to lament, saying, "She hath done what she could" on earth and has gone with great riches into the blessed Beyond to live and aid all dear ones gone on before, and the dear ones left behind. Such living is verily worth living, beautiful in the radiance of earth and glorified in the effulgence of the Most High! Her last words and acts were full of hope, peace, encouragement and resignation. Her Christian faith was triumphant, placing a seal of Glory upon her life that had been made perfect through suffering and self-denial.

She was always anxious to keep up with the times or somewhat ahead of them; accordingly, her reading was extensive and reliable, and she wrote many an essay and prepared lectures on timely subjects, reading them before institutes, home circles, temperance societies, on decoration days and gatherings. She had a good voice for public speaking, using chest tones, backed by carrying force, so she could be distinctly heard in large auditoriums, or speaking outdoors.

Mrs. Parker was deeply interested in the last session of our legislature, so far, especially, as making changes in our laws as to improve our schools. She highly approved of having laws made so that all the children in the state would be under the supervision of superintendents and that the larger towns and cities should give financial aid to the smaller towns to lengthen out their schools that all the schools might be in session about the same number of weeks during the year. This she felt was putting in practice the virtue of the stronger helping the weaker. This she felt must be done to have our schools truly democratic and Christian.

She felt too that the teachers are responsible to a large extent to have their children properly classified and graded. This must be done to have the children spend their time profitably while in school. So the teachers must do a deal of thinking and working out of school hours. The difference between a true artist and a spectator is, the first knows beforehand what he is to do, the second works without any plan. The one has studied beauty and pondered over it till he can see the painting on the canvass before he has touched the brush, or if he be sculptor, he can see in the rough block of marble the statue before his hammer has struck the chisel. So the teacher beforehand should know what she is to do.

Mrs. Parker sought to know the best educated men and women by conversing with them, hearing them lecture, or reading about them, so she was familiar with Horace Mann, D. P. Page, Hon. G. P. Marsh, Mary Lyons, Winship and throngs of others, for she was self-educated, as all true teachers are, and as she went before her classes she could draw from a fund of knowledge to illustrate and make plain the subject taught. She was strictly honest in her dealings with others and particularly in the schoolroom. She was never given to race partiality. She regarded all as children of God and should be treated as such; accordingly, her Catholic children were treated just as fairly as the Protestant, the Italian as the Finn, and the poor as the rich.

She took special pains to know the parents of her pupils that both parties might labor together for the good of the taught. Her motto semed to be "Nothing but the best." It was her joy to teach and see her pupils outgrow themselves. She was quick and ready to impart knowledge and she wanted her pupils to do likewise. She was always a student herself, even up to the very last; she was bound, "To seek and know." She was a good disciplinarian. She seldom failed to reform and redeem the wayward. Therefore, she not only sought to make her children wiser, but better. She always linked the present with the future, time with eternity. Many have been guided and made better by her teaching.

"Ever and ever she shall stand
In the true history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."

Her funeral was on a bitter cold December day in the Congregationalist chapel of Marlboro, of whose church she was a faithful member, attended by Rev. Dr. S. H. McCollester assisted by Miss Mildred Holtham, music teacher of Troy, who beautifully sang, "Crossing the Bar." A goodly number of relatives and friends were present, deeply lamenting the departure of the Christian woman. The body was borne to Troy and the relatives rode in automobiles to the place where they tenderly laid the remains in the Parker family lot of the new cemetery.

Sarah Fuller (Bickford) Hafey.

By Rev. Harry LeRoy Brickett.

Among the many notable personages that New Hampshire has given to the world, whose lives have contributed in no small measure to the good of humanity, and whose personal touch set in motion springs of influence that yet are giving forth mental and moral refreshment and power, was Sarah Fuller (Bickford) Hafey. She was born amid historic surroundings, not far from the McNeils of revolutionary fame, and the historic mansion with the bronze tablet in front that marks the birthplace of Franklin Pierce, the fourteenth President of the United States. Her parents, James D. and Elizabeth (Conn) Bickford, were of sturdy New England stock, whose home at the Upper Village, Hillsboro, was known far and wide for the hospitality and good cheer, the friendship and welcome, extended to all so fortunate as to be guests beneath its roof. Three children, one daughter and two sons, were welcomed into this household. One son, while a student at Harvard University was drowned in the Charles river; the other son, Frank J., carries on the home farm which his father bought and to which he moved his family many years ago. The daughter, the subject of this

memorial, early gave promise of a useful and brilliant future. The little red school house of earlier days, where pupils were taught (not crammed,) where the reasoning powers were developed, and where those, who afterward became great and eloquent in debate, received first impressions that were lasting, was where the daughter, Sarah began her public education. Then followed instruction in Washington and Francestown Academies, which like others in those days were popular and ranked high in scholarship, but now are replaced largely by the modern High School; and, in addition,as a practical part of her education came a course of study at a Business College where mathematics and penmanship systematically were taught. At the age of sixteen she herself taught with marked success her first school. She was a natural teacher, having the gift of imparting to others that which she herself so well knew. Her services were sought by such institutions as Perkins Institution for the Blind, Lasell Seminary, and in public schools and private classes. It is pleasant to hear from some of Boston's leading citizens who were under her instruction, the testimony borne to her ability and worth as a teacher. She married Charles M. Hafey, a lawyer in New York, and the one child, a son, born to them, died in infancy.

It was, perhaps, as a writer of verse and as a writer of prose, that she was best known. Her writings were published in papers, periodicals and magazines, and were widely read by a large circle of interested subscribers. For two terms she was Engrossing Clerk at the State House, Boston, for which position she was well fitted; her handwriting being as clear and regular as print, and resembling in smoothness and beauty steel engraving. She was a frequent contributor to this magazine, and any article from her pen was a welcome contribution that was read and enjoyed by its large constituency of readers. It was some years ago that Mrs. Hafey returned to Hillsboro, and to the home of her earlier years to enjoy with her loved ones a well earned and long needed rest. Her life filled to the full with useful service to the individual and the community, had grown and mellowed, responsive to every cry of human need, and ready to lend a hand; she was the same helpful personage all through her more than eighty years of life. With the going of the month of January, 1920, she, too, obedient to the divine mandate, went to that other and better home, even an Heavenly. On Tuesday, February 3, at 2 o'clock p. m., relatives and friends gathered at the old home to pay the last tribute of respect and love to her memory. At her request, Rev. Harry L. Brickett, pastor of the Elm Street Congregational Church, Southbridge, Mass., was the officiating clergyman. She was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery between the two villages, where sleep the honored and patriotic dead, in the family lot, by the side of her loved ones gone before, with the setting of the sun.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S MOST FRIENDLY TREES

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

The Oak

"A glorious tree is the brave old oak,
That has stood for a thousand years
Has stood and frowned
On the trees around
Like a king among his peers."

The oak has well been called the king of the forest. It stands for rugged strength—the "Mighty Oak" men call it. An oak tree is the embodiment of strength and grandeur. Its limbs are strong with the life long wrestle with the winds. The spirit of strength, endurance, long-life that attaches to the oak has been observed for thousands of years; the Romans crowned their heroes with chaplets of oak leaves, and the Druid priests offered their sacrifices to the oak. In Germany of the middle ages it was said the oak was the special tree of Thor, the God of thunder and power. As we might expect in a tree of such strength, the oak shows individuality, and there is more variety among the oak trees than is found among other of the tree families. Each tree has individuality, and looking at a hundred oaks you will find all different where the pines and other families are so much alike.

It is said there are over 300 species of oak tree—the white, red and yellow oaks are the ones best known in New Hampshire; as is also the little scarlet or scrub oak, which while having little beauty in a single tree, yet they unite in giving us the first blows of the golden foliage in the fall and retain their leaves throughout the winter in spite of storms and winds.

Probably of the trees known in history more are oaks than of any other—this is largely because of the great length of life of the oak. Most famous of these is the famous "Charter Oak" of Hartford, where Capt. Wadsworth hid the charter of the colony of Connecticut when Major Andros demanded its surrender in 1686. Boston's "Liberty Oak" planted when the colony was four years old and destroyed in the siege of Boston, was mourned for years. Dedham has an oak which was sought to be bought to make timber for the frigate Constitution. Billerica has its oak under which Washington rested as he toured New England, and Bedford has its gigantic Winthrop Oak, which stood on one corner of the farm of John Winthrop in 1637.

When I was a lad yearly I saw the great trunks of 70 to 90 feet in length being drawn to Newburyport for ship timber; and one load once broke thru Chain-Bridge, killing cattle but the drivers saved themselves by jumping. For the first 250 years in New England man's chief business was the destruction of the virgin forests; with axe and torch he cut down the monarchs of years and left the land but a piece of "slashing," and how many an oak withstood for 500 years the winds of New Hampshire storms to fall by the axe of a New Hampshire settler.

Down in Athens, Ga., once lived a man who became so attached to an oak that sheltered him that when he died he made a will and "in consideration of the love he bore the oak, he conveyed to it, possession of itself, and of all land on 8 feet each side of the tree." And there the proud old oak stands, no longer owned by man. Would that

some of the fathers in New Hampshire had held similar regard for some of the grand old oaks that have fallen.

"Sing for the oak-tree, the monarch of the wood.
Sing for the oak-tree, that groweth green and good;
That groweth broad and branching within the forest shade,
That groweth now, and still shall grow, when we are lowly laid."

EDITORIAL

New Hampshire towns, at their annual March meetings, were liberal, but not unwisely so, in the matter of appropriations. Memorials for our brave representatives in the World War continue to engage the public interest, and at least one of permanent artistic value is assured by the decision of the town of Exeter to spend $20,000 in executing the design of her famous sculptor son, Daniel C. French. The welfare and wishes of the survivors of the great conflict were given heed in numerous instances by providing quarters for the posts of their order, the American Legion; and where this action was combined with the establishment or support of a Community House the public benefit was especially well served. A gratifying degree of co-operation between towns and state was in evidence in action concerning the public schools, the public health, highways, forestry, libraries, etc. The usual number of towns provided for Old Home Day observances, and Harrisville, Stewartstown, Wolfeboro, Chester, and possibly other places, took action towards celebrating various anniversaries of their incorporation. The town of Dublin had its new town history ready for inspection on town meeting day and in other towns provision was made for continuing or beginning such work.

Readers of articles contributed to this number on New Hampshire highways, past and present, will be impressed with the important part which roads have played, and continue to play in the history, development, progress and political economy of this state. From the stage coach and the turnpike to the automobile and the boulevard, the course of events can be clearly traced. There was a half century interregnum, during which attention centered upon roads of steel for the iron horse; but now the public highway is again first in importance and its problems of construction and maintenance, complicated by the tremendous increase in motor traffic, come home to every citizen and tax payer. A great deal of money has been wasted upon New Hampshire roads in the past. Even now we are far from getting 100 cents in value for every dollar expended. But conditions are improving. Federal, state and local plans are being linked-up harmoniously and advantageously. Our state highway department, ably directed and tactfully administered, is struggling valiantly to master its difficult situation, and in its work it has, to a constantly increasing degree, the intelligent and sympathetic support of local authorities and the people in general throughout New Hampshire.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

THE TURNPIKES OF NEW ENGLAND: And Evolution of The Same Through England, Virginia and Maryland. By Frederic J. Wood. Illustrated. Pp. 461. Cloth, $10. Boston; Marshall Jones Company.

Tradition is not fact. Nor should it be accepted as a substitute. When it comes to discovering actual facts regarding early New England days and ways, it is necessary to search old records, and, like Mr. Wood, "blow the dust from each volume top as it is taken from its long undisturbed resting place."

Everyone has read about the pathless forests which our ancestors had to open up, and there is a halo of splendor about the old stage-coach days, but an accurate knowledge of what came between is lacking. We have accepted tradition hearsay without investigation; the actual facts as presented by Major Wood are much more interesting. He not only shows how all roads lead to the Turnpike, but so thoroughly, and in a manner easily understood, describes the "ways and means" of the turnpikes in the different New England States that we, much to our surprise, find the account extremely interesting and not as dry as the dust on those same roads, which was quite what we expected.

An article in this number of the Granite Monthly takes us over some of the New Hampshire turnpikes. Naturally we feel that our own turnpikes are a little more interesting than those of other states; our roads in the mountain region prepare the way for magnificent views and wonderful scenery. However the ancestors of most New Hampshire families came from some town in Massachusetts or Connecticut, and we are just as interested in the roads they travelled.

We most heartily congratulate Mr. Wood on having done one of those things that can't be done, and we encore our congratulations for the entertaining and satisfactory way in which he has taken us over the turnpikes of New England.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HENRY W. BLAIR

Henry W. Blair, former United States Senator from New Hampshire, died in Washington, D. C., March 14. He was born in Campton, December 6, 1834, the son of William Henry and Lois (Baker) Blair, both of whom died in his early youth, so that his boyhood was one of hard work and his education limited to the town schools and two terms at the Plymouth Academy. By persevering application he secured admittance to the New Hampshire bar, and in 1859 was elected solicitor of Grafton County. He served in the Civil War as lieutenant colonel of the 15th N. H. Vols., and was twice wounded in the assault upon Port Hudson. He was a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives in 1866 and of the state senate in 1867-8. He served in the 44th and 45th Congresses and then two terms, 1879-1891, in the United States Senate. He was appointed and confirmed as United States minister to China, but was persona non grata to the Chinese government because of his attitude on Chinese immigration, and resigned the appointment. In 1892 he returned to Congress for one term. For the past quarter of a century he has practiced law in Washington, giving much time, also to literature and to activity as a publicist. Senator Blair married Eliza Ann Nelson of Plymouth, a woman of great intellectual gifts, who died January 2, 1907. Their son, Henry P. Blair, is a prominent attorney of Washington, D. C.

Senator Blair received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Dartmouth College in 1873. He introduced into Congress Dec. 27, 1876, the first legislation seeking to prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages. He was an ardent champion of woman suffrage; was the author of the bill establishing the United States department of labor; sought to secure federal aid to the states in education; and introduced and favored in Congress many other pieces of important and progressive legislation. He was the author of many books, pamphlets and magazine articles, of which the most important was a comprehensive volume or "The Temperance Movement."

FRANK J. PILLSBURY

A valued contributor to the Granite Monthly who recently has passed away, was Deacon Frank J. Pillsbury of Concord, who died February 29. The issue of this magazine for February, 1920, contained one of his valuable historical articles.

Mr. Pillsbury was born in Concord, June 3, 1844, educated in the city schools, and engaged in business pursuits there throughout his life. In 1911 he represented his ward in the New Hampshire legislature. For many years he was the treasurer and one of the most active members of the First Baptist Church, whose history he had written for the Granite Monthly. He was a member of the New Hampshire Historical and Genealogical societies and greatly interested in the subjects of their work. Mr. Pillsbury was prominent in fraternal orders, having been grand master of the exchequer of the Knights of Pythias of the state; a past patriarch of the local I. O. O. F. encampment, and a member of the Patrons of Husbandry and Red Men.

Mr. Pillsbury is survived by a daughter, Dorothy of Concord; two sons, Thomas of Wilmington, Del., and Benjamin of Watertown, Mass.; and a sister, Mrs. Orrin T. Carter of Concord.

ANDREW KILLOREN

Andrew Killoren, who introduced in the New Hampshire legislature of 1889 the bill making Labor Day a legal holiday, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, August 17, 1853, but had lived for 64 years in Dover, where he died February 19, having been engaged in retail business there during most of his life.

He was educated in the city schools and for 18 years showed his interest in them as a member of the board of education. An ardent Democrat in politics, he was a prominent member of the House of Representatives of 1887, 1889 and 1891, and of the State Senate of 1893. At each of these sessions his name was connected with important legislation on labor and other lines. Mr. Killoren had served on the water and health boards, as well as the school board of Dover. He had been state treasurer of the A. O. H. and attended three national conventions of that order.

GEORGE S. MORRILL

George S. Morrill, distinguished civil engineer, was born in Penacook, March 28, 1843, the son of Asa Hall and Naomi (Chadwick) Morrill, and died there Feb-

ruary 9. He attended public and private schools and at the age of 21 went to California where he was engaged in surveying and building. Returning to New England, Mr. Morrill took up the work of railway surveying, and in 1870 began a connection with the Old Colony Railroad which continued throughout his active life. From 1882 until 1895, when the road was absorbed by the New Haven system, Mr. Morrill was the Old Colony's chief engineer and in that capacity had charge of a large amount of important construction work. He was a member of the American and Boston Societies of Civil Engineers. During his vacations and after his retirement from active service, Mr. Morrill travelled widely on this continent and abroad. In November, 1867, he married Miss Clara Moody, who died in August, 1918. Their two sons survive: Asa H. Morrill of Portland, Me., construction engineer of the Maine Central Railroad, and Harley W. Morrill, agent of the Ludlow, Mass., Associates.



GEORGE S. MORRILL

WALTER D. H. HILL

Walter David Hammons Hill, who died at North Conway, March 12, was born in Sandwich, Feb. 26, 1870, the son of David Hammons and Mary (Moulton) Hill. He was educated in the schools of his native town and at Brewster Free Academy, Wolfeboro, and studied law with the firm of Niles & Carr, Lynn, Mass., and with the Sprague Correspondence School. He was register of probate of Carroll county from 1893 until 1901, and later for eight years was county solicitor, prosecuting several important cases. He was a Republican in politics and had served his town as moderator. He was a director of the North Conway Loan and Banking Company and a trustee of the Memorial Hospital there. February 26, 1908, he married Miss Lena Pitman, daughter of the late Lycurgus Pitman. She survives him, as does one sister, Mrs. Bertha Drew of Freedom.

MRS. OCTAVIA C. QUINBY

Octavia, daughter of Benjamin J. and M. Aborn (Batchelder) Cole, was born at Lake Village and died in New York City, March 9. She married Henry Brewer Quinby of Lakeport, governor of New Hampshire 1911-1912, by whom she is survived, and by one son, Henry Cole Quinby, and one daughter, Mrs. Hugh N. Camp, Jr., both of New York City. Mrs. Quinby was a member of the Park Street Church at Lakeport, of the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and of the New York City Chapter of the National Society of American Women. Mrs. Quinby was a woman of great ability and strength of character, devoted to good works and an ardent advocate of important reforms she rejoiced to see largely realized during her lifetime.

JOHN C. PATTEE

John Converse Pattee, born in Brownington, Vt., November 30, 1848, the son of Rev. Moses and Clarissa (Robinson) Pattee, died at his home in North Stratford, February 9. He came to New Hampshire 50 years ago, but previously had represented the town of Bloomfield in the Vermont legislature of 1870, of which he was the youngest member. He had also served in the New Hampshire Legislature; had been treasurer of Coos county; and had held all the offices in his town. The Legislature of 1913 elected him commissary general of the state, but he declined to qualify for the office. Mr. Pattee had been highly successful in the mercantile business to which he had devoted his life. He was a 32nd degree Mason, an Odd Fellow and Knight of Pythias. He is survived by two children; Ethelyn M. and Neal D. Pattee.

BELA CHAPIN

Bela Chapin, oldest of Granite Monthly contributors, died at his home in Claremont, February 24. He was born in Newport, February 19, 1829, the son of Phineas and Lydia (Osgood) Chapin, and graduated from Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, in the class of 1853. He learned the trade of a printer and for a time was the owner of the Dartmouth Press at Hanover. For 50 years, however, he had lived upon the farm where he died. In 1883 he compiled and edited a comprehensive volume, "The Poets of New Hampshire," which had a large sale. He had contributed verse to the Granite Monthly almost from its beginning, and in the March, 1919, issue, appeared a poem written by him on his 90th birthday. He is survived by his widow, who was Miss Sarah C. Melendy, his classmate at K. U. A.

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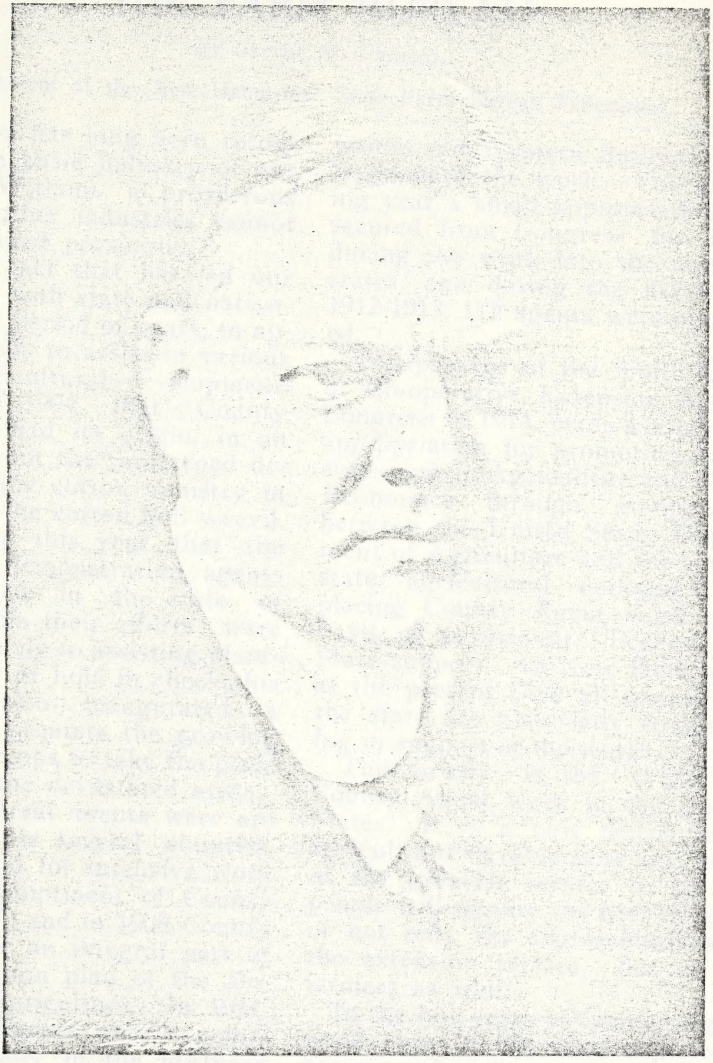
THE FARM BUREAU

By President George M. Putnam

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher
CONCORD, N. H.

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HERBERT C. HOOVER

The Best Man for President of the United States. See Page 215.



THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LII. MAY, 1920 No. 5

THE FARM BUREAU

By George M. Putnam,

President of the New Hampshire State Farm Bureau Federation.

Agriculture has long been recognized as the basic industry of our Country. Without a prosperous agriculture other industries cannot enjoy continued prosperity.

It is this fact that has led our government, both state and national, for a long period of years, to appropriate funds to assist in various ways in agricultural development.

It was in 1904 that County Agent work had its origin, in an effort to prevent the threatened destruction of the cotton industry in the south by the cotton boll weevil. It was during this year that the first federal demonstration agents were appointed in the state of Texas. While their efforts were devoted primarily to assisting planters to destroy or hold in check this pest they also inaugurated a movement to promote the growing of substitute crops to take the place of cotton on the devastated areas.

At first Federal agents were appointed to cover several counties, but the demand for intensive work led to the appointment of County Agents in 1907; and in 1908 County Agents became an integral part of the demonstration plan of the Department of Agriculture. In 1911, four County Agents were appointed experimentally in the northern states, the first being in Broome County, New York. The office of Farm Management at Washington, the Binghampton Chamber of Commerce and the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad jointly financed the work. The following year a small appropriation was secured from Congress for introducing the work into the northern states, and during the fiscal year 1912-1913, 115 agents were appointed.

The passage of the Smith-Lever, or Co-operative Extension Act, by Congress in 1914, made available an appropriation for promoting extension work in Agriculture and Home Economics through co-operation between the United States Department of Agriculture and the several state agricultural colleges, thus placing County Agent work on a basis of permanent Federal and State support. In New Hampshire at the present time all counties of the state are financially co-operating in support of the work.

This briefly is the origin of County Agent work in the United States. It is a new departure in agricultural development and to be of the greatest service to all the people will require the best thought of not only the representatives of the extension service, but of the farmers as well.

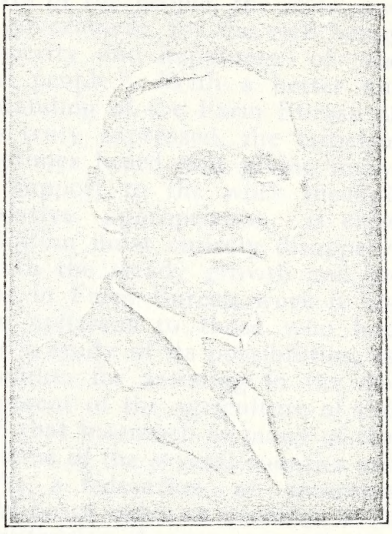
In the few years of County Agent work here in the east, experience has seemed to demonstrate the need of an efficient organization of farm people in every county who are thoroughly in sympathy with the work, who, with the County Agent and the state extension service,

should study the agricultural conditions of the county and adopt a program of work adapted to its needs. It is this organization of farm people, and those interested in the problems of the rural community, organized primarily to serve as a medium through which agricultural extension work of the Department of Agriculture can be made available to the farmer on his farm, that we have come to know as the Farm Bureau. The first Farm Bureau organized in New Hampshire was in Sullivan County in 1913, and other counties organized as follows: Cheshire in 1914; Belknap, Coos and Merrimack in 1915; Grafton, Rockingham and Hillsboro in 1916, and Strafford and Carroll in 1917. The present Farm Bureau membership of the state is nearly seven thousand. Some of the most important subjects considered by the Farm Bureaus in New Hampshire are soil problems, including demonstrations to determine the value of lime to correct the acidity in the soil, making possible the growing of more clover and other legumes. This work alone has resulted in the use of more than 3,000 tons of ground limestone in a singe year. The economical use of fertilizers including home mixing of chemicals and the use of acid phosphate as a supplement to stable manure in furnishing the needed phosphoric acid has been shown. The growing of better crops is another subject that has been given careful attention, including variety tests of different kinds of seed and methods for the control of insects and crop diseases.

The fruit industry has been promoted through better methods of cultivation and pruning and the protection of orchards against insect pests.

The live stock kept on the farm is, in most cases, the market through which the farmer disposes of a large part of the crops grown on his farm. The price he receives for his crop depends largely on the quality of the live stock kept. The Farm Bureau is trying to improve this market by encouraging the establishment of cow testing and breeding associations.

Farmers have been encouraged to assume a larger responsibility in the distribution and marketing of the products of their farm that they



GEORGE M. PUTNAM

may receive a reasonable compensation for their labors and the consumer may be relieved as far as possible of unnecessary service charges.

Farming as a business differs from other lines of business, in that the home is an essential part of the enterprise, and in many counties the Farm Bureau is co-operating in the employment of a Home Demonstration Agent whose duty it is to assist the rural home makers in solving the problems of the home. The activities of this department

include demonstrations in the use of labor-saving devices, advice as to the arrangement of the home with a view to economy in labor, bringing to the county specialists to advise in the making and remodeling of clothing, first aid, and home care of the sick, and especially the latest scientific knowledge on food and food values with a view to improving the health and future efficiency of all our people, and many other subjects of interest to the home.

The boys and girls of today will be the men and women of tomorrow. Realizing this, the Farm Bureau, where its finances will permit, is co-operating in the employment of a Boys' and Girls' Club leader and the establishment of definite projects of work, including Garden Clubs, Corn and Potato Clubs, Pig Clubs, Poultry Clubs, Canning and Sewing Clubs, etc., for the purpose of interesting and instructing the young people of the rural communities in the problems of the farm and home, that they may be better prepared to assume the duties and responsibilities of the future.

New Hampshire has taken a front rank in Farm Bureau work, being one of the first states in the union to complete the organization of all its counties.

During the late war the Farm Bureau, through its County Agent service and Boys' and Girls' Department, rendered valuable assistance to the state emergency food production committee and may justly claim with others, a share of credit for the wounderful record accomplished, as may also the Home Demonstration department for its work in food conservation and the use of substitutes.

Briefly these are some of the activities of the County Farm Bureau. Many other problems of a more general nature may receive consideration. Inasmuch as the County Farm Bureau is partly supported by public taxation, its program of work should be broad enough to include the problems of the community. In the words of a County Agent in another state, the ideal Farm Bureau should be "an organization of people interested in rural affairs which has for its purpose the development of a more economic agriculture, the adoption of better farm and home practices, the establishment of community ideals and the furtherance of all efforts of the people, the state, and the government, for the well being, prosperity and happiness of the rural people." With a better understanding of the Farm Bureau as thus truly expressed, the criticism sometimes heard that giving financial support to the work through legislative appropriation is class legislation must entirely disappear.

With the steady growth and interest in Farm Bureau work it became apparent to those who had made a study of its possibilities, as a medium for assisting in the development of the agriculture of the state, that inasmuch as many of the problems of the several counties are similar, a federation of interests would be of value to consider with the extension department of the State College, matters of co-operative agreement between the College and the County Farm Bureaus, including the adoption of a state program of work and other subjects in which the several county organizations had a common interest. Accordingly, a meeting was called at Concord in December, 1916, and the New Hampshire State Farm Bureau Federation was formed. Its value to the Farm Bureau work has been demonstrated and its field of usefulness broadened until to quote from its declaration of purposes, its object is "not to displace or run

counter to any organization now existing, but rather to develop, strengthen and correlate the work of the County Farm Bureaus of the state, to encourage and promote co-operation of all representative agricultural organizations in every effort to improve facilities and conditions for the economic and efficient production, conservation, marketing, transportation and distribution of farm products, to further the study and enactment of constructive agricultural legislation, to advise with representatives of the public agricultural institutions co-operating with Farm Bureaus in the determination of state wide policies and to inform Farm Bureau members regarding all movements that affect their interests."

This program covers a broad field providing unlimited opportunity for service, to which the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation pledges its best effort with due regard for the welfare of all our people.

The development of Farm Bureau work in all parts of the country and the formation of State Federations of Farm Bureaus in many states, have demonstrated the economic value of organization, and its application in a broader way seemed to many to be desirable. Accordingly a meeting of the representatives of several state Federations was held at Syracuse, N. Y., in February, 1919, to discuss the advisability of forming a National Farm Bureau Federation. At this meeting it was decided to delay organization until the following November, at Chicago.

The Chicago meeting proved to be one of the most representative gatherings of bona fide farmers ever held in this country. At this meeting a constitution and platform were adopted and a temporary organization effected and adjournment made to March 3rd, 1920, at which time the temporary organization was made permanent.

No movement in agricultural circles has attracted so much attention and favorable comment from the press and public, as has the organization of the American Farm Bureau Federation. It is distinctly a farmers' organization. None but actual bona fide farmers are eligible to membership in it. Twenty-eight states representing a membership of more than a million farmers were represented at the organization. The objects as provided in the constitution are "to correlate and strengthen the state Farm Bureaus and similar state organizations and to promote, protect, and represent the business, economic, social and educational interests of the farmers of the nation and to develop agriculture." The resolutions adopted received wide and favorable comment from press and public and ring of true Americanism. Among other things they favor higher individual efficiency, compensation to be based on accomplishments of the day's work, rather than the hours of labor, declare strikes no longer justifiable, declare the waste and extravagance of the present days demand return to the more humble and prudent practices of the past, and pledge the farmers of America to the largest possible production consistent with good husbandry, with a view of relieving the world's dire necessities, and invite the workers of all other industries to join in a spirit of service.

The program of work for this year includes the establishment at once, under the direction of trained experts, of bureaus to take up the following subjects: Transportation, trade relations, distribution, statistics, a legislative bureau and a bureau of co-operation. With the organization of these several bureaus the work of the American

Farm Bureau Federation will be fairly under way. The Farm Bureau Federation is national in scope and is unquestionably one of the most powerful, single organizations in the world. Acting with the Grange, the Farmers' Union and the other national and sectional farm organizations, the Federation and its sympathetic allies form a group that far out-shadow in membership and authority, any other federated group in the nation, or in the world. The Federation is expected at once to exert a dominant influence in national affairs and in a reasonable course of time to aid in the correction of many abuses from which agriculture has suffered.

While the organized farmers are powerful, they are not selfish. Every word and act of the recent Chicago meeting, as expressed by voice and resolution, show a strong national spirit and a desire to be just and fair to all. In times of unrest and discontent, the farmer has always been the main stay and reliance of the government to bring the country back to normal conditions again. At this time organized agriculture has a duty to perform, not to the industry alone but to all our people. The Farm Bureau Federation will not be found wanting.

A REVERY

By Alice D. O. Greenwood.

Low hang the clouds above the purple hills.
The setting sun, in glory streaming thru,
With gorgeous tints the past'ral landscape gilds,
And all its imperfection hides from view.
See, like a mother's tender hand it falls
With soft caressing touch on ruins gray.
Pressing with fervid lips the crumbling walls,
It glorifies mutation, and decay.

Lo, as I gaze, a change is wrought meanwhile,
Where, but a moment since, brown cornstalks stood,
There soldiers grim, in gorgeous rank and file,
Have sprung to arms this side the darksome wood,
That marks the sinuous river's onward flow,
Thru spreading fields of rich alluvial land.
There, close beside its confine, long ago,
We have been wont to see a homestead stand.

Its hearth-stone now has fallen to decay,
And where yon slender ash tree proudly towers,
There once the blazing yule-log lay
And in its light we whiled away the hours.
Oh, happy hours! Oh, joyous youth!
When Hope her gold flecked pinions wore,
When life was love, and love was truth,
I sigh that ye return no more.

And sighing wonder if with mortal breath,
All sensuousness is o'er and done,
And must within the silent halls of death
Sleep on while centuries their cycles run.
Must friendship, hope, ambition, love, and faith,
With all their kindred blessings pass away?
Then is existence but a fleeing wraith,
The evanescent tenant of a day?

Ah, then, is man the plaything of an hour,
Hapless creation of a passing thought,
The gibe, the jest of omnipresent power,
A thing discarded that henceforth is naught?
Oh death, thou mystery of which we know no more
Than doth the worm on which we tread,
We come, we bide a moment and we go,
Go hence, and are called dead.

Oh thou inscrutable estate,
Occult, and dark, and weird and deep,
Luring alike the humble and the great,
Within thy cold dim silent halls of sleep.
What art thou? Wherefore didst thou come?
And hence with all thy trophies, whither dost thou go?
Beneath thy potent spell the mother's lips are dumb,
And unresponsive to her offspring's woe.

The great obey the mandate of thy will,
The humble lay their burdens down for aye,
Thou, thou alone the miser's greed can still,
And thou alone the Shylock's hand can stay.
The clamoring herd grows weary, falls asleep,
Within thy grasp the fairest flesh is clod,
All sentient nature doth thy mandate keep,
Oh thou inscrutable, art thou not GOD?

I gaze on all the myriad worlds that shine
Thru all the vast infinitude of space,
I note the seasons' advent and decline,
And Nature's wondrous loveliness and grace;
And, gazing, wonder if the power that wrought
Such marvelous beauty as with passing breath,
Would bring His glorious handiwork to naught,
And echo on the query, What is death?

THE "GREAT RIVER NAUMKEEK"

ONCE THE SOUTHERN BOUNDARY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

By George B. Upham.

In an article entitled "New Hampshire Town Boundaries Determined by Mason's Curve," published in the January Granite Monthly, the description of the territory granted by the Mason Patent of 1629, was quoted as extending "threescore miles" inland from the mouths of the Merrimack and Piscataqua Rivers. It was there explained that a curve line drawn at such distance from the sea was to form the western boundary of the Patent. It was further stated that in 1751 Joseph Blanchard Jr., began his survey of this curve on the Massachusetts boundary line at the southwest corner of Fitzwilliam which is, by scale, almost exactly sixty nautical miles of 6,080 feet each from the mouth of the Merrimack.

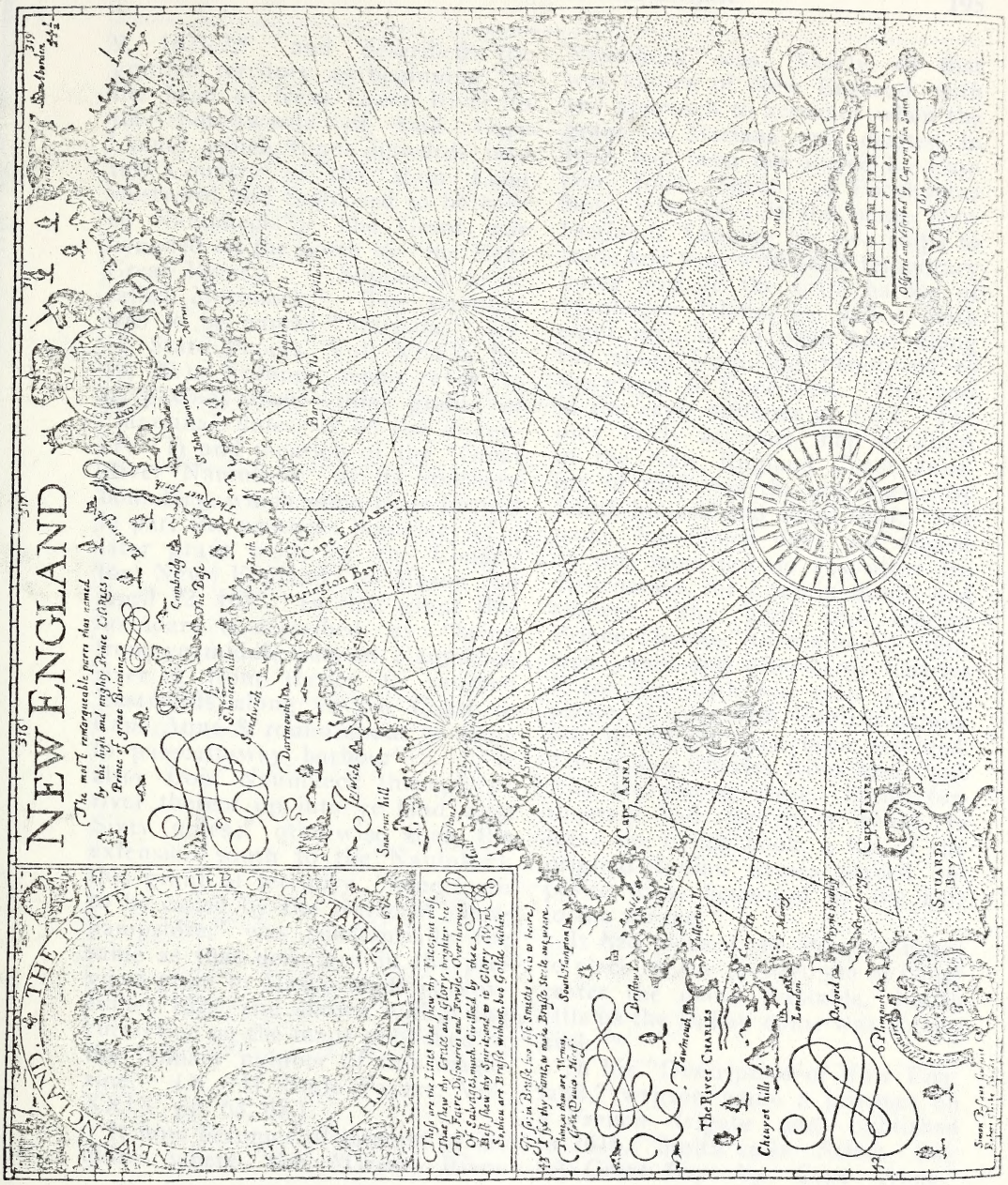
How was the starting point at the southwest corner of Fitzwilliam determined? From what point on the sea was the sixty miles inland measured, and was there intentional use of some mile longer than the statute mile? In the consideration of these questions it should be borne in mind that at the time Blanchard surveyed the curve no such township as Fitzwilliam, or Monadnock No. 4, as it was first called, existed. The tract had probably been surveyed as a preliminary to a charter, but was still ungranted land. It should also be remembered that Monadnock No. 1, frequently called South Monadnock and now Rindge, had been chartered by the Mason Proprietors a year or two previous to the survey of the curve.

In determining the western limit of the sixty miles Blanchard did not measure from the sea, but as stated in his deposition, "I began to measure Westwardly on the Province Line, at the South-West corner of Rindge, *the distance from the Sea to that place being then ascertained.* I measured from thence about 4½ miles; then went Northwardly according to the directions given me." (N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXIX, p. 381.) How had the distance from the sea to the southwest corner of Rindge been ascertained?* In fact when one thinks of it, "the sea" was a somewhat indefinite place to measure from.

In an endeavor to ascertain whence this measurement was made the writer was led to inquire into the location of the "Great River Naumkeek," and in so doing to learn that such river and a line drawn from its "head sixty miles west" was once the southern boundary of a "part of ye Maine land of New England"..... "henceforth to be called by the Name of Newhampshire."

In the Archives of England, Colonial Entry Book, Vol. 59, p. 93, appears "A Grant of Cape Anne in New England.....to John Mason Esqr." This grant was made by the Council for New England (In England commonly called the Council of Plymouth), dated March

* The survey of the recently established Province Line made by George Mitchell and Richard Hazen, in the spring of 1741 did not determine this, for Mitchell's part of the survey, from the sea to the celebrated Pine Tree on the north boundary of Dracut, was along a many angled line approximately three miles north of the winding course of the Merrimack.



This map though dated 1614, the year that Smith obtained the data for its preparation, was not engraved until two years later. It exists in ten states of the plate, each described in the Memorial History of Boston, Vol. I. pp. 52-56. That above is from the second state. Only three names given by Prince Charles remain in their original place; viz Cape Ann, The River Charles and Plimouth. The name Cape Elizabeth, here placed at Cape Small Point, has been transferred from the easterly to the westerly entrance of Casco Bay. The name Boston on the site of York, Me., had no influence in naming the real Boston by men who came from the vicinity of that mediaeval town on the east coast of England.

Cape James is, of course, Cape Cod; Chevyot hills are the Blue Hills; Cary Ils., the islands in Boston harbor; Talbott's Bay is Salem Bay; Bastable, Gloucester; Smith's Iles, the Isles of Shoals. The name Hull is placed near the present site of Portsmouth. It is of course to be understood that the names of towns represented nothing except the Prince's fancy. Point Davies is Cape Neddick; Snadown hill, Mount Agamenticus; Harington Bay, Casco Bay; The River forth, the Kennebec; Barty Ils. Monhegan and Manana, where Smith's ships anchored for the greater part of their stay; Pembrocks Bay is Penobscot Bay; Lomonds are the hills of Mount Desert.



9, 1621-2,* and described the granted territory as beginning "at the head of Next Great River to the Southwards of said Cape [Anne] which runns upwards into the Country of the Main Land westward and Supposed to be called Naumkeck." The Grant was bounded on the north by "the Next Great River.....Supposed to be called Merimack." The territory was to be named "Mariana." (N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXIX, pp. 19, 20.) Nothing seems ever to have come from this grant of "Mariana" unless it be the discovery (?) and mention of the "Great River Naumkeek" as its southern boundary, which same river formed in part the southern boundary of a later grant made by the Council for New England to Mason on April 22, 1635. In that grant this boundary is described as "being from ye middle part of Naumkeck river & from thence to proceed Eastwards along ye sea Coast to Cape Anne & round about ye same to passcattaway harbour"....."& alsoe from Naumkeck through ye river thereof up into ye land west Sixty miles;" otherwise than the extension south to the Naumkeck this grant of territory, "henceforth to be called by the Name of Newhampshire," was substantially the same as that described in the previous grant to Mason made in November 1629, and shown within the curve line on the maps published in the January number of this magazine. (N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXIX, pp. 63, 65.)

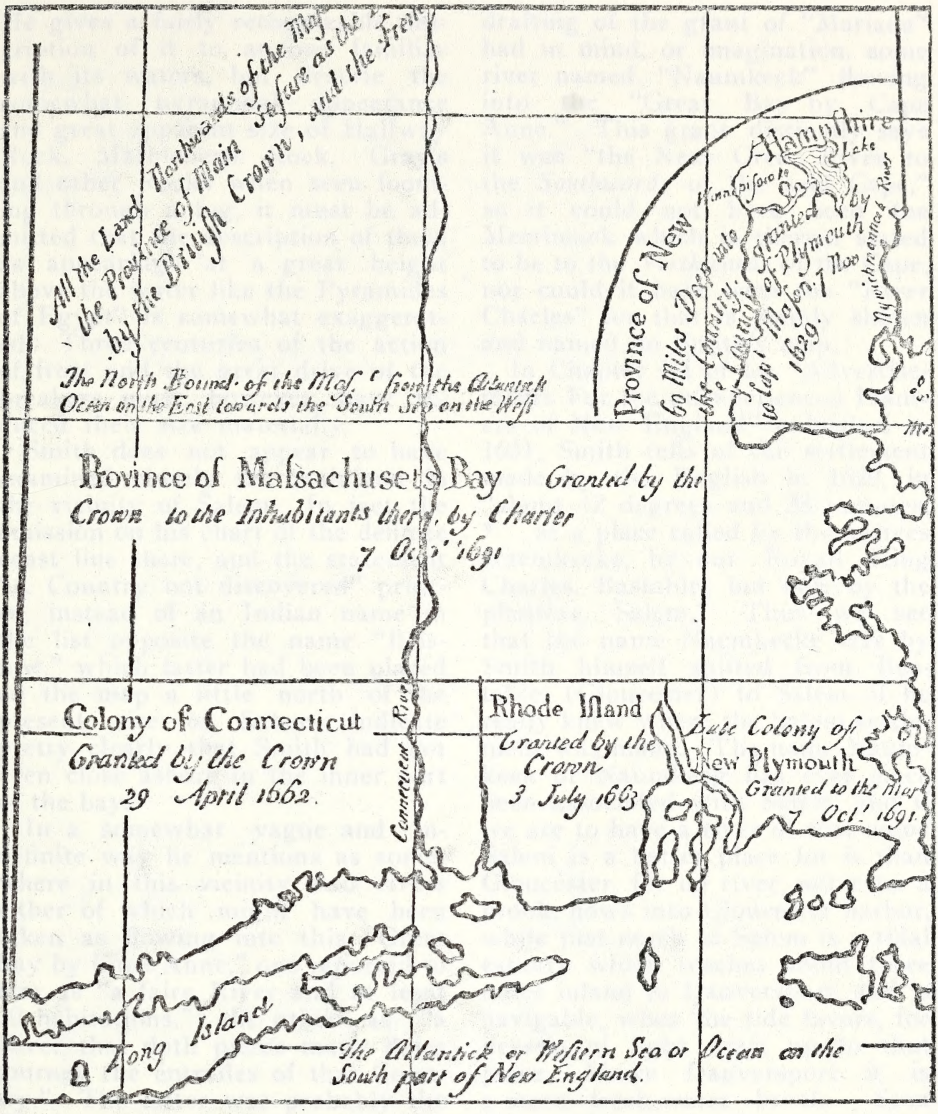
It now becomes of interest to inquire where the "Great River Naumkeek" was. Nearly all that was known of New England, with any approach to accuracy when the grant of Mariana was drafted in 1622, had been discovered by Captain John Smith of Pocahontas fame, who gave it the name New England. Leaving his two ships to trade and fish, with their temporary home port in the little harbor of Monhegan Island, he sailed with eight men in an open boat along the shore from the Penobscot to the elbow of Cape Cod. This was in the early summer of 1614. The only fairly accurate map or chart of the New England Coast existing in 1622 was the one drawn by Smith himself and dated 1614. The name Naumkeek does not appear on this map, nor do any other Indian names, for Captain Smith had allowed "the high and mighty Prince Charles," then a boy of fourteen years and afterwards Charles I, to play with his map and to plaster it over with English names, few of which have been retained. The names Charles River and Cape Ann are among these. Smith fortunately had the good sense to leave us, in his book, a list of the original Indian names placed opposite those bestowed by the heir to the throne.

It had pleased the Prince's fancy to place on the present site of Gloucester the name Bastable. Smith tells us the Indian name was Naemkeck.**

In his "Description of New England," written while a prisoner on a French frigate and published in 1616, Smith calls Salem Bay "A Great Bay by Cape Anne."

* Prior to 1752, when the calendar was reformed, we see many double dates, such as 1621-2. This was because the civil year did not then begin until March 25th, while the historical year began January 1st. Aside from the eleven days which we had fallen behind in the old and then abandoned calendar, the difference in dates was only in the early part of the year, between January 1st and March 25th. For present consideration of these double dates the first year-date given should be disregarded and the second date taken as the real date, for such in fact it was.

** Smith in his various writings gives five different spellings of this name, using "Naemkeck" most commonly. The first settlers spelled it Nehumkeck, also Naimkecke, which later was changed to Naumkeag, but in no form is it now attached to any topographical feature near Salem.



This is a part of a map described on the original as "A SMALL MAP of the SEA COAST of NEW ENGLAND. Together with the Out Lines of Several of the Provinces lying therein: 1738." Its particular interest lies in the quadrant of the Mason Curve and the printing therewithin, also in the straight line drawn from slightly north of the mouth of the Merrimack, and extending "from the Atlantick Ocean on the East towards the South Sea on the West," forming the north boundary of the province of Massachusetts Bay.

The whole of the cut off printed matter in the upper left hand corner of the original map reads as follows: "All the Land Northwards of the Massachusetts Northern Boundary, and lying on the Back of the Province of New Hampshire, and on the Back of the Province of Main so fare as the British Dominion extends, belong to the Crown of Great Britian, and are not yet granted away by the British Crown, and the French Settlements approach very near on the back of the Province of Main."

All the land to the northeastward of New Hampshire, including all the southern parts of Maine and New Brunswick, is marked as granted to the "Inhabitants of the Province of Massachusetts Bay October 7, 1761"; all east of the Kennebec River is with the following proviso, "but not to be granted away by them without the Crowns Approbation."



He gives a fairly recognizable description of it to anyone familiar with its waters, but despite the somewhat pyramidal appearance and great apparent size of Halfway Rock, Marblehead Rock, Gray's and other Rocks when seen looming through a fog, it must be admitted that the description of them as appearing "at a great height above the water like the Pyramides of Egypt" is somewhat exaggerated. Three centuries of the action of frost and the great drive of the breakers must, however, have reduced their size materially.

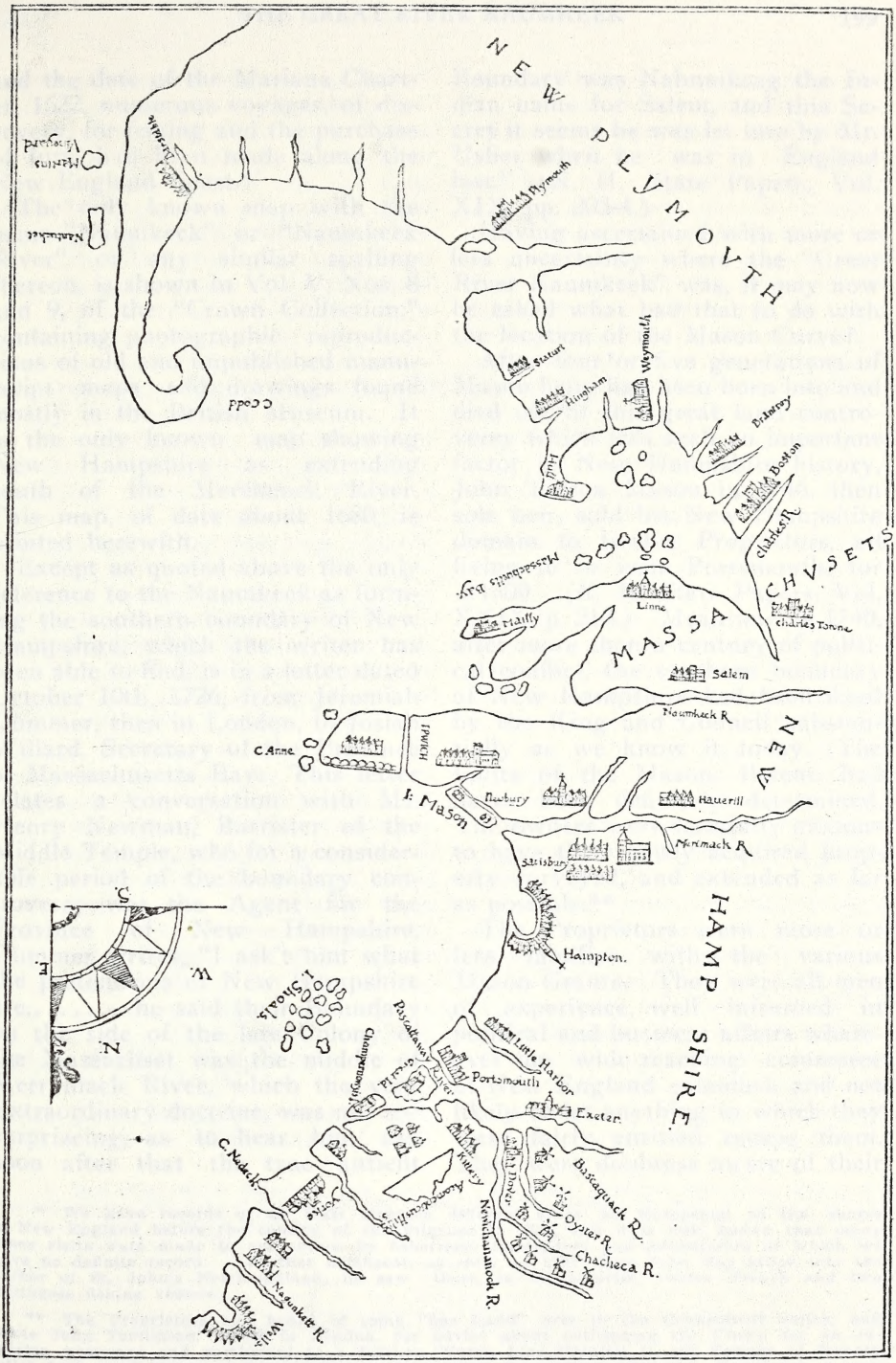
Smith does not appear to have examined closely the mainland in the vicinity of Salem. In fact the omission on his chart of the definite coast line there, and the statement "A Country not discovered" printed, instead of an Indian name in the list opposite the name "Bristow," which latter had been placed on the map a little north of the present site of Salem, indicate pretty clearly that Smith had not been close ashore in the inner part of the bay.

In a somewhat vague and indefinite way he mentions as somewhere in this vicinity two rivers either of which might have been taken as flowing into this "Great Bay by Cape Anne," one reported to him as "a faire River and at least 30 habitations," the other as "a River that doth pierce many daies journey the entrailes of that Country." The latter was probably the Charles.

Since prior to 1622 we know of no other mention than by Smith of Naumkeck or a river in its vicinity, we are led to believe that the geographer who then advised in the drafting of the grant of "Mariana" had in mind, or imagination, some river named "Naumkeek" flowing into the "Great Bay by Cape Anne." This grant distinctly says it was "the Next Great River to the *Southwards* of the said Cape," so it could not have been the Merrimack which is therein stated to be to the *Northwards* of the Cape, nor could it have been the "River Charles" for that is plainly shown and named on Smith's map.

In Chapter XI of his "Advertisements For the unexperienced Planters of New England" published in 1631, Smith tells of the settlement made by the English in 1629, in "about 42 degrees and 38 minutes, * at a place called by the natives Naemkecke, by our Royall King Charles, Bastable; but now by the planters, Salem." Thus we see that the name Naemkecke was by Smith himself shifted from Bastable, (Gloucester) to Salem, if he really knew where the Salem settlement was made. The name Naumkeek or Naumkeag has ever since been associated with Salem, and if we are to have a river of that name Salem is a better place for it than Gloucester, for no river, not even a brook, flows into Gloucester harbor, while just north of Salem is a tidal estuary which reaches about three miles inland to Danversport, and is navigable, when the tide favors, for vessels of light draft up to that place. Above Danversport it is a mere fresh-water brook. Seen from Salem Bay this estuary has the appearance of the mouth of a large river. Smith apparently had never seen it but others may have, for in the seven or eight years intervening between Smith's voyage

* This is within a mile of the correct latitude of Gloucester which is about five miles, or minutes, further north than the latitude of Salem. This might indicate that Smith thought it was there that the Salem settlement was made, but with the crude cross-staff then in use for taking the sun's altitude an error of five miles or more in latitude was not uncommon. Smith, however, was not far out in the latitudes given on this chart. He very wisely did not undertake to give the longitudes for without a chronometer he had no means of ascertaining them. The relative distances east and west, obtained by his dead-reckoning, came suprisingly near to being correct.



This map is Nos. 8 and 9 of Vol. V. of the "Crown Collection" consisting of photographic reproductions of unpublished maps and drawings found mostly in the British Museum. Only fifty prints of those photographs were taken, only twenty-five sold. Otherwise than in this collection of photographs it is believed that this map has never heretofore been published. The librarian of the renowned Essex Institute of Salem knows of no other publication. This is the only known map showing New Hampshire as extending south of the Merrimack. Note the word New south of that river. It is also the only known map on which the name Naumkeek River appears in any of the various ways of spelling. The original map is drawn on parchment. Its size is 3 ft. 9 in. x 2 ft. 3 in. Its date is about 1680.



and the date of the Mariana Charter, 1622, numerous voyages, of discovery, for fishing and the purchase of furs, had been made along the New England Coast.*

The only known map with the name "Naumkeck" or "Naumkeek River" or any similar spelling thereon, is shown in Vol. V, Nos. 8 and 9, of the "Crown Collection," containing photographic reproductions of old and unpublished manuscript maps and drawings found mostly in the British Museum. It is the only known map showing New Hampshire as extending south of the Merrimack River. This map, of date about 1680, is printed herewith.

Except as quoted above the only reference to the Naumkeek as forming the southern boundary of New Hampshire, which the writer has been able to find, is in a letter dated October 10th, 1726, from Jeremiah Dummer, then in London, to Josiah Willard, Secretary of the Province of Massachusetts Bay. This letter relates a conversation with Mr. Henry Newman, Barrister of the Middle Temple, who for a considerable period of the boundary controversy was the Agent for the Province of New Hampshire. Dummer writes, "I ask't him what the pretenc'ons of New Hampshire are,.....he said their Boundary on the side of the late Colony of the Massachset was the middle of Merrymack River, which tho very Extraordinary doctrine, was not soe surprizeing, as to hear him say soon after that the true antient Boundary was Nahumkeag the Indian name for Salem, and this Secret it seems he was let into by Mr. Usher when he was in England last." (N. H. State Papers, Vol. XIX, pp. 203-4.)

Having ascertained with more or less uncertainty where the "Great River Naumkeek" was, it may now be asked what had that to do with the location of the Mason Curve?

After four or five generations of Mason heirs had been born into and died out of this great land controversy which was such an important factor in New Hampshire history, John Tufton Mason in 1746, then sole heir, sold his New Hampshire domain to twelve Proprietors, all living in or near Portsmouth, for £1500. (N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXIX, p. 213.) Meantime, in 1740, after more than a century of political conflict, the southern boundary of New Hampshire had been fixed by the King and Council substantially as we know it today. The limits of the Mason Patent had never been definitely determined. The owners were naturally anxious to have their newly acquired property surveyed, and extended as far as possible.**

The Proprietors were more or less familiar with the various Mason Grants. They were all men of experience, well informed in political and business affairs whereever the wide reaching commerce of New England extended, and not likely to let anything to which they were fairly entitled escape them. They were doubtess aware of their

* We have records of at least nineteen different visits of Europeans to the shores of New England before the coming of the Pilgrims in 1620, and it is well known that many other visits were made to our shores by fishermen, fur-traders and adventurers of which we have no definite record. Further northeast, as early as 1527 when John Rut sailed into the harbor of St. John's Newfoundland, he saw there, to his surprise, twelve French and two Portugese fishing vessels.

** The Proprietors had heard of some "fine Land" over in the Connecticut valley, and wrote John Tomlinson, Agent in London, for advice about petitioning the Crown for an extension westward and northward to a further "Curve Line Parallel to our Former of Twenty miles deep or of Thirty or fourty Miles so as to meet Connecticut [River]." Tomlinson, a man of great good sense, replied, "I think it would be the wrongest Step that Could be taken..... first Make good & Establish Your right beyond Contriversy." i.e. against the holders of the Allen title. (N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXIX, pp. 280-282.)

right to have the "threescore miles" inland measured as miles were understood in 1629 when their Patent was granted. They must have known the length of the old road mile in England for some of them had travelled there. We may readily understand that they may have been in some doubt about the place on the sea from which the sixty miles inland were to be measured, but they needed no advice to appreciate that the longer the mile the larger their domain.

They discussed it and the survey of the curve at their usual weekly meeting place, Ann Slayton's Tavern in Portsmouth, perhaps over mugs of flip and long churchwarden pipes filled with Virginia tobacco brought up the coast in one of their own brigs. Daniel Pierce was one of their number, and probably knew a little more about geography and surveying than any of the others, so they informally agreed to leave it to Daniel. He doubtless knew of the survey that had been lately made, in March 1750, by Johnson and Bridges, employed by the Massachusetts grantees of Rowley-Canada, now Rindge, in an effort to protect their claims from seizure by the Mason Proprietors. This survey was not at all to the Proprietors' liking, for the surveyors had reported that they had "run a line from three miles North of Black Rocks in Salisbury Sixty miles Due West,* and find that sixty Miles extends one mile and a quarter into Canada Township," (Rindge) a much shorter distance from the sea than was pleasing to the Proprietors. It therefore behooved Daniel to find some more satisfactory measurement. He looked up the old grants, brushed up his knowledge of geography, and so came to know, or suspect, that sixty miles from the "head of the Naumkeek" would bring the curve further west than would sixty miles from the mouth of the Merrimack, thus giving the Proprietors a larger domain. He therefore prepared a map for Blanchard, which has been lost, and in his instructions about surveying the curve told him to "begin on the Province line at the Southwest Corner of the Township called South Manadnach (Rindge) & to measure upon the Province line till it intersects a curve line drawn from *a point Sixty Miles west from the head of Naumkeek.*"**

We can imagine Daniel with solemn countenance, without even the wink of an eye, giving these instructions to Blanchard, and he was reasonably safe in doing so for it is very doubtful whether anyone knew where "the head of Naumkeek" was.

Blanchard reported that he measured from the southwest corner of Rindge about 4½ miles Westwardly on the Province Line, then went Northwardly as directed. (N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXIX, p. 381.) As a matter of fact he measured westwardly six statute miles and there began to survey northwardly on the curve. We know this be-

* Had they really measured due west for the same distance from the place mentioned they would have found themselves in the southwest corner of what is now Peterboro.

** (See N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXIX, p. 438.) The deed from John Tufton Mason to the Proprietors made in 1746 conveyed only the tract comprised in the grant of 1629, in which there was no mention of the Naumkeek. By the terms of that grant it seems reasonably clear that the measurement of the sixty miles to the west should have been from the mouth of the Merrimack. Not long before it was arranged to have Blanchard survey the Curve the Proprietors acquired for the moderate price of twenty shillings all the right, title and interest of John Tufton Mason to the land north of the Naumkeek and the line sixty miles west therefrom. (N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXIX, p. 274.) The small consideration paid and the fact that the grant of this tract made by the Council for New England on April 22, 1635, had never been confirmed by the King, (See Narrative and Critical History of America, Vol. III, p. 310), leads us to think that the Proprietors were buying not land but merely an excuse to do their measuring from the "head of the Naumkeek" instead of from the mouth of the Merrimack.

cause the charter of Monadnock No. 4, now Fitzwilliam, granted only a few months later, states the southern boundary as "Beginning at the West Line of Mason's Patent So Called Where that Crosses the Dividing Line Between the Province of the Massa Bay & the Province of New Hamps & runs from thence.....East by Said Line six miles to the Southwest Corner of South Monadnock."*

How are we to reconcile this with Blanchard's statement that his measure between the same points was "about 4½ miles?" Not by allowance for "swag" (sag of the chain.) A mile and a half in four and a half would be altogether too much "swag," and then it is highly probable that Blanchard himself made both measurements. We can account for it only by believing that the 4½ were the "old miles," in use in England when and long after the Mason Patent was granted, which would be very nearly equal to six statute miles.

Thus strange and far fetched as it may seem the present position of a large number of town boundaries and farm property lines in New Hampshire appear to have been affected by the visit of Capt. John Smith to the New England coast in 1614, with the consequent laying off of the Mason Curve from the head of an insignificant tidal estuary near Salem. These same town and farm boundaries appear to have been still further affected by the length of the old English mile.

* (N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXVII, p. 260.) Stearns in the History of Rindge, much superior to the average town history, says, "The Mason Proprietors conveniently fixed upon the southwest corner of Fitzwilliam as the termination of the sixty miles from the sea, by which, with an accomodating elasticity of the *curved* line, they successfully embraced the eight Monadnock townships and others to the north of them," but the careful author makes no attempt to trace how they managed it to fix upon that place as the termination of the sixty miles.

Respecting the location of the Mason Curve the following seems to some extent material. For a year or two prior to the survey of the curve the Blanchards, fathers and son, had been very familiar with land in the vicinity of Rindge, Fitzwilliam and Richmond. They had in all probability made the surveys preliminary to granting the charters for each of these townships, all before the survey of the curve in October, 1751. The charter for Fitzwilliam, originally Monadnock No. 4, was granted in January 1752, that for Richmond in February 1752, but the surveys were doubtless made some months previously, probably in the summer or fall of 1751. Colonel Blanchard as agent for the Proprietors had issued and signed the charters for Monadnock No. 4 (Fitzwilliam) and South Monadnock (Rindge). Both he and his son were grantees of Richmond. They owned numerous lots of land in each of these three townships. Colonel Blanchard owned the lot at the southwest corner of South Monadnock, so when his son began there, as directed by Daniel Pierce, to measure west on the Province Line, he began at the corner of his father's lot as well as at the southwest corner of that town. The Blanchards lived in Dunstable, now Nashua, only twenty-five or thirty miles distant from these towns.

Richmond is the town immediately west of Fitzwilliam and has its eastern boundary on the curve. It had been granted as Sylvester-Canada, to Capt. Joseph Sylvester and his men by Massachusetts in 1735 and surveyed by Josiah Willard in 1736. He had marked a hemlock tree at the southeast corner with the letters J. S. and it seems probable that Blanchard, Jr. began the survey of the curve from this same tree. (N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXIV, pp. 272-280; Vol. XXV, p. 469; Vol. XXVII, p. 260; Vol. XVIII, pp. 198-204.)

THE DARTMOUTH LITERARY OR DEBATING SOCIETIES

By Asa Currier Tilton.

PART II.

Societies other than literary had now begun to appear in the College. The church was the earliest organization in the college community. The first secular organization—closely connected with the Church, however—was musical. There are indications of its existence at the first Commencement in 1771; but it is not definitely mentioned until 1792, when it is called "The Musical Society," or "The Choir." It had its Anniversaries until 1802. A movement spread over New England, soon after 1800, for the improvement of church music and took form in musical societies in the towns and colleges. One of the foremost of these, "The Handel Society of Dartmouth College," was established in 1807, superseding the Musical Society, was active for half a century, and finally ended in 1888.* It owned a library and a collection of musical instruments; and celebrated its Anniversaries at Commencement. It joined with similar societies in giving exhibitions for the purpose of aiding the reform—one was given at Concord in 1810 and one at Amherst in 1811. It did not escape the later attacks on societies. These, after 1803, were directed less against the two great societies than against the small and select literary organizations and societies of religious and moral purpose.

The formation of a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, in 1787, was due to the desire of the ablest and most earnest Juniors and Seniors for a literary society which would be smaller, more select and serious, and less subject to student politics and disturbances than were the great societies. Its debates were conducted by two disputants who prepared their arguments and two who spoke extemporaneously. The literary societies were tolerant toward the chapter, when they found that it did not attempt to compete with them in having a library and that it took members from both without discrimination. In early days it elected one-third of the junior class at the end of the college year. It exclusiveness marked it for attack by the elements that were hostile to societies.

Soon after 1800 there was a reaction in all the colleges from the irreligion and low standards of the preceding decades. This manifested itself in the formation of moral, religious, and mission study societies. At Dartmouth, in 1801, a Religious Society was established; and some years later, we find a Theological Society and a Society of Religiosi. These combined, in 1808, into the Theological Society of later years—the only one of the old societies which has lived on, under various amalgamations and changes of name, into the present century. A Society of Inquiry was started, in 1821, for the study of missions—a type which developed under the influence of the newly-awakened interest in foreign missions. The exercises of these societies were, at first devotional; but, later, they added dissertations and debates; and had an oration, or a sermon, at

(*10) Judge Cross, Class of 1841, calls it The Handel and Haydn Musical Association.

their Commencement Anniversaries.

The conditions in the great societies which prompted the formation of Phi Beta Kappa, resulted, from time to time, in the establishment of select local societies—less cumbersome and formal, and more intent on improvement. In 1793 the Independent Society, or Confederacy, (the "Potmeal Society") was started—not as a select society, however, but as a "Grand Liberal Society." It appears to have lost its radical character; and in 1799, it joined with the United Fraternity from which its leading members probably came—in the face of strong objection from the Social Friends—and continued for several years as the Dartmouth Literary Adelphi with a standing which enabled it to hold Anniversaries. Between 1808 and 1812 there was a small society, called Philoi Euphradias; and there may have been others, at this period, of similar character. (*11)

For the story of these years we may profitably concentrate our attention on the student life of another of Dartmouth's noted graduates, Amos Kendall. Before doing so, however, a reminder may be in place not to forget these ephemeral societies; for we shall need to have them in mind when we come to the formation of fraternities and the downfall of the great societies.

Kendall entered college in March, 1808, as a member of the Class of 1811; and in April he became a member of Social Friends. The narrative, in his *Autobiography*, of his student life gives prominence to the small societies, and pictures very clearly their relation to the great societies and the conditions therein which gave rise to the select groups. (*12)

His class had organized the "Gumnasion Adelphon," a club of about fifteen members, early in its freshman year and Kendall was invited to join it. Its purpose was mutual improvement and the promotion of friendship. Members were selected for their good morals and earnest purpose; and this made it a power for good in the class. Class consciousness and loyalty were developing. The club was not formally secret; but it was agreed that it should not be mentioned (probably to avoid attack) and its existence was unknown to outsiders. There was no constitution, and the members presided in turn at the weekly meetings, which were held in their respective rooms. The exercises consisted of declamations and compositions, which were criticised by all, and discussions. It successfully carried out its ideals; and Kendall looked back upon it as his pleasantest and most profitable student experience. In his sophomore year he became a member of the Handel Society and was active in its work. He was at the exhibition at Concord which was given by this and similar societies and included an oration by the Rev. Samuel Worcester of Salem (Class of 1795).

(*11) The informal nature of these societies and their frequent lack of a name make it difficult to differentiate between them in the references to their existence and activity. Some, doubtless, existed which have left no record, or even tradition.

(*12) After graduating, he studied law; and went to Kentucky in 1814, where he practiced and was a journalist. He was a Democrat and was influential in Jackson's administration and very active as a newspaper writer. He was Fourth Auditor of the Treasury and Postmaster General. In 1845 he became associated with Samuel F. B. Morse in the promotion of the telegraph. His energy and ability went far in making the invention a commercial success, and made him wealthy. He lived in Washington for the remainder of his life and contributed generously of his time and means to religious and philanthropic enterprises.

This year was marked by attacks on the temperance men in college. They arose from an attempt of the temperance men in Kendall's class—he was one of them—to reform "Quarter Day." This was a day on which each class gave an exhibition, following the announcement by the faculty of "Appointments," or honors. The recipients of the highest were compelled, by custom, "to stand treat"; and the practice caused much drunkenness and disorder. The temperance men succeeded in persuading the class to abolish the custom by formal vote; but the disorderly element succeeded in winning over enough votes to make a repeal of the resolution inevitable. Thereupon some of the temperance men signed a pledge not "to treat." Kendall read it in a class meeting and asked for other signatures. This produced such a storm that no one dared to add his name. Eight of the high honors went to the signers of the pledge. An attempt was made to stop the exhibition by creating a disturbance; and some students were dismissed in consequence. Kendall and his associates were very unpopular for a considerable time in consequence of their stand against the abuse. In their senior year, however, they had the satisfaction of seeing the practice stopped by the faculty.

Kendall was never backward in championing causes in which he believed; and a political controversy increased the unpopularity which his attitude on temperance had brought upon him. It was proposed to have a non-partisan Fourth of July celebration in 1810. As three-fourths of the students were Federalists an adherent of that party was, quite properly, chosen orator. Kendall, a Republican-Democrat, was chosen poet. He felt, however, that the orator was so pronounced in his political attitude that the celebration could but be a political affair; and, consequently, he declined to serve as poet. This set the pot—already bubbling merrily over the temperance question—to boiling furiously. There was great excitement and the turbulent element went to extremes. The faculty—as Federalist as the students—took sides with their party. This brought the more moderate men, like Kendall, into the fray; and it was a considerable time before the ill-feeling, which the episode aroused, was allayed. These incidents are valuable illustrations; for they show that intense interest of the students in public and political affairs which prompted them to fit themselves for active participation therein and gave vitality to the debating societies. Kendall felt that the unpopularity which accrued from these conflicts weighed heavily against him; but he says that he regained his standing in student opinion. All the honors which were his due certainly came to him. He was a Phi Beta Kappa, and in his junior year, was selected to deliver an oration before his society, which was, as we have seen, strongly Federalist. (*13)

In April of the same year (1810) he was elected to Philoi Euphradias, members of which were chosen from the best men in the two great societies. This was the year of the agitation over the Fourth of July celebration. Philoi faced the hostility against which the small societies now had to contend. An attempt was made in both the great societies to pass laws to prohibit members from joining on the ground that it was harmful to them,

(*13) It must be borne in mind that this narrative of Kendall's college experiences is based on his *Autobiography*, and that it must be read as his recollections after an active political life.

and that a student could not be faithful to both. In the Social Friends the motion was strenuously resisted by the Philoi who were members; but it was passed. The Philoi, including the President, Kendall, and others, then asked dismission. This brought matters to a crisis, as it removed most of the officers and leading members. The President had left the room when his dismission was not granted. The law was repealed, and the seceding members were asked to return. The champions of higher standards had again triumphed; but the Philoi had to face new attacks and were subject to annoyances. They wore their medals and ribbons—in accordance with the general custom of the societies of that day—and were roundly jeered for their ostentation. (*14)

In 1809 the Theological Society—still often called the Religiosi—the Social Friends, the United Fraternity, Phi Beta Kappa, and the Handel Society, all celebrated their Anniversaries within the two days preceding Commencement Day. This is a typical schedule; in some years other Anniversaries, as that of Philoi, are to be added. The congestion furnished every opportunity for rivalry to burst forth into active conflict. Such an outbreak furnishes the closing episode in Kendall's account of his college career.

We have seen that the rivalry between the United Fraternity and the Social Friends over their Anniversaries became so intense that in 1796, the exercises were suspended for two years, and that in 1800, they were definitely abolished. They were revived in 1811, Kendall's senior year. He was sure that he would be chosen orator by his Society, if he would accept this, the highest honor within its gift; but he had literary ambitions in the field of poetry and the drama, and preferred to take second place where he could try his pen. He was unanimously elected poet. His production was a long tragedy, entitled: *Palafox*; or, *The Siege of Saragossa*. It was accepted by the Society. A long tragedy was likewise written for the United Fraternity by Nathaniel Wright. Each society desired to have its Anniversary on Tuesday, because Commencement guests were then in Hanover in full numbers. A battle was the inevitable result in which each society used every possible historical, technical, and other argument in support of its right to that day. The struggle became so heated that the faculty was on the point of forbidding the presentation of both tragedies. The societies then tried various expedients for settling the dispute. They named a joint committee to decide which tragedy was the better; but it divided by societies and came to no decision. The authors then submitted their manuscripts to each other with a like result. Kendall surmised that Wright would rather have his play given on Monday than not presented at all and that he would, therefore, persuade his Society to accept that day. He, consequently, had the Social Friends declare that their play would be given on Tuesday, or omitted entirely. This aggressive strategy won the day; Wright's tragedy was given on Monday and Kendall's on Tuesday. "On both evenings the College edifice was illuminated, which made a brilliant and enchanting appearance. The tragedies were performed before crowded houses with much applause."

The composition of *Palafox*, the author tells us, had been a laborious task. It was long and had both

(*14) Philoi was sometimes called the "Oratorical Society."

prologue and epilogue. The supervision of its production was equally arduous. Kendall had never been in a theatre, and had only book knowledge—and, doubtless, slight at that—of stage methods. But he selected actors and costumes, and was stage manager. The performance was a success, and his play was considered superior to that of his rival. His college career ended in triumph. His tragedy was praised; and, in the face of several prolonged absences while teaching to earn money to pay his college expenses, he graduated at the head of his class. He did not take his diploma, partly because he disliked the President of the College, and partly because he despised the pretence of the hollow formality.'

After graduation he revised his play and introduced female characters, which were not allowed in college plays. On the advice of friends he sent it to the manager of a Boston theatre in the hope that he might sell it and get money to help him in his study of law. It was not accepted, however. He wrote another tragedy, *The Fall of Switzerland*, and several poems; but could not sell any of them.

The resumption of Anniversary Exhibitions had brought with it a disturbing outbreak of society rivalry which compelled the faculty to limit the exercises. In 1799 the societies abrogated the agreement which was intended to keep their membership equal and prevent trouble from their ambition to excel in numbers; and during some years the contest for members was unregulated. Kendall says that two-thirds of the students were members of Social Friends. Soon the faculty interfered here also; and in 1814, compelled the societies to accept a system of alphabetical assignment and election combined. This was modified and made more stringent; but was evaded until in 1825, the assignment was made absolute and new students were divided between the two societies by lot with no choice but to accept their fate. This system prevailed to the end—even after the societies had become mere administrative machines for supporting the libraries.

While the societies still had several decades of useful, active existence before them, faculty control marks the beginning of their decline. The frequent disturbances and the conditions which led to the formation of small societies show their weaknesses. From organic student life they were slowly transformed into mechanical instruments of college government, as the College took up functions which the students had performed of themselves, for themselves, and by themselves. At the same time changes in national ideals and the increasing complexity of life, with its differentiation of tastes and pursuits, were undermining the old educational aims of college and literary society and were destroying the community of purpose and interests which made it possible for the whole student body to organize in two great societies—rivals in the pursuit of the same ends. This should be borne in mind while we tell the story of the years during which they were still vigorous and come to the years when they fade away and disappear.

The printing press was brought into play in advancing the fame of the societies. They printed catalogues of their members and of their libraries. The United Fraternity published catalogues of members in 1818 and 1840; and the Social Friends in 1822, 1826, and 1839. Phi Beta Kappa, also issued catalogues—the first in 1806. Later when membership was perfunctory

and practically nothing more than a tax list for supporting the libraries, they issued several editions of *Constitutions and By-Laws*—the Social Friends in 1858, 1861, and 1873; the United Fraternity in 1862 and 1873. To the catalogues the enthusiastic society man went for justification of his pride in his society and for ammunition to use in contests with its rival. Famous alumni were exploited to the utmost. What combinations of famous graduates must have been made to balance the name of Webster? And in how many youthful minds did this hero worship awaken ambitions which were the most potent influences of their student days?

They also printed catalogues of their libraries. The Social Friends issued them in 1810, 1817, 1820, 1824, 1831, 1841 and 1857; the United Fraternity in 1812, 1815, 1820, 1824, 1835, 1840, and 1852. The College Library catalogue of 1825 has forty-four octavo pages, the United Fraternity catalogue of 1824 has forty-seven, and the Social Friends catalogue of the same year, forty-three. Each society strained its resources to the utmost to have more books than the other. The College Library contained few volumes that any student would care to read, or refer to. The libraries were, perhaps, the most useful branch of society endeavor; and were, certainly, the most permanent. From the start they received attention, not exceeded, even, by that given to the Anniversaries; and they were looked upon with the same pride, and were used for the same purposes, as were the distinguished alumni.

One episode in the history of these libraries has a very intimate connection with the general history of the societies and the College. It occurred in connection with the attempt of the State to change the name of the College to "University" and to alter the personnel of its governing board by amending its charter. The State intervened in a College feud from political motives. The controversy was ended in favor of the College by the famous and far-reaching decision of the United States Supreme Court in the *Dartmouth College Case*. A case, noted, also, because the Court, in its decision followed so closely the reasoning of the brief and argument of the counsel for the College. It is one of Webster's great achievements in the interpretation of the Constitution.

In 1817, after the Superior Court of the State had upheld the law which amended the charter of the College, "the University faculty" (there were two hostile institutions attempting to occupy the same buildings and do the same work) seized the College Library of about 4,000 volumes. The societies needed no argument to convince them that their libraries were in danger of meeting the same fate. They acted with the promptness and energy which we should expect them to display in the defence of their most cherished possessions. Committees of Safety were chosen, and most of the books were removed from their rooms in the College Hall before the invading faculty attempted to take control of them. The attack was made and met with student pugnacity. Rufus Choate was Librarian of the Social Friends at the time, and displayed the same energy and resourcefulness in the physical defence of his client's property that he did later in the more quiet and orderly intellectual contests of the court room.

He hired a room in the house where he lived, and had the members of the Society take the books to it under cover of night. Part of them had been removed and the

rest packed in trunks for carriage, when the University authorities learned of the proceedings. The University President ordered the Inspector of Buildings to take possession of the library rooms of both societies. He collected a posse of two professors, five students, and ten "townies;" and went to the Hall to carry out his orders. They attempted to force the door of the Social Friends, without success; and then cut a hole through which they crawled into the room. The noise brought the members of the United Fraternity, who were holding a meeting on the floor below, and other students to the scene, armed with sticks of cord-wood from a pile in the corridor. One of them, Henry K. Oliver—best known, as a composer, by his *Federal Street*—rushed out, shouting in his deep voice: "Turn out, Social Friends, your library is broken open." The College bell was, also, rung. The alarm quickly brought a crowd of enraged College students to the defence of the libraries. The University party were so overwhelmingly outnumbered that they discreetly surrendered; and, thus, what would have been a dangerous scrimmage was avoided. They were imprisoned in a room in the Hall until the books of both societies had all been placed in safety, and were then sent to their homes. Choate and several others were taken before a Republican-Democratic justice of the peace and held for trial before the Superior Court at Haverhill on a charge of riot. Their accusers were similarly held by a Federalist justice. All were at the county seat on the appointed day; but the grand jury found no bill against them and they were discharged. The episode gave Choate the opportunity of seeing Richardson, Smith, Mason, and other judges and lawyers whose legal ability made the New Hampshire bar of that day famous throughout the United States. Choate had the good fortune to be able to congratulate the College on its victory before the United States Supreme Court in his valedictory at his graduation. This oration was long remembered by his classmates as a production worthy of the brilliant and scholarly endowments which he had already displayed in his college and society speeches. (*15)

The colleges had now begun to introduce the teaching of public speaking—or oratory, as it was then called—into their curriculum; and to replace the antiquated and perfunctory exercises, which had come down from the past, with a system which was better adapted to the times. In 1806 John Quincy Adams became the first Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard on the Boylston Foundation. He held the position until 1809, and delivered lectures which he published in 1810. These had a country-wide influence—though an influence which was, in its ultimate results, far from beneficial. Yale established a professorship in 1817; and Dartmouth followed in 1819, and the next year added oratorical prizes. The first professor, Rev. Charles B. Haddock, was very popular; and "Quarter Days" took on new life. The College was assuming a work which the students had performed with striking success for nearly half a century.

The innovation, however, stimulated interest, for the time being, in the societies, where the students had a platform, venerable and historic, for the practical application of the principles which they were

(*15) Among the narratives of the library episode the account by Crosby (Class of 1820) in his *First Half-Century* is of especial weight.

taught. Small, select societies again appear. They are always in evidence in periods of extraordinary interest in speaking and debating, when the opportunities in the great societies did not satisfy the demand of the better students for earnest effort and outspoken, but frank, criticism. One small literary society of high grade disappears as a literary society—namely, Phi Beta Kappa. In the twenties its literary exercises met with decreasing support, and efforts to revive them failed. They finally ceased, and the chapter became purely honorary. Two new societies were formed to afford better opportunity for practice in extemporaneous speaking. One was the Literary Adelphi (Adelphian, or Alpha Delta, Society), which began in 1821. The other was the Phi Sigma (Assembly of Debaters), which was started by the Class of 1827 and federated with similar class societies. The example of Phi Beta Kappa in using the initials of its name, or motto, as its designation had been, up to this time, rarely followed. Their use in connection with the small societies is not without significance; for the first Greek letter fraternity was founded at Union College in 1825 and the second and third in 1827. At the start, moreover, the fraternities had exercises quite like those of the literary societies, and this was not the only point of resemblance. The Adelphian and Phi Sigma were abolished in 1829, because the faculty considered them inimical to "the character of the ancient and valuable and Rival Societies" and harmful to the College on account of the demands which they made upon the students' time.

This objection bears a close resemblance to those which have been made to the fraternities. The students' week was then as full of society meetings, which, each time, required preparation on the part of some members, as it would be now, if the faculty permitted, of athletics, or—in coeducational institutions—of athletics and social functions. On Monday came the Theological Society, on Tuesday the United Fraternity, on Wednesday the Social Friends, on Thursday Phi Beta Kappa, on Friday the Handel Society, and on Saturday a religious meeting conducted in the village by students. The weekly meetings began much earlier, perhaps at the very start of the great societies, and continued until 1860. The addition of the meetings of small societies might well be viewed with disfavor by the faculty.

In 1841, again, a small society appears. It was called the Antinomian and was restricted to Seniors. A professor presided over its meetings, at which a dissertation, an extemporaneous debate, and an oration were given. In 1843 it was merged in Gamma Sigma, a similar organization. This ended in 1845—the last, apparently, of the small societies, which had been of so much value, and an indication of that waning of interest which would soon carry down the great societies. The first fraternity it may be observed, at Dartmouth was chartered in 1842. Small societies, or clubs, of limited and special appeal occur later, however. Such was one, organized in 1854 by Nelson Dingley, on the model of the United States Senate for practice in parliamentary procedure and debate. (*16)

In the twenties the libraries received more than usual attention. Not only were they increased in size, but new features were added. Members of the Social Friends in the Class of 1827 started a Philo-

(*16) In 1920 there are twenty-two fraternities at Dartmouth.

logical Library to aid and encourage the study of the classics. It is an early instance of the appearance of diversification of interest among the students to which reference has already been made. The cost of the classical books, when added to the contributions demanded for the general library of the Society, was too heavy for its founders to bear; and the project was taken over by the Society. The United Fraternity opened a reading room, which they called an "Athenaeum." This was, surely, for newspapers and the reviews, which were becoming a necessary part of the reading of educated people. The libraries were also opened daily, instead of twice a week, for borrowing and returning books and most of each day for reading and reference use. The societies were, thus, developing reading and reference libraries of the modern type out of the storage warehouse type of the past to which members might go to get books to read, or use for reference, in their rooms. The College Library was still inaccessible, but this involved no loss to the students.

The Society of Social Friends was incorporated in 1826, and the Society of United Fraternity in 1827. This was a procedure commonly followed by societies everywhere. In some instances the motive of the college societies seems to have arisen from the idea that they could, by incorporating, free themselves, in a measure, from faculty control—a hope which was doomed to disappointment. But the more cogent reason was that they felt that their libraries, which they properly considered to be in their hands as trustees, were too valuable to be left to the care of voluntary associations without legal rights or responsibilities.

One other society—of late birth—calls for mention. When the Chandler Scientific School was opened, it was decided—in accord with the narrow college ideals which still survived—not to admit the scientific students to the literary societies. The science men, therefore, established the Philotechnic Society in 1853. It was incorporated in 1854; and, judging from the growth of its library, was active and successful.

The anti-masonic agitation, which swept over the country in the thirties, was directed against all secret societies of whatever nature or purpose. Its chief object of attack in the colleges was Phi Beta Kappa, the single national academic society, for the fraternity system had not yet become national; but the literary societies also fell under its ban. Some of the leaders of the movement—notably John Quincy Adams—were Phi Beta Kappas; and they compelled the chapters to abolish the use of pledges and secrecy. This was done at Dartmouth; and the literary societies followed some years later. As the two great societies were then dividing the student body by lot and the pledge of secrecy had come to be lightly regarded, no fundamental change was involved. Yet it was a formal break with the traditions of three-quarters of a century and the destruction of a historic characteristic which had existed from their foundation, and could not fail to contribute to their downfall.

By 1841 rivalry between the societies—once so intense—had lost its vigor, and their meetings aroused only moderate enthusiasm. In the fifties interest in public speaking had decreased to such an extent that it was impossible to enforce the rules which penalized failure to perform the required exercises. The requirement, though continued to 1897, had lost all value. Likewise interest in the meetings of

the societies had continued to wane. Weekly meetings were nominally held until 1860; but the impulse for work and serious effort was gone. Appointees did not prepare their parts, the order of exercises was not carried through, and the meetings had no life except as they furnished occasion for boisterous fun and disorder. Even as early as 1828, in a lapse from seriousness, one subject of debate was: "Where does the fire go, when it goes out?" The election of officers had formerly stirred the College with their contests between the adherents for the highly prized honors; they now awakened no enthusiasm and drew attention only as the fraternities sought advantage through them. The last regular initiation was that of the Freshmen of the Class of 1854. The ceremony had degenerated into an escapade in which the Freshmen were the victims. They were terrified with stories of the ordeal which they must face, and were roundly jeered when they found that the ceremony consisted of nothing more than rough horseplay which contained no terrors beyond making them the butts of the laughter.

A member of the Class of 1856 (Amos N. Currier) has described the status of the old societies in the college life of this decade. They had been supplanted in usefulness (he writes) by the fraternities; though they still had importance because of their libraries, as a field for college politics, and as a training course in parliamentary practice. With the classes, they furnished the divisions for the football games in which all students had participated. The fraternities had taken their place as organic student life. These were highly esteemed and were very influential. They continued the work of the literary societies in a form modified to suit the ideals of the time (just as the lyceum continued that of the town and city societies). Their weekly exercises consisted of essays, orations, and formal conversations on assigned subjects. The assignments were, as a rule, well prepared; and all formal parts were criticised by the members who heard them. The exercises were arranged to constitute a three year course in history and literature in order to supplement the deficiencies of the college course. New members were admitted at the end of freshman year and were, thus, three years in the fraternity. Their rooms were simply furnished; they had no conspicious social functions; and, aside from a tendency to clannishness, they were a wholesome influence in the social, intellectual, and literary life of the College. (*17)

In 1861 the meetings were changed from weekly to monthly, and were devoted solely to business. The immediate cause of the change was, undoubtedly, the Civil War, which called the students from the classroom and the campus to the tent and the battlefield—a call which they answered then, as they have in the years just closed, with the highest patriotism and self-sacrifice. At the close of the War an attempt was made to re-animate the societies; but in vain. Meetings, which could not be kept up, even when they were held but once a month, were resumed; but soon ceased and have never been revived.

The libraries and Anniversaries remained. In 1874 the books were put into the hands of the faculty and, in 1879, of the trustees under a plan for joint support and man-

(*17) The work of the literary societies and fraternities should be given weight in every discussion of the relative merits of the old, required college course and the present elective system. So far as the writer remembers, this has never been done

agement of the libraries and Anniversaries. But the purely nominal existence of the societies—students often did not know to which they had been assigned—rendered it impossible for them to carry out their side of the agreement; and, between 1879 and 1883, the libraries were consolidated with the College Library. They had become too inchoate to dispose of their property legally, and in 1903, an act of the legislature was obtained, which legalized any meeting of the societies called by a justice of the peace for Grafton County and advertised in three consecutive numbers of *The Dartmouth*, allowed voting by proxy, made a majority of votes cast binding, and authorized the societies to donate, or sell, and transfer their property to the College. Under this law the societies formally transferred the libraries to the College, leaving only the bookplates in the volumes which had been theirs to testify to the traditions of their former power.

In sketching the history of the literary societies we have noted various events and tendencies which weakened them and sometimes threatened them with destruction—the hostility of some students; the impossibility of close friendship, due to their size and the unrestricted admission of members, and the resulting formation of select societies of congenial men; the loss of independence through faculty regulation, which left them hardly more than instruments of college administration; the antimasonic agitation, which robbed them of other elements of sovereignty. Yet they worked on successfully under these handicaps; and then they disappear utterly. That the end did not come suddenly, we have seen; but the completeness of their disappearances surprises us. Why did they survive so many attacks and dissensions for three-quarters of a century, and then disappear so utterly? The Civil War hastened their end, but was not the cause of it. That is to be found in a change of national ideals and intellectual interests and methods, which carried with it a corresponding change in educational aims and purposes. The societies flourished to the middle of the nineteenth century because the people were everywhere deeply interested in public affairs and in moral, theological, and religious subjects. They thought upon them; they discussed them, informally and formally; and they listened with pleasure and appreciation to orations and sermons, and honored the men who excelled in delivering them. The students in the colleges were, for the most part, there to fit themselves for the pulpit, the bar, and public life—all, professions where ability in public speaking was essential to success. Teaching, more often than not, was but a temporary means of support. (*18)

This common national interest was the fundamental basis on which the societies rested through all the years of their success, and the defense which protected them against

(*18) The value which the earnest members of the societies, large and small, placed on their exercises is shown by testimony, repeatedly given in this paper. It is further illustrated by the fact that they continued such exercises after graduation and during their professional preparation. Judah Dana, after his graduation, taught a year in the Moor School and then studied law in Hanover. Here he joined a Debating Club which had been founded the year before by men of similar tastes and purposes, and also went to the meetings of his college society and took part in them. Law students very commonly formed debating clubs; and, like Dana, when they remained in their academy, or college, towns, attended the meetings of their societies.

attack and disintegration. They disappeared because new interests displaced the old; and because students, in consequence, were educating themselves, in increasing numbers, for careers which did not require ability in public speaking as an essential of success. Not only so; but in the older professions themselves oratory fell into disfavor, and was replaced by a simple, but monotonous recital of facts—the fruit of the new scientific methods in investigation and thought. Men went to college to fit themselves for literary work, engineering, business, investigation in science, history, and other fields. The change is clearly portrayed in the college curriculum—the diversification of subjects and courses, and the substitution of the elective system for the one fixed course for all. The interests of the students—like those of the nation—were correspondingly diversified; and we find congenial spirits grouping themselves in organizations devoted to those interests—science, history, literatures, debating (as a special interest among other special interests), sports, and theatricals. A cursory examination of the index to *The Dartmouth Alumni Magazine*, 1916-1917, yields the following names of student organizations, excluding the fraternities and athletics: Art Association, Camera Club, Christian Association, Dramatic Association, Musical Clubs, and Outing Club.

Furthermore, in the country as a whole, the increasing complexity of life with its inevitable result of more pronounced differences in individual wealth made it less and less possible for the societies to realize that companionship of their members which was one of their ideals. But it may be doubted whether this was the case at Dartmouth. The dissensions, due to economic and social distinctions, in earlier years of the societies and their absence in later years seems to reflect correctly college conditions. "The promotion of friendship," that is the social side of the old societies—including the smaller ones, like the one to which Kendall belonged—were taken over by the fraternities which are small, self-selected groups. They were the product of the changing conditions which made the old society system an anachronism and, as ever, developed a new system of organization, adapted to the execution of the ideals of the students who grew up under their influence. The fraternities did not destroy the literary societies, nor did athletics. The same forces which destroyed the one, created the others.

(To be concluded)

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S MOST FRIENDLY TREES

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer.

No. 3

THE APPLE-TREE

"The orchard rows are all a-blush,
The meadows all aglow;
On every bough a vivid flush,
A drift of petaled snow."

—*Elaine Goodale.*

In March amid the snows and bleak winds, with the earth drear and bare, we thought of the evergreens that had been our steadfast friends thru the long winter, and especially of the Pine our foremost friend among the trees.

In April as the earth showed signs of renewal and the little green leaves began to appear we thought of the Oak, which sturdy and strong was reviving with the earth. But in May there is but one tree that comes first, it's the beautiful and useful apple-tree, which now gives beauty to the whole countryside.

When the wise farmer plants an apple-tree, he plants beauty for a hundred flowery springs, the comfort of friendly shade for a hundred summers, and rich, health-giving fruit for a hundred falls and winters.

Where can man get so great return for his labor as in banking his home with an orchard; it will give beauty, comfort and healthy food to at least three generations.

Thoreau said of the apple-tree, "It is harmless as a dove, beautiful as a rose, valuable as flocks and herds."

William Sharp tells us of the old Breton farmer, who so loved and appreciated the apple-trees, that in May whenever he smelled the apple-blossoms he reverently bowed his head and crossed himself. I think we residents of New Hampshire ought to feel the same way.

The apple-tree was much appreciated by the ancients and the writings of Homer, Herodotus, Theophrastus, Pliny and Tacitus sing its praises. When the Romans conquered the British Isles they gave at least one great benefit to the people; they took with them into the Isles the apple-tree; there it remained the joy of our peasant ancestors, to be brought by the Pilgrim settlers to America. In the wilderness where the fruits of the gardener could not be grown the settler planted the apple-tree. They found in America a species of small natural fruit, and also the Virginia crab-apples, far better. This caused our ancestors to plant on this continent the better developed apple from England and Europe, and so as old as is the settlement here, so long has the apple-tree been our friend. It is the tree that combines utility with beauty, and gives us the message of service, usefulness in the world. The classic tribute of America is paid to the apple-tree in Thoreau's splendid essay on "Wild Apples," which is a little book that every resident of the country should own and often read. John Burroughs has also written finely of its beauty and usefulness, and he says "When the country-bred man no longer appreciates this splendid tree he is no longer fit for earth."

EDITORIAL

One year ago, the Granite Monthly published, as the frontispiece for its issue of May, 1919, a portrait of Herbert C. Hoover, United States Food Administrator. In this number we reprint that picture, as the portrait of the man whom we believe to be the best fitted, among all our fellow citizens, for next president of our nation.

It is unnecessary, at this time and in this place, to lay emphasis upon the elements of world chaos which now threaten the very foundations of civilization. The intelligent constituency of this magazine is well aware of the stress and strain to which our own form of government and our own institutions, political, social and economic, will be subjected during the next four years.

Under these conditions, national and international, we believe that patriotic duty and enlightened self-interest unite in demanding of every citizen of the United States such expression of sentiment now and such use of the ballot later as will place at the head of our government the man who can best administer its affairs for our own well-being and that of all mankind.

This man, in our opinion, is Herbert C. Hoover, the possessor of wisdom won by world-wide experience, but first, foremost and always a loyal citizen of the United States of America.

He was born and educated in California. His wonderfully successful business career has been largely on the other side of the globe. He has no especial connection, of which we are aware, with New Hampshire or New England. Our view of him, therefore, lacks any element of personal attachment or individual interest.

It is based, we are free to admit, and we think that basis is amply substantial and sufficient, upon his work as Food Administrator during the recent war with Germany and her allies.

We deem it no exaggeration to say that by assuming that office and discharging its duties in the way he did Mr. Hoover fed the world and saved the world. No such work of constructive accomplishment and efficient administration ever had been performed before, by one man, in the world's history.

And yet it is not improbable that as President of the United States for four years from March 4, 1921, an even greater opportunity would open before Mr. Hoover and a more solemn and compelling duty would be laid upon him than those which accompanied him into the office of Food Administrator.

It. is because we believe this would be the case and because we have every confidence in his ability to meet this greater test that we hope for his election as the next chief executive of the nation. There is a course, which, if followed will lead this nation through the deadly morass of social unrest and selfish intrigue to firm ground, upon which may abide our continued greatness, prosperity and honor.

None but a worthy guide, who holds his head erect and gazes forward with keen, yet kindly, eyes, can lead the nation in that safe course. We know of no other man so well fitted to be that guide as is Herbert Hoover. For that reason we devote to him this page in a non-political publication. It seems to us a civic duty for all who see in him, as we do, the hope of America and the world, to make such public expression of that sentiment as, in each individual case, is possible.

EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL

Accompanying the article, the "Great River Naumkeek," written by Mr. George B. Upham, we publish a map of New Hampshire and Massachusetts which has never heretofore appeared in any printed publication. The date is about 1680. It is unique in showing New Hampshire extending south to the latitude of Salem, Massachusetts, indicating that the cartographer believed the grant of April 22, 1635, to be still in force and effect. This is the only known map showing New Hampshire extending south of the Merrimack. It is the only map on which the name Naumkeek River appears.

It is also unique in other respects, viz: The inversion, so we must hold it south uppermost in order to read the greater part of the names. The position of Nantucket and Martha's ["Martins"] Vineyard, which have broken loose from their moorings and grounded east of "Cape Codd." The quaint architecture of the sketches, indicating that the draughtsman had formed his conception of the buildings in early New England settlements from those of Chester, Shrewsbury and other provincial English towns. The Naumkeek River, in fact less than four miles long, but shown extending inland as far as the Merrimack. The little waterway from Gloucester to Annisquam, navigable only at high tide by small boats of the lightest draft, shown wide and presumably deep. Plum Island, just south of the mouth of the Merrimack, marked "Isle Mason," was doubtless so named in honor of the active Captain John Mason, the grantee of this domain, and the same whose name is so intimately connected with the early history of New Hampshire. The original drawing extends much further down the coast of Maine.

We regard this map as a notable historical find.

BY THE HELP OF THE HILLS

("I will look unto the hills, whence cometh my strength.")

By Harry Webb Farrington.

Into thy bosom, thou high Hampshire hills,
Wearied and worn with the war that I flee;
Gladly I come, for thy quietness stills
The tense throbbing tumults that sent me to thee.

Capped with the chaste clouds, clear lakes at thy feet,
Girded with garments of green grass and tree;
Sound is the slumber, and soothing the sleep,
Given to guests who go up unto thee.

Fare, fare thee well, thou faint forested forms,
Source and the symbol of strength unto me;
Seeing thy sides, shroud with sunshine and storms,
Helped me to Him, who made heaven and thee.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

WINTER SPORTS VERSE: An Anthology by Williams Haynes and Joseph Leroy Harrison. Pp., 258. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Duffield & Co.

New Hampshire, home par excellence of winter sports, should be interested in the praise of those sports by poets of all lands and times from Shakespeare, Burns and Wordsworth to Amy Lowell, James Whitcomb Riley and the author of "Jingle Bells." The present well-made anthology gives due prominence to the Granite State, especially in the clever introduction by Walter Prichard Eaton, one time resident of Franconia, but of late years swearing his allegiance to the Berkshires.

He says: "When the Dartmouth Outing Club is making one of its long hikes, from cabin to cabin, through the forests and over the glittering, naked expanses of the White Mountains, and when the members reach the Moosilauke hut, and are 'too near pipped to talk,' you will note that they do not resent the absence of Ysaye to play them Bach; they vastly prefer 'Ernie and his old harmonicaw.' I like Dryden's Song for St. Cecilia's Day, but I also like the nameless Dartmouth student's song to Ernie and his old harmonicaw. I like it because it brings to my mind with great vividness the carefree, sturdy, laughing line of ski-clad boys, following the trail breaker through the New Hampshire snows, performing feats that require real hardiness for the pure love of exercise and of the vast freedom of the mountains; and because, behind the boys, even as they snuggle in their shelters and pile the wood on the fire, I glimpse the amethyst-tinted crystal battlements of Moosilauke or Washington, and above the wail of Ernie's harmonicaw I hear the sigh and surge of the wind come down Jobildunc Ravine.

"It was this same Dartmouth Outing Club which once undertook to ascend Mount Washington in a blizzard, or rather, four members roped together, undertook the feat. The snow was so thick that none of the four could see the others, nor hear them either. At the Halfway House the rear man braced his feet and hauled the other three down to him, communicating at close quarters his decision to turn back. As he was the heaviest member of the party, his decision carried weight, as it were. There are certain elements of balladry here, surely, though Ernie will have to desert the 'harmonicaw' for some instrument which leaves his lips unemployed, if he is to be the club troubadour!"

This is the "Ernie" poem to which Mr. Eaton refers:

When we're crowdin' to the fireside up at Cube or Moosilauke
And our pipes are draggin' slowly and we're too near pipped to talk;
When a vasty sense o' vittles takes possession of us all,
When the shadows from the firelight are creepin' up the wall,
And the time is fast approachin' when we're billed to hit the hay—
Why, then Ernie starts to tunin' on his old Harmonicay.

Oh, he ain't no Boston opera virtuoso, Ernie ain't;
And his sense of classic technique, I should say, is rather faint;
While the range of his selections isn't wide and isn't high,
And I shan't request his service at my fun'ral when I die;
But for callin' forth the muses to attend the D. O. C.
I'll place my bets on Ernie and his old Harmonikee.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

First he starts us kind o' easy with a drag
at Old Black Joe;
Then he yearns for old Virginny where
the corn and taters grow.
When his quav'ring Miserere makes us
wish we, too, were dead,
Why, he shifts to something livelier and
makes us dance instead.
For "Jingle Bells," or "Dixie," or "Turkey
in the Straw"—
It's all the same to Ernie and his old
Harmonicaw.

O' course he sometimes mixes in a modern
tune or so,
That he picked up in the theatre or a
peerade long ago;
But it's "Old familiar melodies" that D.
O. C. men like,
When they're lollin' by the fireside, dopin'
out tomorrow's hike.
And there's nothing eases up the aches
and chases care from me,
So much as hearin' Ernie on his old
Harmonikee.

When my last long hike is over, and I
reach the cabin door,
And wipe life's snow from off my skis,
and know my skiin's o'er;
When I eat my last camp vittles by the
last fire's flickerin' light,
And make my bed contented in the dark-
ness of the night—
I've but one lone prayer to offer when I
hit the final hay—
To be lulled to sleep by Ernie on his old
Harmonicay.

Best known of all New Hampshire poems of the seasons is Richard Hovey's Hanover Winter Song:

Ho, a song by the fire!
(Pass the pipes, fill the bowl!)
Ho, a song by the fire!
—With a skoal! . .
For the wolf wind is whining in the door-
ways,
And the snow drifts deep along the road,
And the ice-gnomes are marching from
their Norways,
And the great white cold walks abroad.
(Boo-oo-o! pass the bowl!)
For here by the fire
We defy frost and storm.
Ha, ha! we are warm
And we have our hearts' desire;
For here's four good fellows
And the beechwood and the bellows,
And the cup is at the lip
In the pledge of fellowship.
Skoal!

The Hovey of today at Hanover is Franklin McDuffee '21, of Rochester, and his poem, "On to Cube!" included in this anthology, shows that he deserves to be so regarded:

Listen to the wind, fellows;
Will you let him taunt you so?
He shall never find, fellows,
That, however wild he blow,
We will meekly sit and shiver
Here before a smouldering fire.

See the swirling snow, fellows,
Hear it rattle on the pane;
Blow it high or low, fellows,
It shall drift and swirl in vain;
We will never sit and shiver
Here before a smouldering fire.

Then wake up, boy, and take your skis,
And leave your mimic smouldering fire,
And the novel on your knees,
And your lazy little brier.
Fasten on your rawhide thongs,
And roll your blanket on your back,—
And it's out in the wind, and over the
drifts,
And into the woods where the soft-snow
sifts,
With a merry heart and a well-filled pack,
And a cider jug of jolly songs;
In spite of wind, in spite of snow,
To Cube, with a puff, and a hey-hi-ho!

Camp-fire, moonlight, crunching snow,—
Wake up, boy, and let us go!

Wake up, boy, and face the bite
Of the boisterous winter wind;
Though your upper lip be white
With the hoar frost, and behind
Half your muffler whips and whisks.
You will feel your blood a-tingling,
And among the birches creaking
You will find what you are seeking,
Where the icicles fall jingling
And the light-foot rabbit frisks;
So it's on, in spite of wind and snow,
To Cube, with a puff, and hey-hi-ho!

Camp-fire, moonlight, crunching snow—
Lively, boy, and let us go!

IN MAY

By Frances Mary Pray.

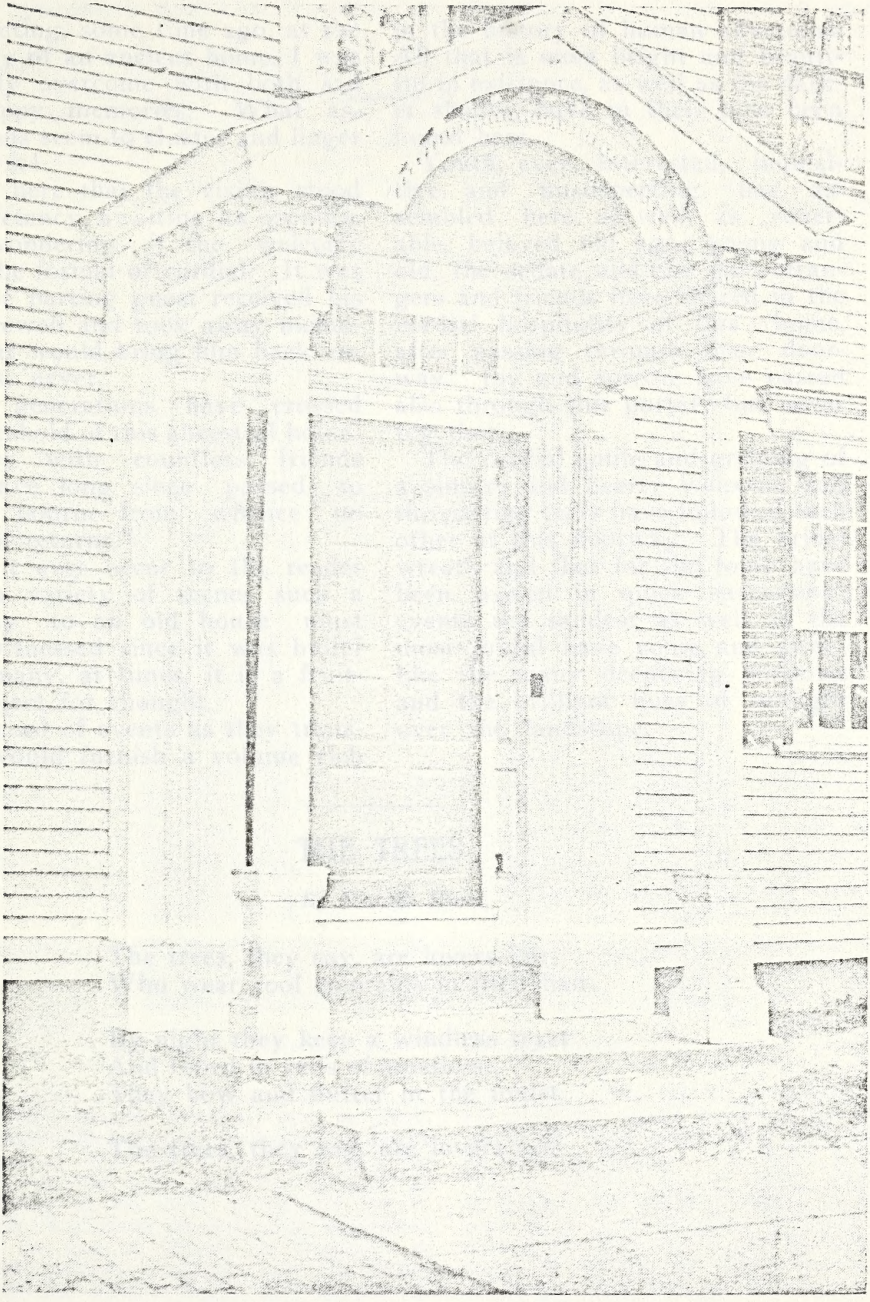
O, who will come to the hills with me,
  Away on the hills today,
For the sky is blue and the fields are green
  With the fresh young green of May?

The leaves are growing, the wind blows cool,
  The road stretches hard and brown,
And the birds are calling along the way,
  And I long to leave the town.

So climb the steep winding way with me,
  Thru woodland, by swollen brook,
By wayside fields where the dew still shines,
  To a pasture's rocky nook.

And there we'll rest in the spring time sun
  And dream of the days to be,
Of the hopes and fears for the future years
  That the present cannot see.

So come with me to the hills, my love,
  Away on the hills today,
For the spring is here and the budding year
  With its fresh new days of May.



AN OLD NEW ENGLAND DOORWAY.

THE DOORWAY

By George Wilson Jennings.

Reflecting, some time ago, at the doorway of an ancient home, I was suddenly overcome with both sad and happy memories. What associations seem to cluster and linger around it!

It is here that the visitor stood in expectancy, awaiting its opening, and wondering if the welcome would be formal or cordial. It was here the parting guest received his last farewell and took away memories that would bring him back, or, perhaps, never.

Four generations have crossed the threshold of this ancestral home, together with countless friends who have long since passed to "That bourne from whence no traveller returns."

Did it ever occur to the reader what a variety of scenes such a doorway to an old house must have witnessed since it was built? With many, at times, it is a fruitful subject for thought.

A record of events as they transpired would furnish a volume rich in the history of human affections. All that is most bright and beautiful in existence, as well as the darker shades, have in their turn been found here.

Youth, ever interested, inquisitive, and unsuspecting, has assembled here, as well as venerable, beloved old age; young and old, the sedate and the gay, strangers and friends have shared in the cordial hospitality of this home, after passing through this doorway. Joy and sorrow have passed also through this portal—but never together.

The cordial smile and greeting of a sincere and hearty welcome and the parting tears have followed each other at this doorway. The bridal wreath and that for the tomb have been woven in quick succession; events the saddest as well as the most joyful have come and gone; like the many deepening shadows and the brilliant hues of sunlight over the landscape.

THE TREES

By Harold Vinal.

The trees, they say, are lovers fair,
Who wear cool emeralds in their hair.

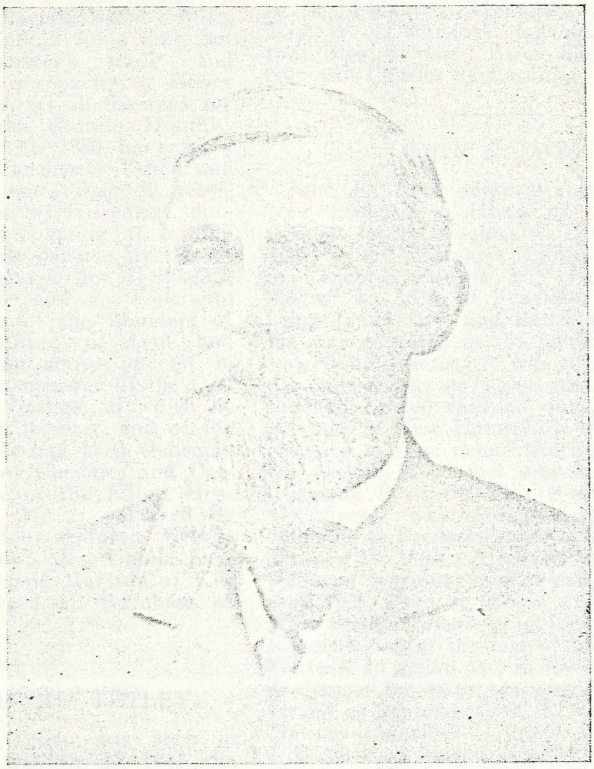
By night they keep a windless tryst
And robed in veils of amethyst,
They bow and flutter in the midst.

The trees, they say, are lovers fair.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

COLONEL EDWARD WOODS.

Colonel Edward Woods, one of the oldest members of the New Hampshire bar, and prominent both in his profession and in public affairs throughout his long life died on Monday, April 5, at his home in Bath, where he was born October 24, 1835, the son of the late Chief Justice Andrew S. Woods. He was educated in the public schools of his native town, at Phillips Exeter Academy and at Dartmouth College, where he graduated in the class of 1856. He studied law with his distinguished father and was admitted to practice at the New Hampshire bar in 1859. For three years he was a member of the firm of Woods & Bingham at Littleton; then practiced with his father until the latter's death; and afterwards alone until his retirement from the active duties of his profession, some years since.



THE LATE COLONEL EDWARD WOODS.

In politics Mr. Woods was a staunch Democrat. In 1873-4 he was a member of the State House of Representatives; in 1893 of the State Senate; and in 1918-1920 of the Constitutional Convention. In 1874 he was a member of the staff of Governor James A. Weston with the rank of colonel. His sterling qualities were fully appreciated by his fellow citizens as was shown by his election to fill the various town offices, particularly that of treasurer, which he held for many years. He also had served as solicitor of Grafton County. On April 2, 1863, Colonel Woods married Mary Carleton of Bath, who survives him. To them were born four children; Edward, who died in infancy; Katherine E., wife of Amos N. Blandin of Bath; Thomas S., of Boston; and Andrew, who died a few years ago. Colonel Woods was an extensive owner of real estate and had

various business interests outside of his profession, having been the first president of the Lisbon Savings Bank and Trust Company. With the highest standards of honor, integrity and justice, Mr. Woods fully deserved the high place which he held in the esteem and affection of all who knew him.

EDWARD J. BURNHAM.

Edward J. Burnham, veteran newspaper man, died at his home in Chichester, April 14. He was born July 6, 1853, in Epsom, the grandson of a Revolutionary soldier. He attended Bates College for a time, but later learned the printer's trade, and while employed in this capacity by Henry H. Metcalf, at Dover, set all the type for the first issue of the Granite Monthly, that of April, 1877. In 1880 he entered the employ of the Manchester Union and there remained for more than 30 years, until ill health forced his retirement, during much of the time acting as leading editorial writer of his paper. Mr. Burnham was a student and writer of history, a scientist of repute and an Esperanto expert. He was one of the founders of the Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences and took an active interest in its affairs. He was a member of the Odd Fellows and of the Grange, in which he served as master and lecturer, and of the Audubon Society. He had been chairman of the State Board of Charities and Correction and a trustee of the Elliott Hospital a Manchester. He is survived by his widow and by four children, George E. Burnham of Boson; Mrs. Ursula Kew of Hanover; Mrs. Bessie Marston of Kittery, Me., and Edward H. Burnham of North Chichester.

GENERAL EDMUND TETLEY.

General Edmund Tetley was born in Bradford, England, October 26, 1842, the son of William and Mary Ann (Brayshaw) Tetley. When he was 12 years of age the family came to America and at 19 he enlisted in the United States Marine Corps at Portsmouth and saw active service in the Civil War. In 1873 he located at Laconia and from 1878 to 1917 was engaged successfully in business there as a manufacturer of paper boxes. Soon after he came to Laconia, Mr. Tetley enlisted in the local company of the New Hampshire National Guard and rose through all ranks until mustered out March 8, 1909, as brigadier general by brevet. In the Spanish American War he was major and lieutenant colonel of the New Hampshire Regiment. In politics General Tetley was a Republican and held various offices, including sheriff of Belknap county, membership in the legislature of 1895, and in Laconia's first city council, and two terms as mayor. He was a member of the G. A. R., K. of P., I. O. O. F. and the Masons, in which last order he was especially prominent. The Laconia Camp of the United Spanish War Veterans was named in his honor. General Tetley married December 9, 1868, Ella F. Merrill of Lowell, Mass., who survives him, with their two daughters, Mrs. A. R. Philbrick, Montclair, N. J., and Mrs. W. J. Haddock, Laconia, and three sons, Rev. Edmund B. of Mapleton, Me., Guy and Charles of Laconia.

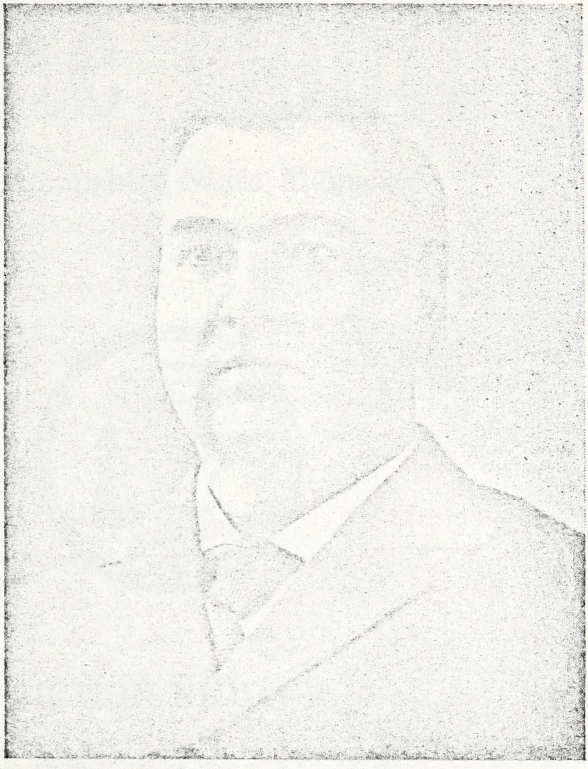
JOHN K. LAW.

John K. Law, sergeant-at-arms of the New Hampshire House of Representatives at several sessions of the legislature, died at the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital in Concord, March 22. He was born August 12, 1835, at Franklin, his parents being James Law and Rebecca Jane Holt. He was educated in the public schools of Lowell, and thereafter was engaged in cotton mills and as an engine man on the Boston and Lowell railroad until 1859, when he came to New Hampshire where he was occupied in shoe manufacturing until 1862. On August 12 of that year he enlisted in Company B of the 11th New Hampshire Volunteers, was promoted to Sergeant, wounded at Fredericksburg, and discharged January 19, 1864. After the war Mr. Law followed various mechanical occupations until 1876, when he bought a large farm in New London where as a farmer and auctioneer he spent the rest of his active life. He took an active part in town affairs, was moderator for many years, a selectman, and served as representative in the legislature. He was a member of the G. A. R. and the I. O. O. F., a Mason, Knight Templar, and Shriner. Mr. Law married Mehitabel Ring of Deerfield in 1858. She died a few years ago, after more than half a century of married life. Two sons, John W. H. Law of Concord, and Fred A. Law of New Britain, Conn., survive.

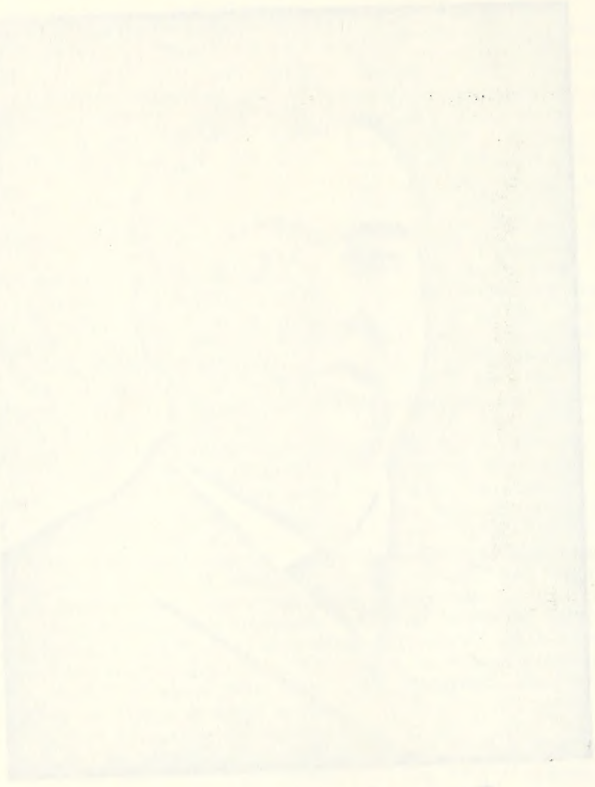
HON. EDWARD E. GATES.

Edward E. Gates, one of the best known citizens of Northern New Hampshire, died at his home in Lisbon, March 11, after a brief illness with pneumonia. He was born in East St. Johnsbury, Vt.,

August 25, 1866, the son of Ezra B. and Belinda (Tabor) Gates. In 1875 the family removed to Littleton, where he received his education. In 1891 he located in Lisbon and had since resided there, being successfully engaged in the grist mill and grain business, at first in partnership with W. W. Oliver and later with Fred J. Moore under the firm name of Gates & Moore. To a remarkable extent Mr. Gates possessed the esteem and confidence of all within his wide circle of acquaintance. This was strikingly shown in his political success, both within and without his own town. He was for many years chairman of the school board, and at the time of his death had just been re-elected chairman of the board of selectmen, receiving the endorsement of both parties although himself a Democrat. In 1911, he was elected to the State House of Representatives and in 1913 to the State Senate, from the old second district, acting as chairman of the committee on fisheries and game. At the state house, as in all the associations of his life, his kindness and sincerity won him many friends. Mr. Gates was a 32nd degree Mason and an encampment Odd Fellow, having passed all the chairs in the latter fraternity. His family religious affiliations were with the Congregational church. A very busy man, he never refused to give of his time and resources for the benefit of the community. The title, "good citizen," never was more deserved than by him. Mr. Gates married in 1894, Miss Anna E. Bergin of Littleton, by whom he is survived, with their three children; Ruth M., Chase E. and George E.; and by a sister, Mrs. Norton Lindsay, and a brother, Tabor Gates, both of Woodsville.



THE LATE HON. EDWARD E. GATES.



Volume 53 JUNE, 1920 Number 6

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The Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



FICTION NUMBER

"The Second Best," Mrs. H. W. Keyes

"The White Mountain Mystery," John K. Chase

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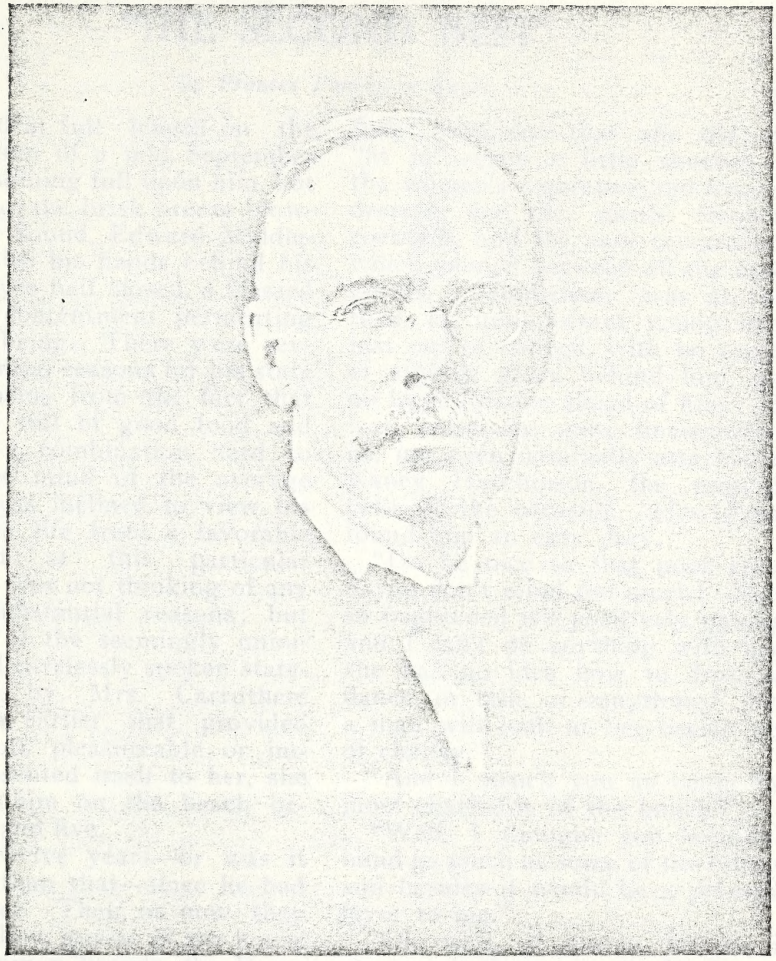


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THE LATE JUDGE WILLIAM B. FELLOWS

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LII. JUNE, 1920 No. 6

"THE SECOND BEST"

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

Stretched at full length on the sand, the sun of a mid September afternoon shining full upon him, but tempered by the brisk breeze blowing up the Sound, Edward Middleham lay with his hands behind his head, his eyes half closed, a blessed feeling of contentment permeating his whole being. There were several substantial reasons for his state of mind—aside from the fact that being very full of good food and fresh air—a combination hard to beat in the mind of the average male—he was inclined to view his condition in life from a favorable angle; but at this particular moment he was not thinking of any of these substantial reasons; but principally of the seemingly unimportant and carelessly spoken statement, made by Mrs. Carruthers some hours earlier, that, provided nothing more pleasureable or important presented itself to her, she might join him on the beach between four and five.

It was twelve years—or was it even more than that—since he had first seen her. Then, as now, they had been fellow guests at the house of their common friends, the Percy Drakes, meeting for the first time, in that incubator of modern flirtations, a week end house party. She was a country cousin of Mrs. Percy's, on her first long visit away from home, younger than any of the others, miserably shy at the mere prospect of meeting so many strangers, ill at ease in the unaccustomed atmosphere of luxury, painfully conscious that she did not "fit in"—even a little shocked at the women's cigarettes and low-cut dresses and the men's frequent cocktails, and the easy camaraderie which existed between all the other guests. Middleham was at that time, an unimportant young man, just out of college, with no record of athletic glory behind him, and no large fortune ahead of him. He was, moreover, quite unencumbered, not even nominally attached to Nancy Hutchinson, the reigning belle of the occasion. Mrs. Percy found him an easy prey.

"Do be nice to that poor child, if you don't mind too much! She's so frightened it's positively painful, and I can't do anything with her; she has no idea how to dress or dance, or talk, or—anything! Not a man will look at her except out of charity."

"And I struck you as being the most charitable of the bunch!"

"Well, I thought you wouldn't mind as much as some of the others, and besides it would be a personal favor to me."

"Oh, well, of course, Hester, if you put it that way—" He laughed good-naturedly, and strolled off to be victimized.

The first attempts were certainly discouraging. Mrs. Drake had hardly overstated her cousin's lack of attractions, and Lucy Miller was only seventeen, and had scarcely been outside of Millertown, New Hampshire, in her life. But she was neither diffident nor stupid, and

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

once having gained a little self confidence, she made rapid strides in the right direction. Middleham was staying over till Tuesday, longer than most of the others, and when he left she displayed a frank regret which was very flattering.

"I hate to have you go, I suppose you won't be down again."

"On the contrary, Hester has asked me to spend my vacation here, a week, and that's only ten days off—shall you still be here then?"

"I think so."

"I'm very glad." There was no question about it, he really meant it. It was interesting to watch such rapid development. He sent her a five pound box of candy and a frivolous note as soon as he reached town. Having done this, he instantly regretted it. It would never do to trifle with the poor little thing's young affections; and not being over old himself, he gave way to some complacent reflections about his over charitable, and scrupulously platonic conduct, and resolved to adhere closely to it during the approaching vacation. He was therefore somewhat piqued—such is the inconsistency of man—when Lucy neglected to write to thank him for the candy for several days, and completely ignored the tone of his letter, both in her own reply and upon his arrival at Meriden.

She seemed to have spent the intervals very profitably; even the critical Hester confided to him that she was encouraged.

"The Haven boys came in to call Tuesday, and she really did very well. Will you actually believe it, they came again last night, and George—the younger one you know—asked her to go to the dance at the Casino with him this evening. She's been to Boston and bought some new clothes—quite pretty—and if she can only get the hang of how to wear them, she'd look very well. I suppose you haven't noticed what wonderful color she has, and what lovely hair—if she could only do it up properly."

"Well, I have," said Middleham.

So Lucy went off to her party with George Haven, looking not quite like the other girls, to be sure, but very fresh and blooming for all that; and Edward, who came in late with Hester and Percy, found her enjoying herself very much, with only one dance left for him, and the next day he did not see much of her, either, because she went on a long sail with the Havens and some friends of theirs whom he did not know. Monday morning he cornered her, and complained.

"I came down here on purpose to spend my vacation with you," he said in a grieved tone that was not half so platonic as it might have been.

Lucy opened her eyes very wide. They were gray eyes, and they were fairly large anyway, with long, soft brown lashes that curled most engagingly over her rosy cheeks.

"Why, no, you didn't," she stated quite frankly, "You had planned to come anyway."

Edward decided that it would be wiser to waive this question.

"I hope you'll go sailing with me today," he remarked, still very cordially for a careful young man.

"Just us two?"

"Why, yes."

"I think it's more fun with a crowd, don't you?"

"No."

The monosyllable was intended to carry a good deal of weight. Lucy stood twisting her handkerchief around her hands, looking down at the piazza floor with evident interest. Then she smiled and turned away.

"Aren't you coming?" asked Edward.

"No," said Lucy in her turn.

"Why not?"

"I have some sewing I want to do, and some letters to write and—"

"Oh, well, of course, if you don't want to—"

"I don't," said Lucy quite calmly.

"If that's the way you feel about it I won't bother you any more."

Even this dark threat proved ineffectual; and Monday, like Sunday before it, was wasted; on Tuesday Edward attached himself to Nancy Hutchinson, who had returned, with her usual suite. Lucy apparently did not notice; and this, though it appeared strange to Edward at first, seemed naturally less strange in the light of the fact that Nancy's suite was noticing Lucy more than on the previous party.

Edward was piqued nay, more, he was grieved; here was a raw little country girl, whose hair was untidy and whose belt sagged and whose petticoat showed; who had been educated at the High School at Millertown, and gone to the Congregational Church there every Sunday, and whose ideal of a ball was a "hop" at the "Town Hall" in her native village, and she had been just as shy and inexperienced and uncultivated as such an upbringing would lead anyone to expect, and he had gone out of his way to be nice to her—and now—almost directly—she was acting as if she were not under any obligations to him at all—to Edward Middleham, who was born on Beacon Street and reared in the atmosphere of culture and refinement!

It is probably not fair to blame either Millertown, or Beacon Street for what happened next. Accidents have been known to occur in every locality. Lucy and Edward went out in the garden after supper and sat down on a stone bench that was there. There was a moon, and stars, and nobody else around—in fact, all the accessories for a successful accident. So it happened, and Edward discovered that Lucy's fresh cheek was even softer than it looked, and experienced sensations that filled him with great satisfaction, for a minute. Then he found that it would require considerable ingenuity to restore peace, not to say amicable relations.

"You nasty, fresh, hateful thing! Go back to the house this minute—"

"But Lucy—"

"I don't care! Keep your hands off me! No. I won't forgive you! I think you are horrid—no, no, no! I said no!"

"I'm no end sorry—"

"You are not! You'd do it again if you had the chance! Oh, I wish I'd never come here at all!"

"Please don't say that, I think the world of you—."

"You do not. You are only teasing me. And you imagine that because I came from the country you can do any sort of an inexcusable thing, and I won't mind. First you make fun of me behind my back, and then you look after me just to oblige Hester, and then you expect me to be *grateful* to you—I *hated* that letter you wrote me! I *hate*, *loathe* to have you touch me—Oh, I just *despise* you anyway!" Lucy stamped her foot and wept big, wrathful tears of injury and rage; then she fled to the house leaving a very astonished young man behind her.

It would take too long to follow in Edward's footsteps as he walked—figuratively speaking—from the Drake's garden that July night—to the Miller's "parlor" some six months later. Millertown, on a cold, sleety December day, the bare trees swaying in the bitter wind, the streets almost impassable with icy puddles, the gray, angry sky

threatening snow at any moment, was not a particularly cheerful and inviting spot; and the room into which the stout "hired" girl ushered him, revealed nothing to raise his spirits. There was a blocked up fireplace, with an air-tight stove in front and a mantel adorned with wax flowers above it, there was horsehair furniture, and pillow of "patchwork" plush. There were large crayon portraits—presumably meant to resemble Mr. and Mrs. Miller; there was a carpet, and over it some bright rugs with startling designs—wreaths of roses, and barking dogs, and sacred mottoes, not of course all on the same rug, but still all in the same room, and it was frightfully chilly, and smelled as if it had not been opened in months. He sat on the shiny sofa, and waited and waited. Then he waited a while longer, then the "hired girl" came back with an armful of wood and said she would light a fire; and then Mrs. Miller came and greeted him very doubtfully, and he felt that the artist who "did" the crayon portrait had been lenient with her. She was just on her way to a meeting of the Ladies Aid, she said, and Mr. Miller was off in the back part of the town seeing a man about a horse he was thinking of buying, but still he wasn't sure—and—

"Isn't Lucy here?" asked Edward Middleham at last, almost desperately, considering his upbringing.

"Yes, she'll be down in a minute."

A minute! There was no doubt about it, that girl kept him waiting at least an hour—Now, twelve years later, a little smile began to play around Middleham's handsome mouth as he thought of it; but then, it seemed very far from funny, and when she finally appeared, she looked very much more tidy and stylish than the summer before, to be sure, but very grave, too.

"Why haven't you answered any of my letters," said Edward, bursting into the middle of things without a word of preamble.

"I didn't know just what to say."

He softened at once—Poor little Lucy! poor little bewildered untaught child.

"Then you do believe that I'm sorry I hurt your feelings, and that I never meant to?"

"Yes, I believe that now."

"And you know that I like you a lot?"

"Yes, I know that, too."

Lucy no longer twisted handkerchiefs. Her hands were folded quite calmly in her lap.

"And don't you like me?"

"Yes, I like you—pretty well," she said.

"Is there anyone else you like any better?"

"My, yes—several people—mother and father and—."

Edward almost gave up in despair. This girl needed everything spelled right out to her, like a child in kindergarten.

"I didn't mean that way. I meant any man—"

"Oh, I knew what you meant, but you interrupted me. I was going to say, and Henry Carruthers. I am at boarding school in New York this winter. I'm home just now for the Christmas vacation—but I am going to marry him next fall."

It was impossible. He, Edward Middleham, had came all the way up from Boston in the dead of winter to see this girl, and she informed him that she was already engaged. He could scarcely believe his ears. There was a long silence, which embarrassed him very much, and which did not seem to trouble Lucy at all.

"Who," he asked at last, "is Harry Carruthers?"

"Well," replied Lucy, "He's the boy that lives next door. He's a nice boy—that is, I think he is. If

you want to stay to supper, I'll ask him over, too, and you can see for yourself. His mother died this spring, so he's awfully lonesome—that's one reason why we're going to be married instead of waiting until we're a little older—he's only twenty himself. His father's been dead a long time. He's got plenty of money, so we haven't got to think of that—and he seems to be—sort of in a hurry." The rosy cheeks grew suddenly pinker. She paused a moment and then went on, in a slightly different voice. "If I'd known just how to say it, I would have written to you—but maybe, now you're here, I can tell it to you. I did like you a whole lot—at first. And you helped me, ever and ever so much. I'm awfully anxious to learn—all those things you and Hester tried to teach me. I'm going to, some day, too. I've learned quite a good deal more this winter already, I think. I'm going to be—just like Hester, only more so—do you know what I mean? If you'd only kept on the way you began I—" She came to a full stop.

"You mean you might have cared the way I want you to?" he asked, very gently, considering how strangely raw he felt inside.

"Yes; but you were making fun of me, and you thought I was cheap—oh, yes you did—and I'm not, I'm not! I'm all the other things you thought, but not that—and Harry was right here, and he—"

Edward rose, holding out his hand. "It's all right," he said, "I understand. I've been a horrid ass. I'm sorry."

"Are you going away?"

"Why, yes," he said, smiling a little, "there really isn't very much for me to stay for, considering—er—Harry and everything, is there?"

Then Lucy, with the fickleness of woman, softened; she could not, it appeared, let him depart in this fashion. She sought about for words of comfort.

"I'm sorry, too," she said, and it was evident that she meant it—"I do like you—after all—a whole lot—I think—honestly—I like you second best."

Edward smiled again. "Thank you," he said, "but after all, second best doesn't amount to much, does it. I'm afraid that wouldn't ever satisfy me. I wanted more than that, you know."

And so he left her.

II.

It would be overstating the case to say that Middleham was still a bachelor at thirty-five because a little country girl threw him over for the "boy who lived next door." But the incident, slight as it was at least taught him two valuable lessons. Successful as he became in many directions as the years went on, he never again over estimated his own importance, and he never again made the mistake of taking for granted that an untrained mind was necessarily a stupid or silly one—and it so chanced that he saw or heard of Lucy Miller—or Lucy Carruthers, as she had now become, just frequently enough to keep him in touch with her development, and just infrequently enough to make him wish that their paths might cross more often.

Meantime, he had become a very fair specimen of the type of American man who succeeds in business, who uses his muscles enough to keep physically fit and his brains enough to make him an interesting dinner companion; doing nothing very great and good, but nothing very small and bad either—well-bred, well educated, well-nourished, and pleasant to look upon more with the good looks that result from these advantages than from

any actual physical beauty. Essentially normal, too, with an even and sunny temper, and no signs of "nerves"—the stumbling block over which many of his associates ingloriously tumbled. In short, he was a good sort to have around.

Hester Drake was among the many who always found him so; and having urged him to come in early one evening that she might have "some chance to talk to him," before her other dinner guests arrived, she entered her drawing-room to find him standing with a large framed photograph in his hand, looking at it very intently.

"Have you had this long?" he asked with his old abruptness.

"It just came. Lovely, isn't it?"

He nodded, without taking his eyes off it—"How old's the kid?" he asked at last.

"Six months—a beautiful boy. You know Lucy persuaded Harry to take her to Europe on their wedding trip—and then to remain a year. This little chap was born in New York soon after they got back, and they've stayed on there since; but they're going back to Millertown in the spring. Harry's pining for his native heath. Lucy's planning quite extensive improvements on the house, which she writes ought to keep her busy and interested there for the present."

"You haven't seen her?"

"No, but I've persuaded them all to make me a visit before they go to the country.

"I'll be in to dine," said Middleham briefly; then as an afterthought—"What's the matter with Harry that he can go wandering around the earth like this—hasn't he any business, and isn't he enough—with her—with the kid—to keep her 'busy and interested' anywhere?"

"Oh, I don't know," Hester gave a little laugh, and taking the photograph from him set it back on the table. "I only saw him, very casually of course, at the wedding. He seemed a good enough sort—nothing extraordinary. He was very young, you know, just out of some small college. I believe he expects to farm—that's what his father did. But he's fairly well-to-do, for a country boy, and the result is that he probably won't work very hard at any thing. He'll have lost the habit, anyway, after all this idleness."

"Trips of the sort you describe, and winters in New York are fairly expensive, even for a 'well-to-do' country boy."

"Well, they may have used capital. Lucy was bound to have her 'chance' as she called it; and he was perfectly crazy over her—that's one sure thing. What is there about her that——?"

"Purpose and sincerity and—purity," said Edward Middleham quietly, and he took up the picture again, but even the photograph and the information that he was able to gather from Hester did not prepare him for all that he saw when he met Lucy face to face again.

Yes, the husband was commonplace—there could be no doubt of that; and, even allowing for the passion that he must have felt, and the admiration that he must still feel for his wife, there was bound to be so little congeniality between them, soon, if not already, as to be a serious drawback to their happiness together. Lucy had always possessed the sterling qualities in which he was totally lacking, and it was not strange that, at seventeen, she had failed to realize that he would inevitably disappoint her in his mere standards of actual right and wrong, still less strange that she could not have known that she would so rapidly outstrip him in all the more superficial require-

ments and social graces. Still her behavior as an affectionate wife, no less than as a delightful individual, left nothing to be desired, and her devotion to her baby was so whole heartedly joyous, that it was a revelation to see them together. While the Carruthers made their visit at the Percy Drakes, Middleham not only dined there. The hours that he spent in sleeping, at business and occupied by other social engagements were mere stepping stones to the time when he should be free to sit quietly beside this starry-eyed, rosy-cheeked, grave young mother, who seemed so simple, lovely, successful and serene. He had not the lack of taste to attempt to make love to her; in fact, it may be quite truthfully said that he had not the slightest desire to do so. With all her loveliness she possessed none of the natural coquetry necessary for the equipment of a married belle.

Then, suddenly, the visit was over ,and the Carruthers were gone. Two summers later, motoring through the White Mountains with George Haven, Edward suggested that they should call in Millertown. George made no objections, rather the contrary. He, too, had seen Lucy on that memorable visit.

"Do you remember what a queer little kid she was?" he asked, as they were speeding along over the hilly but excellent roads of the Granite state. "Scared to death, and always with the look of being half put together—hairpins falling out and buttons coming off, and all that? Gosh! I nearly fell over on my face when she sailed into Hester's drawing room in white satin and tulle only three years later, looking as if she'd never been dressed by any one less than Worth from her cradle up. I liked best seeing her with the youngster though—he was a bully kid. That must be the house—great, isn't it? Look at those piazzas—and the view you get from 'em—she must have done wonders. I wonder if she'll have changed a lot again—and what way, this time?"

They were destined to find out very soon—and to leave Millertown more silently, and with soberer faces than they had approached. The little boy had died only a month before, so Lucy—dressed all in deep black—told them herself, quite calmly, and the six weeks' old baby girl was sleeping, and was so fragile that she did not dare run the risk of taking them to see her in her cradle, for fear of waking her; and there was something in her voice when she told them, in response to their civil inquiry, that her husband was not at home, that caused them to feel no astonishment when they overheard two strangers talking about him at the little inn where they stopped to eat their dinner.

"Harry Carruthers? a good farmer? Lad, he hasn't been sober enough to walk straight, let alone farm straight, for the last six months. He had always had it in him to go that way—but he hasn't been downright bad at it till just this last year. Trouble with him is, he hasn't any pride—never did have—or he'd have hung on to decency like grim death for the sake of that wife of his. Darned hard on her, I call it. He had a good property, too; but between her ambition, and his lack of it, they must have made ducks and drakes of it by now—she'll blame herself for that too, more than she ought to—she just naturally couldn't seem to help wanting the best of everything, and that don't mean just money's best, either."

Middleham avoided George Haven's eyes all that day; and suddenly, in the dead of night, the fierce desire to go to Lucy and crush her

in his arms, and kiss the color back into her white cheeks, and the dark circles from under her eyes, to take her away from the sickly baby and the drunken husband, and the dreary guest of poverty, already knocking at her door, swept over him like a surging fire, and made him hot with shame that he should have such thoughts, and still the thoughts persisted, and gave him no peace—all the old evil arguments that made black look white—or at least a delicate pearl gray—swept through his mind, almost convincing him as it has convinced many—and possibly better—men before that the thing he wanted to do was the thing that was right to do. Lucy would resist, of course. But still, she was surely too weak, too broken, too disillusioned and embittered, to resist long. That he would ruin the very qualities which had made her so dear to him if he succeeded did not of course occur to him then; he thought only of her deliverance and his possession.

But when morning came, it found him with his mind master of itself once more, and face turned sternly towards the city.

III

That night was now mercifully far behind him. In the years that lay between he saw her from time to time, when she went to visit Hester in Boston, or school friends in New York; but she did this very seldom, and even then the meetings were only accidental and casual. For by this time he realized that the only safe and decent thing for him to do was to avoid her. Each time their paths crossed, his heart was wrung afresh by the black clothes that she never laid aside after the little boy's death; by her increasing thinness and pallor; and by the silence and reserve that had supplanted her radiant poise, just as that, in its turn, had supplanted her awkwardness and shyness. She never, in any way, referred to her situation; but Hester did not fail to comment on it.

"If it wasn't for the baby I think she'd lose her reason—and of course she just *mustn't* with that delicate child to consider—so she doesn't and leaving Harry doesn't even seem to occur to her—though he's given her causes enough, Heaven knows!—more than one—she'll stick it out if it kills her—and sometimes I think it will kill her—if it lasts long enough."

And so matters stood for a long time, changing only to grow gradually worse. Then, suddenly, came the news that Harry had died, under circumstances too disgraceful to dwell upon; that Lucy had paid all her debts, sold the farm, and with little Angela abruptly left for Europe. The first distant rumbling, threatening a great War, brought her back again, after she had been there a little over a year; and apparently with great contentment, she fell in with Hester's suggestion that she and Angela should spend the summer with the Drakes in Meriden, while she considered at her leisure what she should do next.

So there, in time, Middleham came, too; and having come once, and been made welcome, he came often; and now the summer was almost gone, and he lay on the sand waiting for her to join him for one of those long, quiet talks, sometimes alone, sometimes with little Angela beween them, that had become almost a daily custom with them.

"Hello! I'm a little late, I'm afraid! but George delayed me. Now he's taken Angela off for a ride in his motor, and I'm quite at your service for the next two hours."

Middleham sprang to his feet.

She had come up so softly that he had not heard her, and now stood quite close beside him, all in crisp white, her soft hair blowing in the wind, her cheeks tanned and rosy. How well she looked again, how wholesome and content; alive in every fibre of her being, how lovely and desirable.

"George never did have any idea of the value of punctuality," he remarked duly, "but after all, I don't blame him much. You look good enough to eat—you remind me of all kinds of pleasant, fragrant things, someway—fields of clover, and orchards with the apples all ripe, and blue salt water in the sunshine."

"How nice of you!" she returned gaily, sitting down on the sand and tucking her feet underneath her, "I never should have thought of comparing a woman to any of those things—and they're all delicious."

"So," he said sitting down beside here, "are you—I don't know any word that describes you so well."

"I'm nearly thirty," she remarked irrelevantly.

"Balzac's 'Femme de Trent Ans?"

"That wasn't half as nice as your other compliment. Balzac's Julie was a—well, she *was* attractive, but some way——."

"Oh, she didn't come up to you, I know," retorted Middleham, laughing, "Few do——."

"Did you want to come out here just to talk to me in this silly way?"

Her tone was light enough, but for some reason he grew instantly grave.

"No, my dear," he said soberly, "I wanted to speak to you of grave things—things that I think matter to us both—I've waited a good while to do it." He paused, and as she made no reply, "Twelve years," he added slowly. "Lucy, you know how much I care for you. Don't you care for me—at least a little—too?" And as he still received no answer, "Surely it can't be hard for you to answer—you must have been expecting this to happen for a long time."

"Oh, yes," she said, "I have, but still it's hard to answer just the same." The weariness in her voice, in striking contrast to her happy manner a quarter of an hour earlier filled him with quick alarm.

"What is the trouble? Why, my darling, I wouldn't have hurt you for the world. Is it too soon—I thought?"

"Oh, no," she said, "it isn't too soon—it's too late. I care for you—not a little but a great, great deal—in a way more than any one in the world except Angela—but it's no use."

"There's some one else—again—whom you're planning to marry?"

"No, it isn't that—I'd be glad—this time to say yes—but I *can't*."

"My dear," he said, still more gently, "you've never told me—but I know you've suffered—that you've undergone great grief and shame. Don't make the mistake of letting that cause you to be afraid of marriage—to think unfairly of it."

"It isn't that either," she replied, so low that he could hardly hear the words, "it's because it wouldn't be fair to you. Its a case of—second best—for you again this time. You told me before you wouldn't be satisfied with that—and I won't give it to you."

"I shall be thankful for whatever you will give me now. But I don't understand——."

"I will tell you," she said.

For some minutes, she sat very still, looking out at the water, her lips trembling in spite of the great self control which he knew she possessed. Then she faced him squarely.

"When I had been married about four years," she said, "I fell in love, deeply, violently, passionately in love—and the man—loved me."

Middleham felt his throat grow dry.

"I was wretchedly unhappy at home—you say you've never spoken of it—well, I will today! I married a weak, ignorant, vicious boy. He was attractive and he was rich, and he was eager to marry me when I felt that the people whose opinion I valued, looked down on me. I was ambitious to attain all those little, little things—all that veneer, which looked like solid mahogany to me then, and he could give it to me and longed to. So I let him. He broke my heart, if you like to put it that way—he certainly degraded my body and smirched my soul; and it was when things were at their very worst—when the money was nearly gone, and my little boy had died, and I had come to the realization that my own false ideas had brought me to this pass, that I had no one but myself to blame, it was then that I met the other man."

"I met him in New York—I had scraped together the money, in the face of violent opposition from my husband to take Angela to see a doctor there, a great specialist. I went to stay with an old school friend. It happened at her house."

"I loved him from the first moment I ever saw him; I never shall get over loving him as long as I live—and he loved me, too, as I said before—but—he didn't love me enough."

"Enough for what?" asked Middleham, stupidly, speaking with difficulty through that dry throat of his.

"Oh," she said bitterly, "he loved me enough for what you are imagining. He loved me enough to want to buy me from my husband—and he was rich enough to do that, for he had a great deal of money. He urged me to—to divorce Harry and leave him to—drink himself to death alone—and I could have kept Angela. There wouldn't have been any trouble about that, for Harry had been unfaithful and—and cruel, too. Those things usually come, with the other. That's why its worse than anything else, because it drags so many other horrors in its train. But I wouldn't go. You see, I had made my own bed, and I had to lie in it. I *had* to. I couldn't leave him, no matter how bad he was. I *couldn't*. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Middleham hoarsely. "I understand—most women could, but *you* couldn't. So this man wanted to have you marry him after a divorce, but when you wouldn't—what then?"

"He suggested that I should stay with my husband and——." The bright head sank, and then came bravely up again—"And oh, I *wanted* to! You shan't think me one bit better than I really was—Just seeing him, and looking into his eyes was Heaven, and when he touched my hand! But I *couldn't*. I couldn't do that either. Of course, you know that."

"Of course, I know that."

"So then, he thought I didn't love him. He didn't believe me. He was angry and harsh, and he went away. He didn't love me enough to trust me, and wait for me, even to the end of his life, if it had been necessary. That's the way I loved him. He didn't even love me enough to keep decent for me, and now that I'm free I can't marry him—he isn't fit for me to marry. I'd have to go through all that—that mire of Hell a second time. I've just got back to—to feeling like a human being again after all these frightful years, and

Angela would see the very things that her father's death saved her from. He says now it was my fault that he went down hill. I don't know, perhaps it is, but I don't believe so—anyway I could have been good for him. But even if I knew it were, I'd have to do the same thing right over again. Of course I realize that he's made of very different clay from Harry, and that I understand so much and—and want him so that it wouldn't be quite the same. It would be *worse* because I love him so much. I'd let myself be cut into little pieces for him gladly. I often lie awake all night thinking what bliss it would be to belong to him, but I won't marry him."

"Lucy," Middleham found that his own voice was breaking. "Don't you know how safe Angela would be with me? Don't you know that I love you so that in time I can make you even forget that this ever happened? Don't you know that you've come through sorrow and suffering and sacrifice to be one of the noblest women that ever lived? My dear, I don't deserve you—but won't you come to me just the same? Don't let this spectre of the second best come between us again. It was a mistake that we allowed it to before. We mustn't repeat that mistake—Dear Lucy, can't you see?"

"I've thought of all you've said," she answered dully, "hundreds of times. And its partly true, largely true perhaps. But it doesn't matter. I can't marry you. I can't go to him; but I'm his, all that part of me—in my mind—just the same. It would be a—a sacrilege to forget that for one single moment."

"By-and-by my dear, I hope you may feel differently."

"I never shall," she said. "Dear friend, don't give the pain of speaking of all this again; and now, let me go back to the house."

Twice, looking fully at her, realizing as never before how vitally precious she was to him, Middleham opened his lips to speak, and each time something in the steady eyes looking into his checked him.

For a full moment they faced each other, both white with determination; then silently he bowed his head, and raising it an instant later, still silently, he stood and watched her out of sight as she walked slowly away across the sand.

WAITING

By Ruth Bassett Eddy.

You are away from me and all the world
  Has huddled into dark. The very air
That laughingly and buoyantly unfurled
  Its four glad wings into the trembling day
Has hushed its pulsing breath, and all the rare
  Sweet songs of things have stilled their minstrelsy.
The loneliness around me grows apace—
  I want to hear your voice and see your face!

Angela would see the very things that her father's death saved her from. He says now it was only fault that he went down. Still, I don't know, perhaps it is, but I don't believe so—anyway I could have been good for him. But even if I knew it were, I'd have to do the same thing right over again. Of course I realize that he's made of very different clay from Harry—and that I understand so much—and want him so that it wouldn't be quite the same. It would be worse because I love him so much. I'd let myself be cut into little pieces for him gladly. I often lie awake all night thinking what life it would be to belong to him, but I won't marry him."

"Lucy," Middleton found that his own voice was breaking. "Don't you know how much Angela would be with me? Don't you know that I love you so that in time I can make you forget that this ever happened? Don't you know that you're going through sorrow and suffering and sacrifice to be one of the noblest women that ever lived? My dear, I don't deserve you—but won't you come to me just the same? Don't let this spectre of the second best come be-

You are away from me and all the world
Has buddied into dark. The very air
That laughingly and buoyantly unfurled
Its finer plaid wings into the trembling day
Has hushed its pulsing breath, and all the rare
Sweet songs of things have stilled their minstrelsy.
The loneliness around me grows apace—
I want to hear your voice and see your face!

METAMORPHOSIS

By L. S. Morrison

Now have come the spring days,
  The joy-in-everything days,
The life-without-a-sting days,
  That mean so much to me.
Gone again are cold days,
  The I-am-growing-old days,
The everything-is-told days,
  The years have seemed to be.

Here again are tap days,
  The time-to-gather-sap days,
The do-not-care-a-rap days,
  That fill me full of glee.
Gone again are sad days,
  The all-the-world-is-bad days,
The everyone-is-mad days,
  That winter seemed to me.

Here are wander-out days,
  The tramping-all-about days,
The catch-the-largest-trout days,
  That bring my youth to me.
Past are all the dark days,
  The dogs-do-bite-and-bark days,
The sorrow-leaves-its-mark days,
  We never more shall see.

"THE WHITE MOUNTAIN MYSTERY"

By John Kimball Chase,

Author of "The Bridge of Fire," "The Angel of Death," etc.

The first light of a clear morning in June illuminated Franconia Notch, one of the most picturesque places among the matchless White Mountains of New Hampshire. Under the strange, stone Profile, near the lovely, little lake, a young Indian slept in front of a smouldering fire.

A catamount crept toward this sleeping warrior. The fierce animal crouched to spring.

The loud report of a heavy musket awoke all the slumbering echoes of these mighty mountains. With a fearful scream, the wounded catamount sprang into the air, fell upon the young Indian and writhed in the agonies of death.

The red warrior rose swiftly. He looked for the foe who had aroused him.

He saw the catamount, bleeding and quivering in the last agonies of death. A short distance away, he saw a young Paleface, reloading a Queen Anne musket. His active mind, trained in the exciting incidents of a rough mountain life, comprehended the situation swiftly.

The red warrior strode toward the young Paleface. In his head dress five eagle feathers, the sign of a chief, waved slightly in the balmy zephyrs of this beautiful morning. He extended his right hand, in the English way, and said, with Indian brevity, in fairly good English:

"I thank my white brother. He has saved my life."

The young Paleface clasped the young Indian's hand warmly and replied, with a pleasant voice that inspired confidence:

"I only did my duty, Chief. You would have done as much for me."

With no display of vanity, the red warrior continued: "I am Red Eagle, the Sagamore of the Pequaket Indians. We will be White Brother and Red Brother."

"I am plain John Washington," replied the young Paleface, with a pleasant laugh. "I like your looks Chief. Yes, we will be Red Brother and White Brother."

These young men could not foresee the strange events that would come from this unique friendship. Historical facts are sometimes stranger than fiction.

With a searching glance, in which curiosity and a little suspicion were blended, the Sagamore inquired: "Why did my white brother walk all alone in the dark night through the great woods on the land of the Pequakets?"

"It's a fair question, Red Brother," answered Washington, with his pleasant laugh. "I expected it. I am visiting my uncle, Captain Jonathan Chase, at Franconia. Do you know my cousin, Mary Chase?"

"Yes, I do know the White Lily of the settlement," replied the Sagamore. "She is the fairest flower that blooms on these mountains."

Swift and sharp as the flash of the lightning was Washington's glance at his red brother. The crafty Sagamore did not appear to observe this significant glance.

In a voice as pleasant as before, Washington continued: "Yesterday, after dinner, Mary went to the south field to pick strawberries. She did not return. Aunt Sarah went to get her. But Mary had disappeared. In great alarm, my aunt hurried back to the farmhouse. She blew the horn so loud and long that uncle and I came from the corn field on a run. We ran to the south field. The signs

"THE WHITE MOUNTAIN MYSTERY"

showed that a large bear had stood erect on his hind legs, taken Mary in his fore paws and carried her into the woods."

"Did the bear harm White Lily?" asked the Sagamore, with what seemed like the solicitude of a lover.

"I do not know," replied Washington, thoughtfully. "We found no blood, no signs of a struggle, though Mary is an athletic girl, with the courage of a lion."

"Do you think that White Lily consented to go?" asked the Sagamore.

"There are some things I do not know," answered Washington.

"Did the bear, who stood on his hind legs and carried a woman in his fore paws, walk with his feet turned out like a Paleface?" was the next question of the Sagamore.

"No, he did not walk with his feet turned out, like a white man," replied Washington.

"Did he walk with his feet turned in, like an Indian?" asked the Sagamore.

"No, he did not walk with his feet turned in, like an Indian," replied Washington.

"Did it walk with its feet straight, like a bear?" asked the Sagamore.

"Yes, it did walk with its feet straight, like a bear," replied Washington.

"Bears are so fond of strawberries, they will leave anything else to eat them," said the Sagamore. "Did this bear eat the strawberries?"

"The bear did not eat any of the strawberries," replied Washington.

"It's a queer bear," said the Sagamore.

"I'm puzzled," remarked Washington.

"Did you follow the trail?" asked the Sagamore.

"Uncle Jonathan and I followed the trail as fast as we could," replied Washington. "We thought we could soon catch the bear, hampered with the weight of a woman. But the tracks did not grow fresher."

"How far did you follow the trail?" asked the Sagamore.

"The trail went as straight as the flight of a bee straight toward the Indian village of Pequaket," replied Washington. "Uncle Jonathan thought it would not be safe for so small a party to go too far. So he returned to the settlement for more men. He planned for me to follow the trail until dark. In the morning, I would meet the rescue party at Stone Face and guide them to the trail."

"Did you follow the trail until dark?" inquired the Sagamore.

"I lost the trail," answered Washington. "The trail was broken suddenly, in a very strange way."

"I thought you would lose the trail," said the Sagamore. "No one has ever followed the trail of this bear very far."

It was clear the Sagamore knew more about this affair than he had told. Washington thought the time had come to ask for his aid.

"Red Brother, I am in great trouble about Mary," said Washington, in a very earnest voice. "Will you aid me, as I aided you?"

"I will aid you gladly, all I can," answered the Sagamore, in a voice that seemed very sincere. "I could form no plan until I knew the facts. I do not think the white men can find White Lily. They can not find the broken trail. We will go to Pequaket. With my best warriors we will search the woods and the mountains for White Lily."

"I thank you, Red Brother," said Washington. "You know these woods and mountains better than I do. Our white friends may help too."

"White Brother, I will talk to

you with a straight tongue," said the Sagamore, in a very grave voice. "I will tell you what I have hidden from my own people. On these mountains, there is something strange and fearful. White Brother, listen to what I say. White Lily has not been carried away by a bear. She has not been carried away by any white person or Indian, in the skin of a bear."

"I do not understand what you mean," said Washington, in great surprise.

CHAPTER II.

BROKEN TRAILS

"White Lily was carried away by the Evil Spirit," continued the Sagamore, in a very grave voice. "The Evil Spirit often takes the form of a bear."

Washington understood the superstitious character of the Indian



[John Kimball Chase, the author of the serial story, "The White Mountain Mystery," whose publication we begin in this number of The Granite Monthly, was born in Wolfeboro 63 years ago, a member of a prominent New Hampshire family. For several years he has been totally blind and what he accomplishes in spite of that handicap is remarkable. He writes his stories on a typewriter which has strings attached to certain keys in such a way that by the sense of touch he turns out much better "copy" than many of us who are blessed with entire vision. In this way he has produced manuscripts which have been accepted for publication by The Country Gentleman, Harper's Monthly, The New England Magazine, and other periodicals in addition to The Granite Monthly. It is his custom to write one page of manuscript on his typewriter every morning and to spend the rest of the day in sawing wood and in other helpful occupations, and in thinking out the next day's "stent" of his story. While he was writing "The White Mountain Mystery," Mr. Chase sawed and split five cords of wood. The accompanying illustration, showing the author adding to what he thinks is one of the largest wood piles ever "worked up" by a blind man, was printed in The Country Gentleman last year in connection with the article, "A Blind Man on a Farm," and is here reproduced by the courtesy of that publication. "The White Mountain Mystery" is to be printed in The Granite Monthly exactly as it came from Mr. Chase's typewriter.—Editor]



race. He did not believe in this Evil Spirit. However, from the Sagamore's great knowledge of these mountains, he might get information that would guide him to the missing girl.

"Does this Evil Spirit carry away many white girls?" asked Washington.

"It never carried away a Paleface girl before," replied the Sagamore.

"Does it hurt the white people?" asked Washington.

"This is the first time the Evil Spirit has touched a Paleface," answered the Sagamore.

"This may not be the Evil Spirit, but it may be a cunning man in the skin of a bear," suggested Washington, with a pleasant laugh that softened the implied doubt of his comrade's good judgement.

"The bear did not walk with its feet turned out like a Paleface or turned in like an Indian," reminded the Sagamore.

"Men of the same race do not always walk in just the same way," suggested Washington. "In the south, where I live, there is a race, neither white nor red, who walk with their feet straight."

"I have never seen this race," said the Sagamore. "They do not come here."

"I'm here," laughed Washington. "Where I have come, they may come."

"Do you always lose the trail of a bear?" asked the Sagamore, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"I did lose this trail," laughed Washington. "But it was almost sunset, when the shadows were long and dark. In a better light, I may find it."

"No one can find it," said the Sagamore. "I have followed the same trail many times and lost it. My best warriors have failed."

"Does this Evil Spirit carry away Indian girls?" inquired Washington.

"I have never known of such a case," answered the Sagamore.

"Does it harm the red men?" asked Washington.

"The Evil Spirit kills my warriors and puts his mark on their foreheads," replied the Sagamore, with deep emotion.

Washington gave a start of surprise. After a moment's thought, he inquired: "What is this mark that the Evil Spirit puts on the foreheads of your dead warriors?"

"I will show you," answered the Sagamore.

The red brother and the white brother stood on the shore of the lake. The red brother bent over and made a mark in the moist sand.

Washington gave another start. Then he said, thoughtfully: "This is the sign of the Cross. It is the sign of our religion, the sign of the white man's God."

"Why does the Evil Spirit put the sign of the white man's God on the foreheads of my dead warriors?" inquired the Sagamore, with a searching look at his companion.

"Men are sometimes greatly wronged," suggested Washington. "They may try to avenge these wrongs."

"I have wrônged no man," answered the Sagamore, in an earnest voice that seemed sincere. "I have buried the hatchet. I am at peace with the red man and the white man."

"Red Brother, we will capture this Evil Spirit," suggested Washington. "Then we may understand."

"We cannot capture this Evil Spirit," said the Sagamore, in a discouraged voice. "You cannot cut him with the sharpest knife. You cannot shoot him with the best gun."

Washington gave a start of sur-

prise, for the third time. He began to understand what the Sagamore meant, when he said: "On these mountains, there is something strange and fearful." His cousin, Mary Chase, had been carried away by this mysterious and fearful being.

"Why did you say the sharpest knife cannot cut this bear or the best gun shoot him?" inquired Washington.

"White Brother, I will talk to you with a straight tongue," replied the Sagamore, repeating the words he had used a short time before. "I will tell you what I have not told my own people. A few days ago, with one of my warriors, I went on the mountain, to hunt deer. I hid in the bushes, with my gun. My warrior went to scare up the deer and to drive them where I could shoot them. I heard a strange cry. It was not the war cry of white man or red man. I saw a large bear, on his hind legs, with a knife in his fore paw, run swiftly toward my warrior, Red Serpent. Red Serpent was one of the strongest and best warriors in my tribe. He fought the bear like a brave man, knife to knife. With this sharp knife, I saw him strike the bear many times, with all the force and fury of a strong man who fights for his life. The bear and the warrior moved and turned so swiftly that I did not dare to shoot, for fear of hitting my warrior. Before I could reach them, the furious fight was over. My warrior laid on the ground dead, with the mark of the bear on his forehead. I balanced the barrel of my gun on the low branch of a tree. I aimed at the heart of the bear with great care and fired. When my bullet hit the heart of the bear, he laughed with joy. Then he came after me, with his knife. If I had not been the swiftest runner in my tribe, my body would now moulder on the mountain, with the mark of the bear on my forehead."

"This is the strangest story I ever heard," said Washington, thoughtfully. "I cannot doubt its truth. My heart is greatly troubled about Mary. We must capture this bear as quickly as we can."

The Sagamore did not answer. He raised his arm and pointed with his hand.

Washington saw a woman. She came toward them on a swift run. She seemed greatly excited.

"It is Aunt Sarah," said Washington. "What has happened?"

When Mrs. Chase saw Washington, she extended her arms toward him and cried out: "My Johnny, Oh, my Johnny." Then she swooned.

The young men ran to help her. The Sagamore brought water from the lake. Washington bathed her face and wrists.

When she revived, Mrs. Chase said: "I went to the spring for a pail of water. As I came back, I saw a big wolf come from the house. The wolf walked on his hind legs and carried our baby in his fore paws. I screamed with all my might, dropped my pail and run after the big wolf. But I could not catch him. He ran into the woods."

"I followed, but I lost the trail. I knew Jonathan was going to meet you at Stone Face this morning, so I came here."

With his usual prompt decision, Washington said: "Aunt Sarah, you must stay here. Tell Uncle Jonathan to go on after Mary. The Sagamore and I will get the baby. Goodbye."

With a comforting clasp of his strong hand, Washington parted from his doubly bereaved aunt. Then he and his red brother ran toward the Chase home.

"This is a strange affair," said Washington.

"It is the Evil Spirit," suggested the Sagamore. "Sometimes the Evil Spirit takes the form of a bear, sometimes it takes the form of a wolf."

"It will be a mighty bad day for the Evil Spirit when I get hold of him," gritted Washington, as he set his teeth together hard and ran faster.

From the Chase house, the trail of the wolf was plain. They followed it into the woods, on a run.

In all America there were no better trailers than this strong man from the north and this strong man from the south. Cunning beyond description, was the man who could hide his trail from them.

On the trail the first look is the clearest. This first look shows the grass and moss bent, crushed or broken, by the feet, the leaves turned over, brushed from their natural position or broken at the stem, the twigs bent, pushed from their place or broken, the thousand and one other little details that become more indistinct on a longer inspection. In favorable places or in the dew, this first look may even show the impression of the foot.

One of the world's best trailers once said to me: "The secret of good trailing is in the first look. The best trailer is the swiftest."

"The abductor must be badly handicapped, with the skin of the big wolf and the weight of the big baby," suggested Washington, in an encouraging voice. "We shall surely catch him very soon. Then something will happen."

"It is the Evil Spirit," groaned the superstitious Sagamore. We shall lose this trail, as so many others have lost it."

"This trail is so fresh we cannot lose it," laughed Washington. "If we do lose it, I will admit we have followed a supernatural being. Can a spirit carry a big baby or a heavy woman?"

"The Evil Spirit has killed my warriors," answered the Sagamore.

They followed the trail of the wolf to a meadow. A freshet had covered this meadow with white sand. A recent shower had washed all tracks from this sand.

On a run, they followed the trail of the wolf to the middle of this meadow. In this moist sand, the impression of every footstep was as distinct as in warm wax.

At the middle of this meadow was the end of the trail of the mysterious wolf.

In great amazement the trailers looked in every direction. There were no places where the wolf could hide, no stones or other things to break his trail.

Had this mysterious abductor lured his pursuers to this meadow to show them how easily he could elude their best endeavors? What had become of the wolf and the baby.

"This is the strangest experience of my life," said Washington.

"This is the Evil Spirit," said the Sagamore.

The strong man from the north and the strong man from the south stood on the white sand, bewildered, at the end of the broken trail.

CHAPTER III

PARADISE

Mary Chase, "the fairest flower that bloomed on these mountains," picked strawberries in the south field. She heard a slight sound, like a soft step at her side. Mary looked up at a huge bear, standing on its hind legs and towering above her. She swooned.

Mary Chase recovered slowly. She was lying on a comfortable couch. Her mind was confused. Was she in the den of the bear?

Mary's mind cleared. She rose to a sitting position on the couch. She looked around.

Mary was in the finest room she had ever seen. The furniture was beautiful and artistic. Through the open windows, she saw a lovely garden with vegetables, berries, fruits and flowers. Beyond this garden she saw a panorama of the grandest mountain scenery in the world. Was this Heaven?

No, she could not be in the realm of unchanging felicity. She saw the same mountain peaks she had seen all her life. Mary had never heard of so lovely a home among these mountains. Where was she?

In an alcove a woman with a pleasant face, sat and sewed. She laid down her work, came out and spoke to Mary in a very kind voice.

"I am glad you have recovered," she said. "I will inform Mr. Windsor."

A moment later, a man came into the room. The pioneer girl thought he was the finest man she had ever met.

This man was tall, with a form like a Greek God. The supple grace of his movements was the poetry of motion. His refined features were as clear as if chiseled by a sculptor. His large, dark eyes were luminous with the glow of a gifted mind.

"I am glad you have recovered, my dear" he said, in a very kind voice. "You are entirely free from any harm."

Mary blushed. To her mind, the tones of this man's voice were like the rhythm of a beautiful song. In a voice that showed her embarassment, she inquired: "Where am I?"

"You are in Paradise, my dear," replied Mr. Windsor with a very pleasant laugh. "Paradise is the name of my farm. I gave it this odd name, partly because it is a pleasant place and partly because the name of my home in England is Paradise Hall."

"How did I come to Paradise?" inquired Mary with another blush.

"I brought you here in my arms, my dear," answered Mr. Windsor, in a tone that made Mary blush again. "As I passed through the forest I saw a bear, with a woman in its fore paws. I frightened the bear, so it dropped the woman and fled. Then I brought you here, for medical treatment as quickly as I could."

Mr. Windsor understood the bashful embarassment of the pioneer girl. With thoughtful tact he led her conversation to pleasant topics. The time passed so pleasantly they were surprised when the woman called them to supper.

"Please pardon my bad manners," said Mr. Windsor with pleasant badinage. "Miss Mary Chase, kindly allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Jennie J. Jones, my good and faithful housekeeper. Her husband, James G. Jones, is my gardener, a most trustworthy assistant."

"Please pardon my bad manners," said Mrs. Jones. "Miss Mary Chase, kindly allow me to introduce you to Mr. William Plantagenet Windsor, the pleasant owner of the pleasantest place among the White Mountains."

Mr. Windsor conducted Mary to the dining room. The table was covered with a linen cloth of spotless purity. It was set with dishes of semi transparent china, artistically decorated with paintings of flowers and fruit in natural colors.

The menu was snow white biscuits, golden butter, luscious strawberries with maple sugar and cream, cakes and cookies, delicious cherry pie, tea. This was the first time the pioneer maiden saw white biscuits, cultivated strawberries and

English cherries. The meal was enlivened with tactful conversation and pleasant badinage.

After this collation, Mr. Windsor conducted Mary to a cosy seat on the front piazza. He took a seat near her.

This piazza was long and wide. There were ornamental lattices in several places on the front and sides. Climbing vines had been trained on these. From the green foliage, came the the first bright blooms of the year.

In front of the piazza were large beds of roses, now at their brightest and best. Among these and beyond them were the vivid hues of many other June flowers.

Then came the vegetable garden, with the colors and forms arranged in pleasing effects. Among these growing vegetables were patches of berries and groups of fruit trees.

Beyond this garden were fields of corn, grains and grass. In a green pasture was a small herd of cattle and a flock of sheep and lambs. Then came a circle of variegated woodland.

From her position, Mary had a fine view of the great, grand mountains. Bathed in the rich hues of the setting sun, the forest primeval swept in sublime grandeur over peak and dale.

The mild zephyrs of June brought to them the sweet fragrance of roses and other blooms.

A short distance away near a great oak, a thousand years old, a copious spring of very pure water gushed from the ground with refreshing coolness. The water gathered in a lovely pool under the old oak and then went trickling and tinkling over the stones to help water the beautiful gardens of Paradise.

"I think this is the pleasantest place I was ever in," exclaimed Mary, with the enthusiasm of youth.

Mr. Windsor laughed in a way that showed her exclamation had greatly pleased him. Then he answered:

"I have done my level best to make Paradise the pleasantest place among the White Mountains."

After a pleasant conversation, Mr. Windsor said with a tender glance: "I am very sorry to say, Mary, I must leave you for a short time. I have a business matter I cannot postpone. Will you kindly consent to stay here until I return? Then I will guide you to your home."

"I will wait for you, gladly," answered Mary, with a vivid blush. "I should be perfectly contented in this pleasant place if I did not fear my folks would worry about me."

"I will inform your parents of the facts," replied Mr. Windsor. "I may persuade them to visit paradise."

A few minutes later Mary saw Mr. Windsor go through the garden into the woods. As she watched his graceful movements, she felt the warm glow of true love.

In the forenoon of the next day, Mary helped Mrs. Jones about the housework. After the dinner work had been cleared away, Mrs. Jones said:

"Mr. Windsor instructed me to show you about the farm. We will begin now. By the way, I usually call him the master and you may call me Jennie, if you wish to."

When they were in the garden, Jennie continued, "This farm is on the almost flat top of a minor mountain. The soil is rich and deep and has been improved by judicious cultivation. The Master is a wonderful farmer, as you will see. The farm is entirely surrounded by a forest of great trees, mostly pine and spruce. These great evergreen trees shelter the crops from bleak mountain winds and conceal the

farm from the eyes of hunters and Indians. From the foot of this mountain it looks like an unbroken forest to the summit. By judicious training, the under growth has become impenetrable. As game animals cannot penetrate it, there is nothing to tempt anyone to cut a way to the top."

"There must be a road through this forest to the farm," suggested the pioneer girl.

"The only path to this farm is the bed of the brook that has its source in the spring by the old oak," replied Jennie, with a laugh. "When you walk in running water, you leave no trail that man or beast can trace, you know."

"There must be trails to the brook," said Mary.

"The Master is careful to make no path or trail near the brook," answered Jennie. "In several convenient places he has hidden two rolls of strong, stiff cloth. He spreads out one of these, walks over it and spreads out the other. In this way he covers his trail for any distance. In some places he uses two skins. He frequently changes these hiding places."

"It is the best way to break a trail I ever heard of," said the pioneer maiden, thoughtfully. "But he cannot use cloths and skins in some places."

"The Master has other ingenious contrivances," replied Jennie. "His mind is so quick and inventive no Indian can trail him very far. I will show you some wonders when we get to the workshops."

"Why does William fear the Indians?" inquired Mary, blushing, because she had used his given name for the first time. "Are we not at peace with them?"

"We are at peace with the Pequakets and their Sagamore is in love with some of us," replied Jennie, with a look that made Mary blush again. "But the St. Francis Indians, from farther north, come here often to take white captives to sell to the French for slaves. The Master may understand these matters better than we do. The White Lily might bring a big price. The Master said your bear was human. I think he shot him."

"Can the Indians see this place from the other mountains?" asked Mary, partly to turn the conversation from too personal topics.

"The higher mountains are too far away for the eye to separate the cultivated part from the many fruit and evergreen trees that are scattered over the gardens, fields and pastures," answered Jennie. "The buildings are on a slight elevation, the crest of the mountain. They are sheltered and concealed with tall pines. They are also painted the same color as the evergreens and almost covered with vines. No where else on this earth will you find any other farm just like this hidden home on the top of one of the White Mountains. Now my dear, you must rest until supper," concluded the housekeeper, kindly. "Tomorrow, I will show you the growing crops and the Master's wonderful inventions in the workshops. The Master is rich. He was a duke, or something of the sort, in England. I think he came here to work on his inventions. His mind is too much engrossed with these inventions. He has strange dreams in the night about going among the Indians in the skins of beasts, doing fearful deeds and escaping by feats that seem beyond the craft of man. Such dreams are not good for his mind. I think your visit may divert his mind and prove a great benefit to him."

The kind hearted housekeeper conducted Mary to a comfortable seat under a singing pine, gave her

an interesting book and filled her lap with delicious little cakes and large luscious strawberries. For some time Mary read her book and minched her cakes and berries.

From shrubs and trees the summer birds sang, drowsily. The summer zephyrs moved slowly down and up, as if nodding to sleep. The summer flowers bowed their fair heads and slept in the sleeping sunshine.

Fair Mary's head, with its rich, golden hair, like summer sunshine, began to nod with the rest. Her large blue eyes closed slowly, like bright morning glories in the summer sun. The book slipped from her lily white hand.

With a powerful effort, Mary aroused herself, picked up her book and tried to read. She soon nodded again. Sweet Mary, White Lily, slept with the other flowers.

A slight touch on her head awoke her. She heard a slight sound, like a soft step at her side. Mary looked up at a huge bear, standing on its hind legs and towering above her. She swooned.

The bear lifted her up very tenderly and carried her into the woods that she had been told were impenetrable.

(To be continued)

THE WATERS SPEAK

By Walter B. Wolfe.

This evening the river whispered
To the great stone pier shrouded in shadows
Of oncoming night, the secrets of the ages:
This evening, as the ripples washed on the strand
And murmured to the grey stone their song,
The ineffable refrain of lost aeons
Surging to the sea—
And the fragrance of fresh lilacs
By the river bank, was borne past me
By the cool wind of evening
Fluting in mellow overtones
A prelude to the solemn chanting of the waves—
And I, lying in the cool lush grass
Along the riverside
Heard the waves, and felt the wind of evening
About me, and the fragrance of fresh lilacs,
And I knew the song and the murmuring of the waves
That whispered to the great stone pier—
And the harmony of the scented night wind—
I felt the urge, I knew the burden of the symphony,
The refrain of lost aeons winding to Eternity—
"Light, more Light!"

THE DARTMOUTH LITERARY OR DEBATING SOCIETIES

By Asa Currier Tilton.

CONCLUDED

The Commencement Anniversaries have come into the narrative of the preceding columns as they stood out prominently, from time to time, in the general history of the societies. They deserve supplementary treatment as an institution, that is as exhibitions. An *exhibition* was a public function at which the members of a society—academic, or other—*exhibited* their proficiency in declamation, oratory, debate, the drama, music, before their friends and neighbors. If orations, essays, plays, poems, and songs were original they exhibited ability in composition, as well as in presentation, and raised the exhibition to a higher level. An exhibition might consist of one, or more, or all, of the parts listed. An oration was usually original; but the term was sometimes applied to the declamation of a selection from one of the great orators. A dialogue, drama, or play, was often selected; but it was sometimes written for the occasion; and in the colleges—as we have seen—the best students were as ambitious to write and manage plays as to write and deliver orations. Songs, or odes, were frequently composed to be sung to popular tunes—pre-eminently *Auld Lang Syne*. The exhibition sprang from the national predilection for those literary forms which require vocal expression to impress them on the mind and heart, in distinction from those which appeal from the printed page through their thought and sentiment. This national trait has been commented upon by the present writer in the July, 1919, number of the *Monthly*, p. 314, and does not require further attention here. This was, also, it is needless to repeat, the basis of the existence of the literary societies. Their regular meetings were secret practice meetings; in their public exhibitions, the greatest of which at Dartmouth were the Commencement Anniversaries, they showed their friends what they could do and accustomed themselves to appear before larger audiences; and in all they were preparing to make their influence felt among their fellow citizens when, in active life, they should raise their voices—in the pulpit, at the bar, in the legislature, in Congress, or before public assemblies—in the expression of their opinions and principles on the great questions which might be foremost in importance to the nation.

College Commencements formerly were—and in some institutions still are—exhibitions. The parts at the first Dartmouth Commencement (1771), which was held out of doors, were: Salutatory Oration, in English, on The Virtues. Anthem. Clyosophic Oration in Latin. Disputation: *An Vera Cognitio Dei Lucе Naturae Acquiri Potest?* Valedictory Oration in Latin. Anthem, composed and set to music by the candidates for a degree. It is also said that there was an Oration by one of the Indians and a Poem. The Rev. Jeremy Belknap, whose *History of New Hampshire* is one of the classics of American historical literature, attended the Commencement of 1774, and has left on record

the program to which he listened. It occupied both forenoon and afternoon, and was as follows: Prayer by the President. English Oration. Syllogistic Disputation on the Question: *Amicitia Vera non est absque Amore Divina?* Cliosophic Oration. Anthem: *The Voice of my Beloved Sounds.* Forensic Dispute on the Question: Whether Christ Died for all Men. Anthem: *Lift up your Heads, O Ye Gates.* Dinner. Latin Oration: The State of Society. English Oration: The Imitative Arts. Conferring of Degrees. Then "two bachelors spoke a dialogue of Lord Lyttleton's, between Apicius and Darteneuf, upon good eating and drinking." They did well (he writes); but the Mercury, who comes in at the end, did poorly. The President and audience laughed heartily. Anthem. Prayer.

The Commencements in the old days combined the refined pleasures of a literary assembly with the popular attractions of a country fair. The inhabitants of the surrounding towns poured into Hanover until every house was crowded with guests. Some persons had a record of attendance on fifty consecutive Commencements. Traders, peddlers, jugglers, and showmen had their booth in the open places. Beer, cider, and liquors were sold; and, by evening, the crowds were often disorderly. A resident of Hanover wrote the following account of the Commence- of 1845 in his Diary. The literary features (he says) were less impressive than in the preceding years; but great crowds came because of the unusual outside attractions. These included "a Boston Brass Band, Ole Bull, the famous violinist, and four Albineos, or white negroes." There was everything (he mourns) to draw attention away from the great concerns of eternity and the duties of charity; so that even clergymen could not resist paying fifty cents to hear the violinist. But we may note, again, the close touch between the College and the common people—which exists today in state institutions, but has, unfortunately, disappeared in the larger endowed colleges and universities. Similar features of the Commencement at the New Hampton Institution are mentioned in the July, 1919, number of the *Monthly*, p. 316.

It is in connection with the music at Commencement—as we have seen—that the first traces of a student organization appear. The programs varied with the passage of time; but the one given by Belknap shows their length and characteristics. It may be compared with the Lancaster Academy program of 1844, printed in the July, 1919, number of the *Monthly*, p. 316. We should also recall the "Quarter Day" exhibitions, which were the cause of so great commotion in Kendall's time. At the sophomore "Quarter Day" in June, 1793, there were three orations—Latin, Greek, and Philosophical—and a number of dialogues, one of which was written and presented by Judah Dana and Samuel Worcester.

The societies sometimes varied the program of their regular meetings with orations, addresses to new members, farewell addresses, moot courts, plays, and rehearsals for their exhibitions. But their ambitions and energies were concentrated on their Anniversaries, when they were allowed to celebrate them. The loss of the records of the Social Friends makes it impossible to tell when their Anniversaries began. They were held, however, on the Monday before Commencement, while those of the United Fraternity came on Tuesday. In the struggle for the possession of

Tuesday, in 1811, the Fraternity based their claim on right by possesson, while the Socials based theirs on right by prescription. Practice in forensic disputation was bearing its fruits. The Fraternity Anniversaries began in 1787, and Phi Beta Kappa in 1788. When those of the smaller societies were added, after 1800, they filled—with the Commencement exercises—three days so full of disputations, orations, and plays that the appetite of our forebears for this form of entertainment and instruction, great as it was, must have been satiated.

In 1787 the Fraternity had an oration and a tragic dialogue; the next year a dialogue with ten parts and an epilogue and an oration; and, in 1790, an original drama, the *French Revolution*. (*19)

In 1792 the Socials had an oration and a comedy. Reference has already been made to the drama, presented by the Fraternity in 1799, of which Webster was one of the authors. Dana writes that it was customary for the United Fraternity to have an oration before the Society on the day before Commencement and to exhibit, in the evening, "an original Dialogue, or Tragedy, or Comedy." In his senior year (1795) he and Samuel F. Dickinson were chosen to write the dialogues. The principal one, a tragedy, *The Fall of Poland*, was largely Dana's work; and he played the leading part. The audience, which filled the College Church to overflowing, was highly pleased with the performance, and he proud of his success. The prologue and epilogue were by Josiah Dunham. (*20)

The exhibitions—with all their excellent features—and particularly the plays were, however, a field where the low standards of the period following the Revolution, to which reference has already been made, had every opportunity of displaying themselves. This side of them has been well described by Elder Ariel Kendrick, who was born in 1772, spent his boyhood in Hanover, where he attended the Moor School, and became a Baptist minister. He is not an unprejudiced witness; but his statements are amply substantiated by other evidence. He writes: "The stage, at that time, exhibited scenes wounding to Christian piety, and to which modesty was indignant." Quarrels were enacted with crude and disgusting realism. A performer would sometimes play the part of the unlearned minister and, at the same time, parody his sermons and satirize the Bible. Some of the parts were so objectionable that they occasioned a College law, in 1791, to the effect: "that all dramatic exhibitions, either of a comic or a tragic nature, and spirituous liquors, or representations thereof, be wholly excluded from the stage; and that no profane or obscene expression, or representation, or female habit, be introduced in any exhibition on the stage: on penalty of fine, not exceeding five shillings, or admonition." If this rule was intended to forbid all plays, it was either modified or leniently enforced; for plays were acted in the

(*19) This play, "Exhibited in the United Fraternity at Dartmouth," was published at New Bedford, Mass., in 1793. Perley I. Reed, *Realistic Presentation of American Character*, p. 147. It should be clearly understood that the citation of Anniversaries for certain years is merely illustrative of general characteristics, and does not imply that they were, or were not, held in other years, nor that the parts were invariable. The political and historical trend of the themes of the dramas is seen in the title of this, as of others which are cited elsewhere.

(*20) Dunham graduated in 1789 and for the next fifteen years was famous, locally, as a scholar, wit, satirist, poet, and orator. He delivered a great number of political, patriotic and other orations.

years immediately following. But the law, doubtless, aimed only to punish participants in plays which contained objectionable features. We have evidence that it was in effect in 1811 from Kendall's inclusion of female characters in the revision of his play for the Boston stage. From the year 1829 we hear, again, of objection to the student theatre; but this was due, rather to the disturbances which it occasioned, than to the plays themselves.

The conditions which are illustrated by this coarseness in the exhibitions and by the disturbances in the societies are still sometimes attributed, unreservedly, to French influence. But we should remember—what has already been emphasized—that we had just passed through a Revolution ourselves. When an established social order is destroyed, or its power temporarily suspended, or—as in newly settled regions—has not become firmly grounded, confusion is inevitable, and extremes in thought and conduct—the bad as well as the good—develope. French influence was harmful in many respects, and it was beneficial in others; but the same is true of conditions in the United States.

A digression here will aid us in keeping a correct perspective of the history of the societies in the period with which we are dealing. It is to tell of the pioneer work of two Dartmouth men, Caleb Bingham and David Everett, in the publication of school text books. Everett graduated in 1795. He is best known as the author of:

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage."

which he wrote while teaching school. The lines take on new meaning, when read in this, their proper setting. He became a newspaper man, and also wrote several books, including a tragedy which was published at Boston in 1800. His contributions to text books will be referred to directly. Bingham graduated in 1782. He taught a year in the Moor School and then established a school for girls in Boston, where he also kept a book store.

When our national life began, text books—an absolute necessity in the development of a school system—were utterly lacking Bingham and Noah Webster were rival pioneers in their production. An earlier Dartmouth text book pioneer was Abel Curtis (Class of 1776), who wrote: *A Compend of English Grammar*—Printed at Dresden (Dartmouth College) by J. P. & A. Spooner, 1779. Bingham may have patterned on his work. Bingham's and Webster's readers and spellers penetrated everywhere; there was probably not a town in the United States where their books—especially Webster's—were not used. Bingham had two readers: *The American Preceptor* and *the Columbian Orator, Designed for a Second Part to the American Preceptor*. Sixty-four editions (640,000 copies) of the *Preceptor* were printed; and twenty-three editions (190,000 copies) of the *Orator*. Not only are the numbers impressive of themselves, even in these days of large editions, but each copy was used by far more pupils than is the case today. It passed from eldest to youngest in the large families of that time; and then, perhaps, to the next generation, or to another family. It is needless to tell this to anyone who has seen a soiled and tattered copy with its end-papers and fly-leaves covered with the quaint signatures and the "His Book," or "Her Book" of its successive possessors. Dialogues were the distinguishing feature of both of Bingham's books. It is not known who wrote those in

the *Preceptor*; Everett was the author of those in the *Orator*. As the first edition appeared in 1797, he must have written them in college, or soon after he graduated, when his knowledge of the needs of the schools and literary societies was fresh from experience.

Webster's and Bingham's readers and speakers were the first of those compilations of short selections from literature—poems, scenes from plays, essays, orations, and occasionally original pieces—which formerly occupied so prominent a place among American text books. Bingham's were more popular than Webster's and held the field for a quarter of a century. They were not of so high a literary standard as their competitors, but they appealed more strongly to the popular taste—inevitably, for they sprang more directly from the people. Not only were these books used in the schools, the literary societies, everywhere, went to them for their declamations and dramas. They stand side by side with the literary societies in origin and influence; and are but another phase of the work which the college societies fitted their members to do among the people. From them our parents and grandparents and great grandparents, who did not go to college, obtained their only insight into secular literature. Their influence was deep; if their users had but a few extracts at their command, they did come to know those few so thoroughly that they never forgot them. The readers and speakers are second only to the Bible in their influence upon the language of the people of America.* (21)

The popular interest in the drama furnished the basis for a national dramatic literature. That great dramatists did not appear, while the corresponding interest in oratory did produce great orators, is due to the existence, or development of certain national conditions and characteristics, and the absence of certain others. To deal with this problem is beyond our present purpose.

To return to the exhibitions. Phi Beta Kappa regularly had an oration at its Anniversary; and the Religious Society had one in 1804. The oratorship was the highest honor which a society could bestow on one of its members; and the intense rivalry for public approval between the societies ensured the choice of the one who was considered the best by a majority of his fellows. The office, usually and naturally, went to a Senior. Webster—as has been stated—was orator in his senior year; and Kimball declined to be, because of his preference for second place, that of poet. The trouble, caused by the revival of the Commencement Anniversaries in 1811, prompted the faculty to interfere and restrict the celebrations to an oration each on Tuesday. These were given by Seniors until 1832; then by invited speakers until 1837, when the societies combined their celebrations and invited the speaker together. In the attempt to revive the societies after the Civil War, a society exhibition was arranged for the fall, and a junior exhibition for the spring; the former ended in 1870, the latter in 1877. In 1872 the two societies and Phi Beta Kappa arranged a three year schedule of Anniversaries, which were, in reality, managed by the faculty; and this plan continued until 1902, when the Aniversaries ceased.

(*21) Bingham's *Grammar* first appeared in 1785, his *Speller* in 1792, and his *Preceptor* in 1794. Webster's *Speller* had the most phenomenal career of any of these early text-books—in fact of all text-books, if not of all books after the Bible, in English. It was first published in 1783, and did not meet with serious competition until after 1870. It is estimated that eighty million copies were sold up to 1880.

The close touch which the college societies maintained with the people, and the wide spread and deep influence which they exerted, are shown by various facts and incidents, scattered throughout this paper. They are further illustrated in Dana's narrative. Like many students, throughout the prosperous decades of the great societies, he taught school to help pay his way through college. Vacations were arranged with the view of making this as easy as possible. In his junior year he was a teacher in the Moor School, or Hanover Academy, as it was then sometimes called. There were fifty boys and twenty girls in the school; and they were preparing with great enthusiasm, for an exhibition at which Addison's *Cato* was to be the principal attraction. Two days before the date of the exhibition the boy who had the part of "Cato" became disgruntled and refused to play. No substitute could be found; and Dana, to save the exhibition from failure, agreed to read the lines. He had no intention, however, of merely reading them; spent most of the night in memorizing and practicing; and played the part to the great delight of his scholars. His popularity and influence were, doubtless, increased in the same measure as are those of a teacher today when he puts on his old football uniform and goes onto the field to help develop a strong eleven.

The next year he taught at Orford, New Hampshire. It was a large school with many grown-up pupils. Boys and girls, in those days and long after, were not ashamed to attend the common schools after they were of college age; and thus, by using the leisure of the winter season, to compensate for the short terms and meagre opportunities which were offered them. A college man who taught usually had pupils older than himself. Dana's school wished to have an exhibition; and he was pleased with the idea, "for (he writes) I was very fond of theatrical displays." No dramas could be found which were suited to the ages and capacities of the pupils. He had written (he says) "my sophomore dialogue with my friend, Worcester," and also some blank verse; and, with this experience, he undertook to write a play for the exhibition. His effort was sucessful, and was praised both in the town and at college. Student teachers were everywhere doing this *society extension* work.

The change from orations by students to orations by speakers of national reputation in the thirties coincided with a transformation which was taking place in the literary societies which existed outside the colleges and academies. They became part of the lyceum system, which had started in the preceding decade. Often the change was in name only, and the old order of exercises remained. The ideal of the Lyceum, however, was the education of its members by mutual effort in gaining information in science, literature, and other subjects of intellectual interest, as well as in public affairs. Papers and lectures by members took the place of declamations, plays, and debates. The old societies sometimes adopted this ideal and modified their exercises accordingly. From papers by members to lectures by scholars and public men, the step was logical and easy. As an institution for self-education the Lyceum was scarcely more than a survival; as a system of local organizations, covering the whole northern portion of the country from the Atlantic to the frontier, for providing addresses and lecture courses it was an institution of great power and influence.

Our foremost scholars, literary men, and publicists toured the country, year after year, during the three decades preceding the Civil War in its service, and the anti-slavery leaders used it with telling effect. The Lyceum is best known—and justly so—by this phase of its activity. When the Dartmouth societies began to invite distinguished men to address them and the college community at their Anniversaries, they were following a change in national ideals; and the same is true of the college authorities in their expansion of the curriculum. To be sure, this change in ideals would ultimately destroy the societies; but the anniversary oration is the one feature of their later days which is worthy of their earlier achievements. It is fitting, as well as instructive, to end this account of the exhibitions with the mention of some of the orators and their messages.* (22) In 1809, Webster delivered an address before Phi Beta Kappa on *The State of our Literature.* * (23) He was a lyceum lecturer; but did not attain fame on this platform. We are told by a hearer that his lectures did not show his power as an orator; because he confined himself to the statement of facts, unrelieved by wit or humor—a style unsuited to the youthful and pleasure-seeking audiences of the Lyceum. This is an over-severe criticism. His *Lecture before the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge* at Boston in November, 1836, introductory to a course of lectures in science and literature, is a well-informed and thoughtful account of the underlying forces which produced the Lyceum.

In 1838, Emerson delivered the address "before the Literary Societies." It was on *Literary Ethics,* and was published at Boston. In 1843, Rev. Andrew P. Peabody delivered the address "before the United Literary Societies," and it was printed. The same year Henry F. Brownson delivered an address before the Gamma Sigma Society on *The Scholar's Mission,* and it was published at Boston. The action of the United Literary Societies, in 1853, on the selection of a speaker for the Anniversary is amusing. They voted to invite Hon. Henry S. Foote of Mississippi, as Commencement Orator, with Hon. John J. Crittenden of Kentucky, as substitute; and Park Benjamin of New York, as Poet, with Oliver Wendell Holmes of Boston, as substitute.

In 1855 Wendell Phillips delivered the address on *The Duties of Thoughtful Men in a Republic.* In this he portrayed the politicians, the pulpit, and the press as faithless; and the scholars as too servile. The scholars, he said, must come down to the people. He referred, of course, to the arousing of the people on the slavery question. Alas! he was several decades behind the time when the members of the societies were intent on fitting themselves for such missions; but many who had fitted themselves in those earlier days, were, like him, exerting a powerful influence from the platform throughout the North.

The story of Phillips' visit to Dartmouth, as told by Samuel R. Bond, chairman of the committee of the societies to secure an orator, is both interesting and instructive. He invited a number of well known speakers, all of whom declined. Then, "in despair," he invited Phillips, who promptly accepted the opportunity of addressing the College. When this was known Bond was summoned to the house of

(*22) Information concerning these addresses, and often the addresses themselves will be found in the biographies and works of the men who delivered them.

(*23) So far as this address was written, it was written on the road from Boscawen to Hanover.

President Nathan Lord, where the faculty was sitting. Here he was met by Professor Edwin D. Sanborn, who asked if the report concerning Phillips was true. The Chairman answered that the invitation had been extended and accepted. The Professor then remarked that the President's consent had not been obtained. The Chairman asked if this had ever been required. To this the Professor replied that perhaps it had not; but that the President had the right of veto, would not consent to having the address delivered, and that it had been arranged to have Professor Samuel G. Brown address the alumni at the same time and place (the College Church). The Chairman, becoming somewhat excited, replied: "Mr. Phillips has been invited, has accepted the invitation, and is going to speak." The Professor answered: "But we hold the key to the Church." This angered the Chairman; and, jumping up, he retorted: "But you haven't the key to the Common; and we will have Mr. Phillips speak there at the same time that Professor Brown addresses the alumni, and see which will draw the large audience." (Surely a spark of the old society fire still lived). This determined attitude made its impression on Professor Sanborn; he said he hoped there would be no trouble, and asked the Chairman to wait until he reported to the faculty. After a brief absence he returned and said that Professor Brown had declined to speak under the circumstances, and that the arrangements for the Anniversary might proceed. President Lord was an anti-slavery man until about 1847, when—in the conservative reaction on the subject—he became a firm believer in slavery and the doctrines of Calhoun. He preached sermons to the students in which he held that the Bible showed slavery to be a divine institution. Anti-slavery leaders, like Phillips, were utterly obnoxious to him.

Although the President and faculty submitted to Phillips' coming, they were decidedly cold toward him during his stay in Hanover. It had been the custom for some professor to entertain the Anniversary Orator at his home; but no such radical as Phillips had been chosen before, and it was certain that a request to entertain him would be refused. The town would be crowded, as always at Commencement. The Chairman, therefore, went to Professor Edmund R. Peaslee, whom he knew well, and laid the case before him. Professor Peaslee said that he disagreed with Phillips' views as decidedly as any of the faculty; but that it would be a disgrace to Dartmouth if so fine a gentleman as Mr. Phillips were ignored, or treated discourteously; and that he would entertain him, himself, if his house were not full. He cheerfully assisted in finding suitable accomodations. The faculty extended no courtesies, however, and the Chairman had the privilege of associating with him during the whole of the two days he was in Hanover. When the Anniversary exercises were ended, Mr. Phillips was left alone on the platform while the procession formed to march to the alumni dinner. The Chairman took him to the hotel, where the dinner was served; and had Professor, later United States Senator, James W. Patterson take him in. When the customary honorarium was offered him, Mr. Phillips refused to take it, saying: "I regard the spontaneous invitation of the students of Dartmouth College, whose conservatism I know so well, to come and address them as the highest honor I have ever received."

Finally—to end our list—George William Curtis delivered an oration, in 1857, "before the Literary Societies" on *Patriotism*. In this he pictured slavery as triumphant, and sought to encourage the growing determination of the North to end its power. (Sentiment had swung back from the conservative reaction.) This oration well illustrates how men like Pihllips and Curtis influenced the country through such addresses.' It was delivered at Union College on 20 July, at Dartmouth on 29 July, at the Westfield (Mass.) Normal School on 31 July, and at Brown University on 3 September; and was printed in the New York *Tribune* of 4 September and the *Anti-Slavery Standard* of 12 September.

In sketching the history of the societies some of the outstanding events in the history of their libraries have been related. We have seen that they began with the beginning of the societies, that they were one of the battle-grounds of society rivalry, that they were the sole resource of the students for reading and study, that the societies exerted themselves to the utmost to enlarge them, that they printed catalogues, that they improved their service and added new features, and that they were finally turned over to the College and became legally, what they had always been, in fact, a part of the College Library. They were the element in the activity of the societies which made for permanence and responsibility—as the possession of property always does. Their value and influence at Dartmouth and—if we include those in all the colleges, for their history is everywhere essentially the same—the part which they have played in the development of the present incomparable library system of the United States require that they be considered further and by themselves, as have been the exhibitions.

The College Library is a negligible institution in college life during all the years of the active existence of the society libraries. Little need be said of it; but this little may well be disposed of before taking up the society libraries.

At the start the College charged the students for books which they borrowed from the Library according to a fixed schedule. In 1793 this system was abolished and all students were compelled to contribute equally to its support through a charge on their term bills. An amusing story relating to this tax comes down to us from Webster's days. A college friend of his, Stephen Grant (Class of 1800) found the usual library charge on his term bill. Like most of the students he had never borrowed a book; but, unlike them, he did not pay the tax without a protest—and a protest of a very original sort. His objection on the ground that he had not used the Library was met by President Wheelock with the declaration that the item was entered on the term bills of all students, that the Library had been opened regularly, and that he might have used it, had he so desired. Grant did not complain further and paid his bill; but he did not let the matter drop. He sold cake, beer, and such like at his room to help pay his way through College. At the close of the term following his interview with the President, he sent the head of the College a bill for refreshments. The President protested that he had purchased none. Grant, in turn, replied that it was generally known that his room was open for their sale, and that it was the fault of any College officer if he had not availed himself

of the privilege of buying. We are not told whether the President paid the bill; but we know that the library tax continued.

The first Catalogue of the College Library was printed in 1810—the first of the Social Friends in the same year, and the first of the United Fraternity in 1812. It then had about 2,900 volumes. In 1817, when it was seized by the University Faculty, it had about 4,000. The interest in the society libraries in the twenties, which led to their expansion and to innovations which increased their usefulness, did not react on the College Library. It had but few books of value, and was opened to the students but once in two weeks. In 1828 the general assessment was replaced by the earlier system of charging for books that were borrowed. The rates—which remained until 1855—were ten cents for a folio volume, eight for a quarto, six for an octavo, and four a duodecimo. There were so few calls that it was opened but one hour per week, instead of two as it had been for some years. The general library practice of that day was to fix the length of time during which a volume might be retained on the same basis—that of size; but this, and the number of volumes allowed at one time, usually varied also with the rank of the borrower from Freshman to Senior and Professor. The Library was in the same moribund state in the forties and in the sixties. The historian of the Class of 1863 tells us that, in his day, there was a College Library, but that a student saw it only once during his college course—at the graduation reception—and that it was locked up the rest of the time to the detriment of no one.

In 1864 the authorities felt that it was necessary to allow freer use of the Library in order to encourage studious habits. Their reforming zeal went so far that the Library was opened one hour a day for six days in the week. In 1865 the College started a reading room for newspapers and periodicals; and part of the expense was levied on the students. But in 1869, this was put under the charge of the societies—the United Fraternity, as we have seen, had such a reading room in the twenties. The College Library continued to be of little use to the students down to the time when the society libraries were consolidated with it. To be sure, it was open six hours in the week, while they were open but three. But the students did not have access to the shelves, the catalogue was incomplete, the room was not heated in winter, and—what is more consequential—the society libraries contained, in spite of losses, duplication, and indiscriminate accumulation, the books which were most profitable for study and most entertaining for reading. The relative status of the College and society libraries during the century of their independent existence has been succinctly stated by one of the College historians: "The library of the College was so far eclipsed by them that for many years, down even to our own day, it was wholly neglected." This is no reflection on Dartmouth; for the statement holds true for nearly all—if not all—of our colleges.

Attention has already been called to the fact that the Social Friends started a library as soon as they were organized. The same is true of the United Fraternity. Its constitution provided that each member should contribute twelve shillings for the library—a considerable sum for the student of that time. In the second year of its existence, the library numbered thirty-four volumes of books and twenty-three

of magazines. The agreement, which the disturbances, arising from the intensity of their rivalry, compelled the societies to make in 1790, included—as we have seen—the union of their libraries as a Federal Library. This was opened one hour a week. A Senior might take out two books, and any underclassman one, for two weeks. The fine for not returning a book was a sixpence per week. Each society contributed to its support according to the number of its members; and all used the books in common. This plan was followed for nine years; but the feeling between the societies was so intense that a return to the old, dual system was inevitable. However, as feeling became less intense with the passing years, the societies extended the courtesies of their libraries to each other more or less freely.

Each library was more than doubled in numbers within two years of the dissolution of the Federal Library. The taxes for the support of the libraries were heavy during all of the earlier years. Their rules were strict. Members who desired access to the shelves were admitted only under special regulations and only two or three at a time. Nevertheless they suffered heavily both from damage and losses. Phi Beta Kappa avoided the enmity of the great societies in its first years, in part, because it did not attempt to have a library. In 1798, however, it did establish a library of natural history and chemistry. This, probably, did not infringe on the field of the society libraries; but, even if it did, there was no chance for trouble, for the attempt was unsuccessful and was abandoned after four years. The chapter, also, tried to publish a periodical; but their ambition was again doomed to disappointment.

The Musical Society, or Choir, which—as we have seen—was the earliest college organization, had a library, or, at least, a collection of song and hymn books. It could not exist without them. When the Handel Society was formed, in 1807, it began a library. Like the Choir it must have song and hymn books; and, in addition, the scores for the anthems and oratorios which it produced in fulfulment of its purpose to create a national taste for good music and to replace the current church music—a crude imitation of the fugue—with the more simple and impressive forms which the church had once used. Professor John Hubbard (His connection with the Demosthenian Society at the New Ipswich Academy was referred to in the July, 1919, number of the *Monthly*, p. 313), who was active in the establishment of the Handel Society, is said to have had the best musical library, at that time, in America. Most of this came into the possession of the Society in 1810. The Society also purchased musical instruments. Unfortunately the library—which would be of great interest and historical value today—was dispersed and lost.

When the first catalogues of the College and society libraries were published in 1810-1812, the former numbered about 2,900 volumes and the latter about 1,000 each. It is necessary throughout this account of the libraries to take book statistics with decided reservations. The process of arriving at totals was the simple one of adding accessions to the last totals without any deductions for the heavy losses which accrued from the start. The totals, therefore, always exceeded the number of books actually on the shelves. Nor did the societies discriminate between useful and useless books; anything in the form of a book was accepted and counted. There was, also, much duplication between the two libraries.

In the twenties—as already stat-

ed—there was an increase of interest among the members of the societies in enlarging and improving their libraries. In 1825 they made use of rooms in Dartmouth Hall, which were allotted to them by the College, to expand their library facilities—the United Fraternity by opening a reading room, the Social Friends by starting a Philological Library. The general libraries received their share of the new enthusiasm. They were opened daily instead of three times a week, as they had been. The two society libraries numbered, it is stated, about 6,000 volumes at this time. The Philological Library originated with the Socials of the Class of 1827, one of whom was Alpheus Crosby, the noted classical scholar. Its supporters undertook to buy the standard critical books on Latin and Greek. The attempt increased interest in the study of the classics; but the heavy expense prevented the continuance of the undertaking by its founders, and it was taken over by the Society and merged in its library. If we but remind ourselves of the paramount position of the classics in the college curriculum of that day, we may see in this society experiment a striking illustration of the supineness of the College authorities toward the provision of books to aid the students in their work. The incorporation of the societies followed this library renaissance. The authors of the *Memorial of the Class of* 1827 bear witness—as the old graduates so frequently do—to the value of the society collections. The members (they tell us) took great pride in them, gave liberally of their meagre incomes to support them, and went to them for the books which they wished for reading or study. To quote: [the societies] "through their literary exercises and their valuable libraries have been of such inestimable service to the College generally, and to successive generations of students. If, from any cause, the old order of affection has declined, it is well worth great effort for its revival." The writers were discriminating scholars of sound judgement.

The 1835 *Catalogue* of the United Fraternity gives the number of volumes in the library as 4,908. It was still opened daily; and books could be kept out for two weeks. A Freshman or Sophomore could take two, a Junior three, and a Senior four. In earlier days members were not allowed to take books out of town during vacations. This was changed in 1824, under the influence of the progressive tendencies which prevailed, by a rule which permitted members to take books with them in numbers which varied with the length of the vacation. Later they were allowed to take them while absent to teach school; but such absence would normally be in vacation. These books were read by others than the borrower—another instance of the influence of the societies among the people. It would appear that the practice resulted in considerable damage to the books; for a complaint is entered on the records of the United Fraternity for 15 May, 1832, to the effect that they "were thumbed by every old farmer and snuff-taking maiden till the contents (if any remained) were rendered as brown as the ingredients of her box." Or is this an example of literary society humor!

A member of the Class of 1831 confirms the testimony which has been quoted from the preceding college generation, to the value of the literary societies and their libraries. They exerted (he says) a very marked influence in college. A young man usually has a period in which he "craves books." Give

him a good library, let him roam in it as he wishes, read, assist in the selection and purchase of books, "any you have done the best thing you can do towards cultivating his taste for letters, and stimulating a spirit which he will carry with him through life.....All this, and more, these societies, with their excellent libraries, have done for the many hundreds who have belonged to them. Among the general influences of the College....I hardly know of one to be placed before them." A like, but more circumstantial, tribute—to be quoted at length later—comes from the Class of 1844.

The societies had some trust funds whose income went to the increasing of the libraries; but the chief source of accessions, at this period, lay in the custom of a gift by the graduating class. Sometimes—perhaps regularly—the class raised funds in its sophomore year and purchased books which it held for its own use until graduation and then presented to the society. Around 1840 the value of the books, given by a class to its society, varied from one hundred to five hundred dollars. For both societies the average would be doubled. This system ensured a steady flow of the books which the members of successive classes wished to read early enough in their college course to leave ample time to enjoy them. It also gave them personal interest in their selection.

In October, 1853, the Social Friends had, according to their statistics, 6,836 volumes; and the United Fraternity, 6,954. A year later the numbers were 7,213 and 7,115, respectively. In 1854, the year after its foundation, the Philotechnic Society had three hundred volumes, which had increased to 1,200 in 1874. In this decade—the fifties—the societies began to take more systematic measures to prevent losses, which had long been heavy and had been omitted in making up their totals. Society rivalry, rather than ignorance and indolence, are probably at the bottom of this inaccuracy. Up to 1830 the United Fraternity had met with the greater losses; and a committee was then chosen to bring the library to the level of that of the Social Friends. But the latter had, also, suffered so severely that a committee was named, in 1832, to find means of protecting their collections. In 1850 they lost about one hundred and fifty volumes. It was proposed to put glass doors on the cases; but the plan finally adopted was to place the library at one end of the room with a counter in front to prevent unauthorized access. The same year the United Fraternity put wire doors on their cases; and the Socials followed, in 1854, at a cost of four hundred dollars—a considerable sum for such a society. This plan was successful and was continued until the libraries were completely merged in the College Library. One society member was expelled from his society for stealing books, and from College for the same offence in the College Library. The societies had, in some instances, expelled members for stealing books and published their names. In addition to the introduction of mechanical protection the societies began to take an annual inventory and to place the librarians under bonds. But the pay was too small and the labor of the office too heavy to make it possible to find librarians who were willing thus to guarantee the societies against losses.

Not so very many years ago some of our most progressive librarians aroused great interest in the library world by introducting the "open shelf" system. That is they placed

the best and most used books where borrowers could go to the shelves, browse around at will, and select books to take home to read. Before long discussions arose over the wisdom of the system. Many books were stolen. Did the advantage to the readers counterbalance the loss to the library? How could the books be safe-guarded? Was the system a school of dishonesty? Had the shades of the fathers been called up from the old literary societies, they would have shown a familiarity with the whole subject that would have startled their progressive and "up-to-date" descendants.

The societies had run into debt to support their libraries; and they had become so decrepit that they could not properly administer them. A change was necessary and inevitable. In 1874, they put the administration of their libraries into the hands of the faculty; and, in 1879, into the hands of the trustees. The College was to choose and pay a librarian and assistants, pay the expenses of the Anniversaries, and grant the Social Friends and the United Fraternity one hundred and fifty dollars a year, each, for buying books. The Philotechnic Society was to receive a proportionate amount. The funds were to be raised by a library fee, levied on all students alike. The books to be purchased were selected by a committee in each society. The College, also, agreed to maintain a reading room for newspapers and periodicals. The libraries were kept in their old rooms until 1879. Their transfer to the College Library then began, and was completed in 1885. The society book-plates were carefully retained. The College Library received 18,700 volumes from the two great societies and 3,500 from other organizations and assumed the library responsibilities which the students had so long, and on the whole, so well borne on their own shoulders. But the societies had already come to the point where their existence was less than nominal. They held no regular meetings, and many students did not know to which they had been assigned. The book committees neglected their duties. There were many duplicates and many books which were not considered worth preservation. These could not be disposed of, legally. It was necessary, therefore, to end the legal existence of the societies and transfer the title to their property to the College. This was done under the Act of 1903.

Before the days when library administration became a trained profession, with its own schools and technical literature, men and women who took charge of libraries had no preparation except such chance knowledge as they might have gained through contact, in some way, with books. Often they began their duties without even such experience. Among the men who founded the profession and carried it through its infancy were some who had been members of college literary societies, and had there obtained such knowledge as they had of libraries and library management. A biographical census would probably show them to have been the leaders in the new movement. Names might be mentioned of some who were librarians of society libraries and there began their life work.

One of the society men who became well known in the library world was Mellen Chamberlain (Class of 1844), a member of the Social Friends—a historian of repute and Librarian of the Boston Public Library. He has left us his recollections of the society libraries and his estimate of their value. The judgement of so competent a critic is worthy to be quoted in full:

"Among the privileges of my col-

the best and most used books where borrowers could go to the shelves, browse around at will, and select books to take home to read. Before long discussions arose over the wisdom of the system. Many books were stolen. Did the advantage to the readers counterbalance the loss to the library? How could the books be safe-guarded? Was the system a school of dishonesty? Had the obligations of the fathers been called up from the old literary societies, they would have shown a repugnance to with the whole subject that would have startled their progressive and "up-to-date" descendants.

The societies had put into debt to support their libraries, and they had become so decrepit that they could not properly administer them. A change was necessary and inevitable. In 1894, they put the administration of their libraries into the hands of the faculty and, in 1879, into the hands of the trustees. The College was to choose and pay a librarian and assistants, pay the expenses of the Associations, and grant the Social Friends and the United Fraternity one hundred and fifty dollars a year, each, for buying books. The Philotechnic Society was to receive a proportionate amount. The funds were to be raised by a library fee, levied on all students alike. The books to be purchased were selected by a committee in each society. The College also agreed to maintain a reading room for newspapers and periodicals. The libraries were kept in their old rooms until 1879. Their transfer to the College Library then began, and was completed in 1883. The society book-plates were carefully retained. The College Library received 18,500 volumes from the two great societies and 4,300 from other organizations and assumed the library responsibilities which the students had so long, and on the whole, so well borne on their own

lege days I gratefully remember the libraries, which were ample for our purposes. We could not, indeed, have verified Gibbon's authorities, nor have explored any subject exhaustively in original sources. But the books we needed were to be found either in the society libraries, the college library, or that of the Northern Academy [of Arts and Sciences]. . . . . On the same terms [payment of fees] the college library was open to us. But I fancy the accomplished librarian found his duties neither arduous nor largely remunerative.

"In the Society libraries, however, were famous browsing pastures stretching away from the heathery Grampians to the honeyed Hymettus. Free even to license, the privilege was seldom abused, and is of such value that it should be accorded, when practicable, even at the risk of some inconvenience. Of like value was that other privilege of carrying away to our homes, or to the rural districts where we taught school, a trunkful of literature for the long winter evenings. To this day I hear the stage driver's good natured, but highly objurgatory, epithets lavished on those book-laden trunks, as he hoisted them to the rack; and the no less significant exclamations of the youth who, at the end of the route, assisted their progress to the school master's chamber. After a half century of such usage no one could reasonably expect to find many of those identical volumes on the shelves. Those who read them are gone. The past itself is gone, but its memories and its influences endure. I wish to pay a tribute of respect to those peripatetic volumes. They did a useful work. They entered into the rural life of northern New England and aroused new thoughts and new purposes. They stimulated a desire for a broader education in some whose names would not otherwise have honored our rolls; and in others who wandered from their native hills and became pioneers of civilization by the Great Lakes and beyond the Mississippi. Those were days of toil and privation, of spare and homely diet, of coarse and scanty raiment; but they cover no inconsiderable portion of that period which measures the intellectual movement of our New England society. We gratefully remember the good they brought us, but cannot wish their return.

"At the time of which I speak, the libraries of the United Fraternity and of the Social Friends aggregated about fifteen thousand volumes. As I recall these collections, they fairly represent the tastes, judgements, and needs of those to whom they were mainly indebted for their existence. Each class, divided equally between the two societies, made a donation to their respective libraries in its Sophomore year. That is, in that year they raised the funds with which they purchased books. These books were held for special class use until near graduation, and then were given to the society libraries. In my own class I was one of the committee of the Socials for that business. Two of us were selected to go to the great city, in the summer vacation, and make purchases; and, from memoranda made at the time, I know that the hours spent in making our selections from the bewildering riches of Little & Brown's shelves were considered a 'hard day's work.' Few titles of our purchases I now remember: but, in history we ranged from the Chronicles of Froissart and Monstrelet to the Memoirs of Vidocq; and I hope that my associate, who still lives, read the former with as much avidity as I devoured the latter."

IN WEAKNESS STRENGTH

By E. H. Cheney.

When I am weak! Then am I strong!
I can but, then, for weakness long;

The weakness that begetteth strength,
And maketh truly strong at length.

Strong in the strength that God supplies,
We cannot fail of Paradise.

The newborn baby rules the home;
At its command we go and come.

It utters ne'er a word, 'tis true;
Its very silence makes us do
All that a newborn baby needs;
And all the household gladly heeds.

Where baby bids how swift we run;
Indeed we count it only fun;

Keep doing—doing; make no fuss:
That's what our Maker does for us!

He, ere we ask—our Living Head,
Gives us, each day, our daily bread.

Ere yet we breathe our daily prayer
'Tis answered! Such our Father's care.

Each time a newborn babe we aid
We prove we're in His image made.

Were this world full of strength like this
'Twould be indeed a world of bliss.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S MOST FRIENDLY TREES

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

No. 4

THE ELM

In June we think first of all of the majestic elm, the friendly wayside tree of the average farm home, the friendly shade tree of so many a street in the villages and cities. Where can we find so inviting a spot as some stately farm house, with the broad lawn now carpeted with the deep rich green grass, and over it the wide, sheltering branches of a great old elm that has watched over several generations of the inhabitants of that home. More scenes of love and domestic happiness in New England are associated with the elm than with any other tree. To us natives of New England, many an elm is sacred. Many a weary traveller has returned to the old home to rest beneath the wide protecting arms of the old-home-elm and watch the nest of the hanging birds seventy feet above, building just where they did when he was a boy perhaps sixty years before.

There was a real art in the building of the ancestors when they planted the elm to shelter the great square home beneath its branches; the scene it makes is rarely beautiful.

Early in April the elm puts forth its clusters of red life and by the first day in June it has reached the height of its beauty of foliage.

So many insects have fastened themselves upon our elms that this beauty of foliage is the first to go, unless we guard against their depradations.

The elm always speaks to me of hospitality, it is so inviting, and is so closely associated with the home life of New Hampshire.

Again the very form of the tree is hospitable. It is shaped like a great protecting umbrella, its widely spreading branches casting a shade of many feet. Some of our oldest trees are the elms, and it is certain that our most noted trees are elms. Washington took command of the continental troops beneath the elm at Cambridge; Boston Common has some noted elms which date from colonial days; Hartford has its Liberty Elm, where the colonists met and refused to surrender to Gov. Andros the colony charter; Ware, Mass., has its Lafayette elm, beneath which the great Frenchman rested while touring the country; and Philadelphia, has its Treaty elm, beneath which Penn made his famous treaty with the indians.

LOSS

By Harold Vinal.

The sea is sleeping in the rain,
  The land is sleeping in the sun;
But oh, no rest nor peace for me,
  In either rain or sun.

Only a ceaseless overtone,
  Beating and throbbing in my brain;
The years will not bring rest to me—
  Unless you come again.

EDITORIAL

The almost absolute interdependence of all the units in our modern social structure has been illustrated in a very striking manner in New England this spring by the controversy over "daylght saving." Setting the clocks ahead an hour in order to take advantage of the earlier rising and later setting of the sun seemed to work well during the war for increased food production and in other ways, but when it was proposed to continue the custom this summer, vigorous and apparently well grounded protests came from so many quarters that the adoption of daylight saving by the nation, or, the next most practicable step, by the people of one time zone, was impossible. But the great state of New York adopted it and so, in turn did the state of Massachusetts. These two acts made it seem necessary to the officials of the Boston and Maine system that they should accomodate their train service to the changed conditions; which they did by retaining standard time, but starting almost all their trains one hour earlier. New Hampshire, almost entirely dependent upon the Boston and Maine for railroad service, found itself thus committed to daylight saving willy-nilly and several cities and large towns passed local ordinances setting ahead their clocks, while others refused to do this. The result was great confusion, which still exists to a somewhat abated degree. As the result of complaint to the public service commission by agricultural interests and school authorities, the railroad restored a few trains to their former time, but these changes did not fit into the new schedule with entire success, and the whole situation is annoying. But the significant fact, showing how closely we are all bound together in the life of today, is that an act of the New York Assembly can force a New Hampshire farmer to rise an hour earlier in the morning. In view of this directness of contact, a course of action becomes desirable, and, in the end, inevitable, which Governor John H. Bartlett, in comment upon the daylight saving situation, phrased well, as follows: "What New Hampshire and the world need most is earnest and unselfish effort to restore good feeling among our people, and every proposal, however meritorious in theory, which tends to stir up strife, is ill advised." The Golden Rule seems to have gone out of fashion, these days, but it must come into its own again before the present troubled waters can be made smooth. Selfishness, starting with the individual and displayed on a large scale by classes and sections, can end in nothing but discord and strife. The righteous man is told by his conscience that it is his duty to think of his neighbors as of himself. The wise man, righteous or unrighteous, knows that if he does this his peace and prosperity will be enhanced. As of the man by himself so of the association into which he is gathered. It must consider other associations, other bodies of men, in its every act, in order to achieve with true success the ends at which it aims. Church organizations, political parties, farm bureaus, labor unions, associations of manufacturers, all have equally powerful reasons for taking home this thought today, in New Hampshire, and everywhere else.

EDITORIAL

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

SHIPS ACROSS THE SEA. By Ralph D. Paine. Illustrated. Pp. 347 Cloth, $1.90. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Few writers of today in any language equal Mr. Ralph D. Paine of Durham, New Hampshire, in intimate, accurate knowledge of the sea and those who go down it in ships; knowledge, moreover, which he is able to transmit to us through the printed page in a way that is always interesting, whether its medium be history, narrative or fiction. The Chronicles of America, a 50 volume series from the Yale University Press, includes in its issues for 1920, Mr. Paine's account of "The Fight for the Sea." A year ago we were reviewing in The Granite Monthly his splendid piece of war correspondence contained in the book, "The Fighting Fleets." And now we have just finished enjoying "Ships Across the Sea," a volume of short stories dealing with the naval activities of our nation in the Great War, full of the strenuous life, vivid in coloring, thrilling in action, leaving us stirred to the depths with pride at the heroic achievements of our sailor men. While "Ships across the Sea" is fiction, it is so based upon what the author himself saw and heard and learned about, over across, in the war years, that its verity is equal to that of the most matter of fact log ever kept and the impression it makes upon the reader is absolutely truthful. It is a good book for supplanting pessimism and pacifism with proper pride and patriotism.

MARY MARIE. By Eleanor H. Porter. Illustrated. Pp. 296. Cloth, $1.90. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The recent death, at her home in Cambridge, Mass., of Mrs. Eleanor Hodgman Porter, native of Littleton, New Hampshire, lends sad interest to this last of her published works. In it she returns to the form of story telling in which she has been the most successful of recent writers and Mary Marie, "the sunbeam girl," is as pleasantly interesting a character as her famous predecessor, Pollyanna, "the glad girl." Mary Marie has different troubles and problems from those above which Pollyanna rose triumphant, but they are just as real and come just as near home in the hearts of a million readers. The key to the story is in the title, for "Father calls me Mary. Mother calls me Marie. Everybody else calls me Mary Marie." You can see the difference between father and mother and understand their separation. How that separation affected the daughter and how Mary Marie brought them together again, in the end, with happiness for herself and them, forms the substance of the story. Mrs. Porter's host of admirers will like it immensely and will be glad that her last book was one in which her personality and her theory of life have such happy expression.

FIREWEED. By Joslyn Gray. Pp. 331. Cloth, $1.75. York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Divorce furnishes the motive for another novel of the month by a New Hampshire writer, "Fireweed," by Miss Joslyn Gray of Hinsdale. Miss Gray has written several very successful books for girls and in this, her first novel, she shows herself equally capable of interesting more mature readers. This she does more by cleverness of characterization than by intrica-

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

cy of plot, though the development of the story is managed in an unhackneyed way. It starts with Mrs. Erica Manners, idle, selfish and frivolous, unsuccessfully contesting a divorce suit in which the case against her is handled by Caleb Cotton, a lawyer from the West, a Lincoln like figure who dominates the book and in whose depiction Miss Gray is at her best. Then the scene changes to Europe and to the cast of characters is added the membership of a typical American "excursion" party, delineated in a manner so true to life that one suspects the author of having transferred some personal experiences to the printed page. The tour is ended by the breaking out of the war, and Miss Gray gives a vivid picture of the plight in which Americans abroad found themselves. But the world at war brought peace to the hearts of the principal characters in the story and in their lives a new chapter began, typified by the fireweed, "whose romantic, rose-amethyst blossoms, appearing suddenly after midsummer and the first harvest, have covered the charred ruins of desolate homesteads and glowed above the blackened prairies."

ISLE O' DREAMS. By Frederick Ferdinand Moore. Frontispiece. Pp. 234. Cloth, $1.50. New York; Doubleday, Page & Co.

Other American tourists, much farther from home than Miss Gray's and making up a very different party, we meet in "Isle o' Dreams," the latest story of the Far East from the prolific pen of Frederick Ferdinand Moore, once of Enfield, New Hampshire, but since then of Manilla, and all cities and ports between. His intimate knowledge of the people and places about the China seas are revealed once more in this tale about gold that was not gold on the Isle o' Dreams, where death and disappointment came to some, and life and love to others. It is a lively tale of adventure under strange skies and very readable.

THE FIRST VALLEY. By Mary Farley Sanborn. Pp. 232. Cloth, $1.75. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

It is the longest journey of all which one takes with Mrs. Mary Farley Sanborn, native of Manchester, New Hampshire, in her latest novel, "The First Valley." Tina, the heroine, has passed the "fog wall" and dwells in "the first valley," with Odo, the poet fool, and the Spade Man, garden philosopher. We all of us take thought, in one way or another, of the life beyond the grave. It is one of the results of the great war that the desire and the search for some knowledge, some proof, of that life, is more intense today than for many years. That longing, seeking expression, has resulted in many books of varying merit. This of Mrs. Sanborn's is beautiful in its simplicity, comforting in its creed, hopeful in its essence.

PETER KINDRED. By Robert Nathan. Pp. 362. Cloth $2. New York: Duffield & Co.

Mrs. Sanborn's gentle phlosophy would not have been sufficient for Peter Kindred when they brought him the news that his child was dead and he cried, "I will go and find God." "But," continues Mr. Nathan, "all men go to find Him, the armies of their faith thundering before them; on every field their faith is challenged and confused, and on every field they search with outflung arms to come to grips with God." This story of such a search is a very promising first novel, with new types of characters cleverly drawn and the

striving of youth to find itself depicted with power and understanding. The birth control issue is obtruded rather unnecessarily into the latter part of the narrative, which does not, in fact, measure up in achievement to the earlier chapters of life at Harvard and Radcliffe. The New Hampshire connection of the book comes in the fact that the hero fits for college at Phillips Exeter Academy, to which he devotes a score of appreciative pages. "The town, in autumn," he writes, "rambling in a slight valley, among forests, is as lovely a spot as in all New England. It is on the frontier of the north, and lies beneath a deeper sky than even Boston, in a clearer air. Fires of gathered brown leaves tang through October; the air grows colder and brighter, and vital with sunlight, like some delicate and potent vintage."

THOUGHTS

By Mary H. Wheeler.

What are your thoughts, Love? You sit there demure
  Playing the wool about long needle tips.
Not of your work was that thought I am sure
  That brought the half smile to your opening lips.

Thoughts are like birds that go flitting at will
  Into the future and over the past.
Flocks of them follow, all breathlessly still,
  One leading thought and they go very fast.

Thoughts are like ships that go out on the seas,
  Argosies, brigantines, schooners in fleets,
Shaping their course to a hint of a breeze,
  Scudding and racing with wind in their sheets.

What are your thoughts, Love? That smile is so dear
  My heart is longing its secret to know.
Whisper it softly, Love, close to my ear,
  What is the thought that is pleasing you so?

THOUGHTS

What are your thoughts, Love? You sit there demure
Having the wool about long needle tips.
Not of your work was that thought I am sure
That brought the half smile to your opening lips.

Thoughts are like birds that go flitting at will
Into the future and over the past.
Flocks of them follow, all breathlessly still,
One leading thought and they go very fast.

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Argosies, brigantines, schooners in fleets,
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NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

JUDGE WILLIAM B. FELLOWS

William Bainbridge Fellows, one of New Hampshire's best known public men, was born in Sandwich, July 5, 1858, the son of Colonel Enoch Q. and Mary E. (Quimby) Fellows, and died at his home in Tilton Sunday, May 2. He graduated from Tilton Seminary in the class of 1876, and from Dartmouth College in the class of 1880. At Hanover he was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. Following his college course, he studied law with the late Hon. E. A. Hibbard of Laconia and was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in September, 1883. In 1885 he removed from Ashland to Tilton and was a useful and public-spirited citizen of the latter town until his death. Entering public life as sergeant-at-arms of the New Hampshire State Senate at the session of 1881, he was subsequently private secretary to United States Senators Austin F. Pike and Person C. Cheney, and during this service was clerk of the Senate Committee on Claims. Mr. Fellows was solicitor of Belknap county 1889 to 1891 and 1893 to 1897, and gained the title by which he generally was addressed from service as probate judge of the same county from 1895 to 1909. From 1901 to 1908 he was secretary of the state board of equalization, and in the latter year was a member of the special state tax commission. He held the office of state auditor, 1909 to 1911, and in 1911 assumed the position of member and secretary of the New Hampshire tax commission which he held at the time of his death. With his accustomed industry, application and thoroughness, Judge Fellows had made such a study of the subject of taxation in both its general and local applications as to become a recognized authority upon all its aspects, and by his death the state sustains a severe loss in this department of its governmental administration. He was a delegate from the town of Tilton to the constitutional conventions of 1902 and 1912, and in the latter body introduced and championed several important resolutions dealing with matters of taxation. Judge Fellows was treasurer of the town of Tilton in 1902 and 1906, and at the time of his death had been a trustee of Tilton Seminary since 1896, of the Tilton and Northfield Library Association since 1887, and of the Hall Memorial Library Building since 1901. One of the best read men in public life, a keen and cultured critic of literature, he saw the possibilities for good in our free public library system and did much to realize them in his own sphere of influence. The history and biography of New Hampshire were subjects in which he took much interest, and the Granite Monthly long had found in him a helpful friend and supporter. Judge Fellows married November 1, 1881, Ida Grace Scribner of Ashland, who died in 1908. Their two sons are John H. Fellows of New Britain, Ct., and Paul R. Fellows of Evanston, Ill. August 24, 1909, he married Miss Clara Douglas Merriman, then preceptress of Tilton Seminary, by whom he is survived. The attendance at the funeral services of Judge Fellows, held in the Congregational church at Tilton on Thursday, May 6, testified to the affection and esteem with which he was widely regarded. By order of Governor John H. Bartlett, the state house at Concord was closed during the hours of the funeral, which was attended by as many as possible of the heads of state departments. Sincerely devoted to the best interests of his native state, Judge Fellows was privileged to render her long and valuable service. A good friend, keen observer, and witty conversationalist, his death brought a painful shock of personal loss to the wide circle of those who had known, appreciated and loved him.

CHARLES A. WALKER

Charles Alvah Walker who died Sunday, April 11th, at his home, Brookline, Mass., was born in Loudon, October 13, 1848, the son of Dr. Charles H. Walker and Julia P. Morse. He moved to Chelsea Mass., in 1859 and was a graduate from the Chelsea High School. He developed a talent for both wood and steel engraving and the latter became his profession for many years. From engraving Mr. Walker gradually turned his attention towards painting and his works in water color and oils were regularly exhibited throughout the country until about ten years ago. He was interested in art affairs at the Boston Art Club, where he was vice-president for two years. Mr. Walker was responsible for bringing to public attention and perfecting the monotype process of individual reproductive art and exhibits of the same were held in Boston, New York and London, where they attracted wide interest. For the past fifteen years he has been a collector and dealer

in works of art by the master painters and was responsible for the collections of several prominent men. He is survived by his wife, who was Mary Elizabeth Mitchell of Campton; one daughter, Mrs. Horace P. Wood of Brookline, and a son, M. Leon Walker of Boston.

WILLIAM H. TOPPING

William Harold Topping, prominent in New Hampshire journalism and politics for 30 years, was born in Waverly, N. Y., November 26, 1865, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Topping, and learned the printer's trade in the office of the Waverly Advocate. Later he was connected with the Bayonne, N. J., Herald as reporter, and in 1890 came to New Hampshire for employment on the Hillsborough Messenger. He was connected with the New Hampshire Republican, of Nashua, during its short life, and afterwards for many years worked on the Manchester Union and Mirror, becoming known as one of the brightest and most entertaining writers in the state, his legislative correspondence being particularly famous. Through his newspaper work he became interested in politics and was secretary to Congressman Cyrus A. Sulloway during most of that gentleman's long service at Washington. In 1899 and 1901 he was assistant clerk of the New Hampshire House of Representatives. While serving as secretary to Congressman Sulloway's successor, Hon. Sherman E. Burroughts, Mr. Topping's health gave way and he has been incapacitated for work for some time. Death came to him on Thursday, May 20.

MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Mrs. Eleanor Hodgman Porter, the most popular author of New Hampshire nativity, died at her home in Cambridge, Mass., May 21. She was born in Littleton, December 19, 1868, the daughter of Francis Fletcher and Llella (Woolson) Hodgman, and was educated in the public schools, by private teachers and at the New England Conservatory of Music. May 3, 1892, she married John Lyman Porter of Corinth, Vt., who survives her. Mrs. Porter was for some years a choir and concert singer and teacher of music, but in 1901 turned her attention to writing. She was the author of a dozen novels and several hundred short stories. "Cross Currents" was her first book; "Pollyanna," her most famous; and "Mary Marie," her most recently published; although "Sister Sue" was complete at her death and will be published in the fall.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The beautiful illustration accompanying the article on doorways by Mr. George W. Jennings in the May Granite Monthly, was a picture of the entrance to the home of Mr. Jennings' great-grandfather at Durham, New Hampshire. General John Sullivan was the friend and neighbor of Mr. Jennings' ancestor in this historic town and they built homes there at the same time, in 1785. The May number of The House Beautiful (Boston) contained an illustrated article by Mr. Jennings on oriental vases, which was most interesting.

Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes, whose return to our pages this month, will be welcomed by every reader of The Granite Monthly, is one of the editorial staff of The Penwoman, of which the first number was issued at Washington, D. C., last month ,and which will be published quarterly by the League of American Penwomen. To the initial issue Mrs. Keyes contributed a book review and sympathetic character sketch, "Our Doctor." In spite of the social and other demands upon her in Washington, as the wife of the Junior United States Senator from New Hampshire, Mrs. Keyes contrives to make time for her writing and has published recently in the D. A. R. Magazine, an historical article about one of the homes of her ancestor, "Master" Parkinson, and in the Atlantic an essay, "On the Fence," as to suffrage, which has caused much comment and discussion.

For the July number of The Granite Monthly, Mr. George B. Upham has prepared an article, "A Barrier against the Indians," which is a valuable addition to his series of historical papers and which will be illustrated by a reproduction of one of his "finds" in the way of maps, this one from a London magazine of 1757.

ANARCHISM

By Albert Annett.

Rats undermined the wall,
And while men slept
The floods that basined in the hills, smiled at the day,
Crept in by stealth and tore their bounds away:
And onward swept
Where busy towns in tranquil beauty kept
The peace; and with the power of many waters pent
Homes were engulfed and hills in twain were rent.
Steeple and tower
Fell toppling down, and in a breath
When happiness had dwelt, were devastation, woe and
death,
And these few words were written of the fall:
While watchman slept
Rats undermined the wall.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The beautiful illustration accompanying the article on dowsers by Mr. George W. Jennings in the May Cosmic Monthly, was a picture of the entrance to the home of Mr. Jennings' great-grandfather at Dunbarton, New Hampshire. General John Sullivan was the friend and neighbor of Mr. Jennings' ancestor in this historic town, and they built homes there at the same time, in 1782. The May number of The Home Beautiful (Boston) contained an illustrated article by Mr. Jennings on oriental vases, which was most interesting.

Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes, whose return to our pages this month will be welcomed by every reader of The Cosmic Monthly, is one of the editorial staff of The Newsman, of which the first number was issued at Washington, D. C., last month, and which will be published quarterly by the League of American Newsmen. To the

ANARCHISM

By Allen Dunn

Rats undermined the wall,
And while men slept
The floods that basked in the hills, smiled at the day;
Crept in by stealth and bore their bounds away;
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Where busy towns in tranquil beauty kept
The peace; and with the power of many waters pent
Homes were engulfed and hills in twain were rent.
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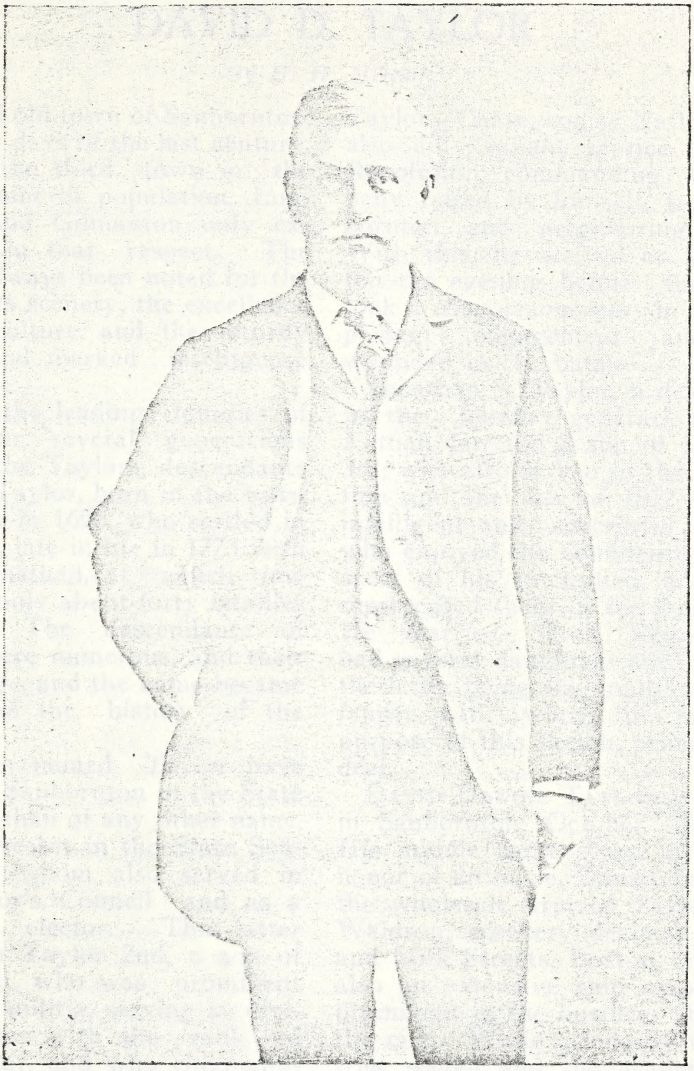
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THE LATE DAVID D. TAYLOR.



THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LII. JULY, 1920. No. 7

DAVID D. TAYLOR

By H. H. Metcalf.

The good old town of Sanbornton, in the early days of the last century, ranked as the third town in the state, in point of population, Londonderry and Gilmanton only exceeding it in that respect. The town has always been noted for the beauty of its scenery, the excellence of its agriculture, and the sturdy character and marked intelligence of its people.

Among the leading families of the town for several generations have been the Taylors, descendants of Nathan Taylor, born in the town of Stratham in 1696, who settled in Sanbornton, late in life in 1773 with his son, Jonathan, at which time there were only about forty families in town. The descendants of Jonathan were numerous, and their families large, and the name became prominent in the history of the town.

More men named Taylor have represented Sanbornton in the State Legislature than of any other name, and two have sat in the State Senate, one of whom also served in the Governor's Council and as a presidential elector. This latter was Nathan Taylor 2nd, a son of Jonathan 1st, who was prominent in the state militia, serving as division inspector with the rank of brigade major, and who commanded what was known as the "Ringbone Company," composed of mostly Revolutionary soldiers, of whom he was one, having served at Ticonderoga, where he was badly wounded in an Indian ambush, while commanding a scouting party, and in several later campaigns. Another Taylor—Chase, son of Nathan 1st—also did valiant service in the Revolution, commanding a company raised by himself, from Sanbornton and neighboring towns. With this, he arrived at Bennington the evening before the battle, took a conspicuous part in that important engagement and was wounded in the battle.

Jonathan S. Taylor, a descendant in the fourth generation from Nathan 1st, and a son of Jonathan 3rd, who also served in the Revolution and the war of 1812, was an intelligent and successful farmer, who enjoyed the confidence and respect of his townsmen, and twice represented them in the legislature. He married Sarah Rogers and had several daughters and one son, the latter being the youngest of the family, with whose life it is the purpose of this sketch, primarily, to deal.

DAVID DANIEL TAYLOR was born in Sanbornton, October 20, 1849. His middle name was given in honor of an uncle, Daniel Taylor of the wholesale firm of Taylor and Waldron, crockery dealers, Broad and Milk Streets, Boston, who was also an extensive ship owner, and prominent in the business affairs of the city. While attending the district school and the academies at New Hampton and Tilton, in his youth, he was employed more or less, on his father's farm, and took no little interest in agriculture, particularly in stock raising, being especially fond of horses. In 1869, at the age of twenty years, he left home, came to Concord and entered

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DAVID D. TAYLOR

the employ of Norris and Crockett, wholesale and retail bakers and confectioners, in connection with which business he continued through life. He commenced with a determination to make himself useful to his employers; devoted himself thoroughly to the business; mastered all its details, and came to be relied upon by the firm for his sound judgment and accurate knowledge. Upon the death of George W. Crockett, the junior member, in 1886, he became a member of the firm, although the business continued under the old name. After the death of Mr. Norris the business was incorporated as the Norris Baking Company, Mr. Taylor being the principal stockholder and becoming treasurer and manager, in which position he continued until his death on Monday night, May 17, 1920, after a long and painful illness, in which he bore his suffering with heroic fortitude to the end.

As has been said, Mr. Taylor was interested in agriculture in youth, and so continued for many years, looking after the old home farm in Sanbornton, for some time after his father's decease, where he raised some fine stock, this being a diversion from the cares of business life in Concord. It was this youthful interest that led him in later life to engage for a time in sheep raising in Wyoming, as a member and president of the Pass Creek Ranch Company of that state, in which he was associated with the late Dr. E. H. Foster of Concord. His sound judgment in business affairs led to his election as a director of the First National Bank of Concord, which position he held for nearly a score of years before his death, and to his election, also, as President of the Union Trust Company, formerly the Union Guaranty Savings Bank.

In politics Mr. Taylor was an uncompromising Democrat, standing by the principles of Jefferson and Jackson, "without variableness or shadow of turning." He was a Democrat from conviction, and remained true to his party, whether in victory or defeat, through devotion to its principles whose triumph he believed to be essential to the welfare of the people. He never sought office, and often avoided it, refusing to become a candidate for various positions which he might have attained had he allowed the use of his name. At one time—in 1890—when he was assured that his candidacy would materially strengthen his party's ticket in the county, he reluctantly consented to run for the office of County Commissioner, and was elected along with two other Democrats, one of whom was his long time friend and, later, near neighbor, Hon. Jeremiah A. Clough, whose death preceded his by about a year. To this office he was re-elected, serving four years in all, from 1891 to 1895.

Again, in 1900, he yielded to earnest persuasion, and was named as a candidate for Representative from Ward Six, normally Republican by about 100 majority, but which gave him a majority of 41 votes. Entering the legislature of 1901, he was assigned by Speaker Cyrus H. Little to service on the Judiciary Committee—the most important in the House—of which A. T. Batchelder of Keene was chairman, and several other equally able lawyers were members. This assignment was made partly because of the dearth of Democratic lawyers in the House membership, but none the less because of the sound judgment and recognized ability of Mr. Taylor himself. It may be noted that two other laymen, the late William F. Whitcher of Haverhill and Fred-

erick E. Small of Rochester were members of this committee, and it is safe to say that the three laymen had as much influence in shaping the work of the committee, as any three of the eminent lawyers in the body.

Mr. Taylor was frequently urged to accept a nomination for Mayor and for State Senator, the feeling being that he could readily be elected to either office, despite the decided Republican majority; but he always firmly declined, not from fear of defeat, but rather, as he sometimes said, from fear of election, and his decided aversion to publicity. He has served, however, for many years, since 1898, as a member of the Board of U. S. Jury Commissioners for New Hampshire.

No man in Concord or in Merrimack County had a better knowledge of men, or a sounder judgment in matters political and his counsel and advice were more generally sought by his party, in his ward and city than that of any other; yet his modest, unassuming manner, gave no token of his real influence. For many years, up to the time of his death, he was a member of the Democratic State Committee, and in that capacity, quietly but effectively, served the interests of his party.

Fraternally Mr. Taylor was affiliated with the I. O. O. F., being a member of White Mountain lodge, and Penacook Encampment of Concord. Though not a church member, he was, as long as health permitted, a regular attendant upon and supporter of the services of the South Congregational Church.

June 13, 1878, Mr. Taylor was united in marriage with Minnetta F. Cheney of Concord, who died March 12, 1901. Their son and only child, Dr. Fred B. Taylor, born November 16, 1881, a graduate of Tufts Medical College, class of 1909, survives. He was the physician at the New Hampshire State Prison under the administration of Governor Felker, 1913-15.

Quiet, unassuming, reserved and unostentative though he was, avoiding publicity and the "limelight," few men have exercised a stronger or better influence in the community in which they have lived than did David Daniel Taylor in the city of Concord, whose people sincerely regret his departure and will long cherish the memory of his modest worth and kindly, helpful spirit.

YE BUMBLEBEE

By Albert Annett.

Behold ye bigge, bolde Bumblebee!
How grande he rumbles by!
He seems to jar ye atmosphere,
To hyde ye clovers try;
And everything is filled with feare
Suche majestie to see;
Creation seems to stand in awe
Of ye bigge Bumblebee.

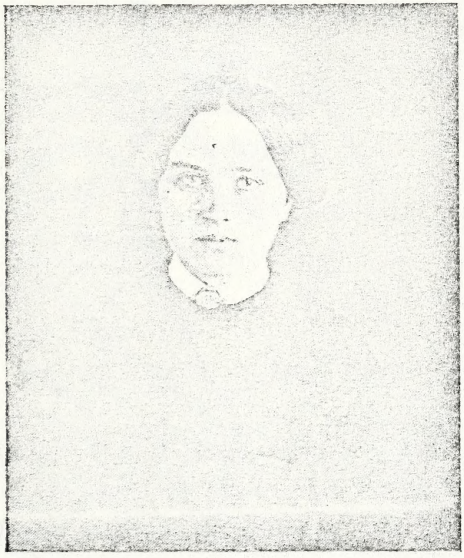
THE DAGUERREOTYPE PERIOD

By George Wilson Jennings.

The daguerreotype age is an interesting subject of study at all times, not only to those who delight in the antique, but to every person who is fortunate enough to possess one or more of these unique pictures of his ancestors. Each picture portrays simplicity, and quiet dress, well made, and of the most substantial material that could be procured. Those who had their pictures taken never donned their best attire. They wished to assume a natural pose and not to be seemingly "sitting" for a picture.

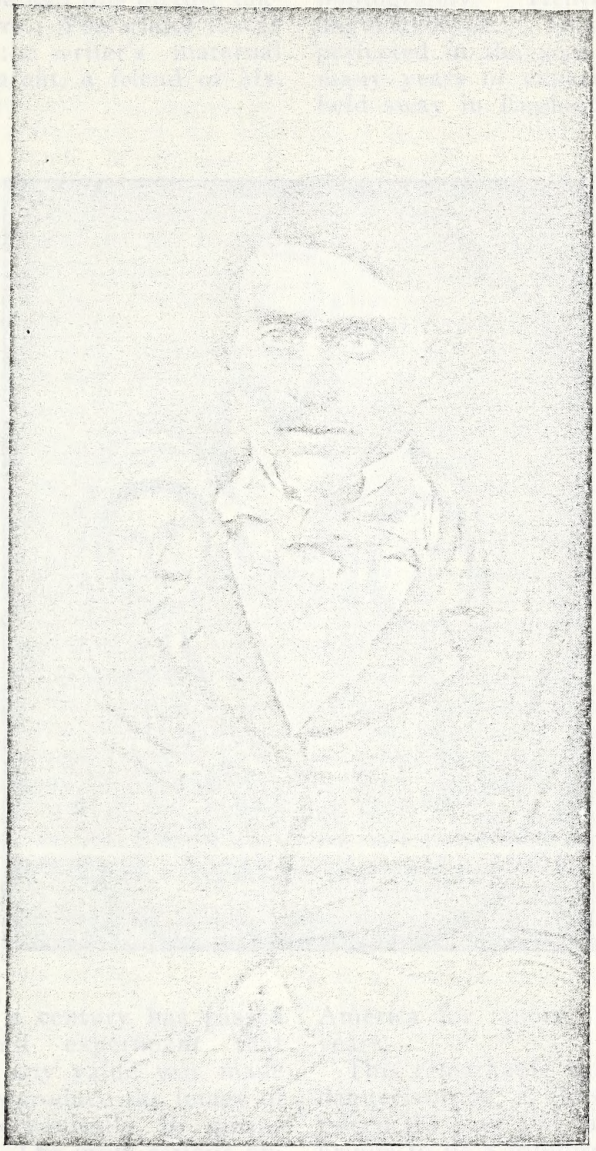
One picture here represented is of a girl of twenty whose face bears an expression which resembles a Madonna. This picture was taken by Brady in the early forties, when he was located at the corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, New York City. This has been considered his best work and has been copied by many artists as one of the finest types in this art. Here we also illustrate what was called in the early days a "group picture," and which represents a New England beau of 1835 with two lassies who resided in Boston, Mass.

The finest portrait the writer has ever seen, adorns the living room of a colonial home in Durham, New Hampshire. This portrait was copied from a daguerreotype taken of this New England woman in 1835.



In attire severely plain, the picture shows the sheen of the silken gown, a 'kerchief folded about the neck, with a lace cap crowning a wealth of raven hair. This painting one could never forget. Today that serene and thoughtful face looks down from the picture on her great grandchildren, the heirloom being prized as one of the most treasured possessions in their family.

The severe and studious face here shown is that of Ezekiel Webster,





(brother of Daniel Webster), a portrait of him which has never before been published. It was during a sojourn of Mr. Webster's in France in 1837 that he had this picture taken by Daguerre. Years later it was presented to the writer's maternal great grandparent, a friend of Mr. Webster's.



More than a century has passed since the first experiment that amounted to any value was made in trying to reproduce the image of an object, mechanically, by means of ray light. The most serious objections to it were the cost of the plates, which was excessive, and the impracticability of multiplying the reproductions, owing to the opacity of the plates. It was Daguerre, a Frenchman, who gave to the world the result of these researches, and today we have come to consider Daguerre as the real father of photography. Hence the name daguerreotype. This process was perfected in the year 1830, after many years of experimenting, and held sway in England, France and America for more than sixteen years.

This remarkable work of art, the daguerreotype, is thus a link between the past and the present and brings to us a glimpse into days of long ago, which were days of contentment and where the traditional "simple life" was lived in tranquility and in the true meanng of happiness.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN MYSTERY

By John Kimball Chase.

CHAPTER IV.

HADES

At the close of the second chapter, Washington and the Sagamore stood on the white sand at the end of the broken trail. Washington's keen eyes inspected the white sand. He discovered a little mark in the sand about half way to the brook. This brook was too far away for any man to reach it by a jump from where the trail ended.

Washington went to this brook. He walked down the stream and the banks closely. He found no clue.

He turned and went up the brook. Finally he held up a pole, with an exclamation of triumph.

"I have found it," he said.

It was clear the Sagamore did not understand the pole.

"I forgot that vaulting is not an Indian accomplishment," said Washington, with a laugh. "I will show my red brother."

Washington was a skilled athlete. He stood at the end of the broken trail, placed the end of the pole in the sand by the side of the mark and vaulted, or swung himself by the aid of the pole, easily into the brook.

"It is a new way to break a trail," he said with a laugh. "But you see it can be done easily."

"How did he do it with a baby in his arms?" asked the still puzzled Sagamore.

"He unbuttoned the head of the wolf's skin and tipped it back," replied Washington. "This made a soft, warm pocket for the baby and left his hands free."

"We are not following an Indian," said the Sagamore.

"A white man took the baby," said Washington.

Washington stood on a stone in the middle of the brook and said: "Up stream or down stream, which way did the wolf man go?"

Without hesitation, the Sagamore answered: "The wolf man is very cunning. He placed the pole up the stream and said: 'They will say I tried to fool them and go down stream after me. So I will go up stream.' We will go up stream too."

"Good," said Washington.

They went up the brook quite a distance. They inspected the banks carefully. They saw no trace of the wolf man. Had they taken the wrong direction?

They went on up the brook, into a strange, picturesque pass, or canyon. This is now called the Flume.

"This is a queer place," said the Sagamore. "The Evil Spirit lurks in the dark places among the great rocks."

"It is very uncanny," said Washington. "I do not understand why the wolf man came into this weird pass with the baby."

A few minutes later, Washington said: "There's a path. But it does not look like the trail of the wolf man."

"The path was made by a Paleface," said the Sagamore.

"There are no wolf tracks on it. It is a path from a Paleface camp to the brook for water. We have lost the trail of the wolf man again."

The young men followed the mysterious path until they came in sight of a strange habitation in one of the most desolate places in the world.

"This is surely the home of the Evil Spirit," said the Sagamore, with a superstitious shudder.

A rude hut of logs, the hurried work of a few hours, had been built

at the base of a singular cliff. The upper part of this great rock projected over the log house and sheltered it from mountain storms and blasts.

In some prehistoric epoch, a tremendous convulsion of nature had riven the heart of this great mountain and opened it to the inspection of man. This great wound was jagged and torn. In some places the rough rocks were twisted into fantastic forms, as if still writhing in the great agony of that tremendous convulsion.

The bottom and sides were ragged and torn rock, in the mourning color of dust and ashes. In a few places on the bottom, a scant soil had gathered and produced dust colored mosses and funeral ferns. In the scattering hollows of the crags were stunted black birches, mourning pines and weeping willows.

These dwarfed trees were bent, twisted and gnarled into unnatural and distorted shapes by the mighty blasts and storms of the fierce White mountain winters.

Over dust and ash colored rocks, the mourning waters dripped, trickled and flowed, as dark as the river of Death. These waters gurgled, groaned and murmured, like the ghosts of murdered men.

The human mind cannot picture a more desolate scene. In the apt words of the Bible, it was "The very abomination of desolation."

What human being could have made a home in this hades of desolation? What unutterable crime had driven him from kindred and friends into a situation more helpless and dreadful than any scene in Dante's Inferno?

With the silence of cloud shadows, Washington and the Sagamore glided along the path to this strange habitation. They peered into this house of mystery.

They saw a man whose appearance was so peculiar that it sent a chill to the marrow of their bones. This man held the abducted baby in his arms.

Had Washington and the Sagamore trailed the Evil Spirit of the White mountains to his strange habitation in the desolate heart of the Flume?

CHAPTER V.

MURDER OR MIRACLE?

Washington touched the Sagamore's arm and whispered, "Follow me." He led the way to a large bowlder. They sat down on a stone behind it.

"We need not be very careful," said Washington. "This man is a fool.

"He will not hurt the baby. He is the most innocent and harmless man in the world.

"I want to tell you about him. You must know his story before we make our next move.

"This man is Joseph C. Smith. He came from England. His father was gardener for the Duke of York.

"Joseph married a maiden above him in social rank. This caused so much trouble that he emigrated.

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith came to Franconia. He bought a small farm.

"This young couple loved each other very much. 'God is Love.' Love is happiness.

"They were very happy. They worked together, in the field and in the house. They prospered.

"The prattle and laughter of merry children was heard in the beautiful gardens around their happy home."

"One night the buildings burned. Some of the settlers saw the glare and hurried to the scene.

"They found the bodies of the mother and five children. The father's skull was broken badly, but he was not dead.

"They carried the father to Uncle

Johnathan's house and buried the six bodies.

"In the morning, they followed the trail of the Indians, from the ruins toward the north for several miles. They were St. Francis Indians.

"Smith recovered. He had no memory of the past. His reason was gone entirely.

"At the request of other settlers, Uncle Johnathan took charge of Smith's farm and provided for him.

"One day Smith slipped away. Uncle Johnathan tracked him to the Flume and led him back, kindly.

"Smith went to the same place in the Flume several times. Then the settlers built this hut for him. He will not stay any where else.

"Mary has helped him more than any other person. Her faithful care saved his life. She carried food to him and made clothes for him.

"It touched my heart, to see this beautiful gifted girl carry a heavy basket of cooked food through the dangerous wilderness to this unfortunate man. When I am here, I go with her and help her all I can."

"I have carefully examined the old wound on Smith's head. A strong blow with a tomahawk has broken the skull and driven a piece of bone into the brain.

"I have known other cases like this. To instance, John Munro, one of our neighbors, in Virginia, had a similar wound. His reason was restored by an operation.

"I have grave doubts in Smith's case whether an operation would be advisable at present. If his reason should be restored, he would remember the fearful fate of the wife and children he loved so much. His sorrow might be greater than he could bear. It might wake him from quiet sleep and place him in the worst tortures of Hades. Was there ever such a dilemma?"

The Sagamore listened to this strange story with great interest. After a period of deep thought he said:

"When father was Sagamore, a Paleface came to our village. He told father, there was a visitor at Smith's farm with money enough to make all our tribe rich.

"Father disguised some of his worst warriors as St. Francis Indians. They made a long trail towards the north.

"Father did not mean to hurt the white folks. He only meant to take the big money. But things did not go right and he could not control the bad warriors."

"Red Brother, you are honest," said Washington. "I think more highly of you for this frank confession. You are not to blame for what your father did."

"Did Smith steal the baby?" asked the Sagamore, changing the subject.

"No", replied Washington. "This slow, groping imbecile is very different from the strong, swift, crafty wolf man. He must have found the baby in the forest.

"It is no use to ask him about it. It is very hard to make him understand anything. He can not talk in a connected way.

"He has great affection for Mary. But it is not the love of a normal mind. It it more like the affection of an animal for a person who has been very kind.

"I will try to use this affection to induce him to carry the baby home. Now we will go into the hut."

They entered the strange habitation in the heart of the desolate Flume. There were two rooms, with comfortable furniture. The comfort and cleanness showed Mary's kind care.

A strange looking man sat in a rocking chair and held a sleeping baby in his arms very tenderly. He rocked slowly, with a soothing sound. He did not hear the mocasined feet of his visitors.

Washington touched the man's

shoulder. He looked up slowly. There was no intelligence or recognition in his dull, inane eyes.

Washington touched his shoulder again and said in a slow, distinct voice: "The baby is Mary's brother. Mary cries for her brother. Take the baby home. Then Mary will laugh with joy."

Washington repeated these words twice. The imbecile was indeed very slow to comprehend. Then, by a great effort, he replied, with one word, "Mary."

Strange and startling were the tones of his voice. He was like a sleeping person, who, by a powerful effort, speaks with an unnatural voice.

The Sagamore felt a thrill of superstitious horror. His mind was filled with thoughts of the fearful murders at the Smith farm. To his excited mind, it seemed as though a dead man had spoken.

The Sagamore remembered what Washington had told him, that Smith's condition was like a dead mind in a living body.

The imbecile rose to a standing position, so slowly and carefully that he did not wake the sleeping baby. He moved slowly toward the door, dragging his feet, as if his mind did not have the power to control his limbs.

"It would take him a long time to grope his way to the Chase farm," said Washington, to the Sagamore. "So I will go ahead. He will follow me. You may follow him and see that everything is all right."

They reached the Chase farmhouse, without any noteworthy incident. The imbecile laid the baby in its cradle as tenderly as a loving mother.

The safe return of the baby gave Mrs. Chase great joy. She thanked and praised the imbecile and gave him the best food in the farmhouse.

While Smith ate, Washington touched the Sagamore's arm and led the way from the house. When they were out of hearing he explained:

"I caught a look in Smith's eyes that startled me. I remembered what Mary had told me, that he was often absent. I want to watch him."

They took a position behind bushes at the edge of the woods. From this concealed position, they could watch the farmhouse and its surroundings.

Presently, the imbecile farmer shambled slowly from the house. He groped in a slow uncertain way, like a man in a thick fog.

The writer has been in the same condition. I felt my brain move, turn, writhe inside of my head. All things around me moved, turned, changed into bewildering chaos.

As Washington watched this most unfortunate imbecile, his kind heart overflowed with deep pity. "Oh my God, what shall I do?" he exclaimed. "Shall I free this long imprisoned mind?"

The imbecile shambled into a dell. When he was at the bottom, they could not see him.

A moment or two later, a stranger came from this dell. His movements indicated great strength and activity. His face expressed stern determination. In his right hand, he held a sharp knife.

He strode toward the forest, swiftly.

Involuntarily the young watchers shrank into the bushes. The stranger's glowing eyes seemed to penetrate the thickets, to read the secrets of the woods.

When the stranger had passed, Washington said, thoughtfully: "That was a fearful man. He made me think of these words in the Bible; 'Behold, he goeth forth in his strength to avenge the blood of the innocent.'"

"We have seen the Evil Spirit, without any disguise," said the Sagamore, with a shudder. "In the dell, we shall find Smith's body, with the fearful death mark on his forehead."

They ran to the dell. They did not find Smith's body.

"The Evil Spirit has hidden the body," said the Sagamore.

"We will follow the Evil Spirit," said Washington.

"We can not follow him," replied the Sagamore. "We shall lose the trail, as we have lost it so many times before."

Presently, they did lose the trail.

"The avenger's trail went straight toward the Flume," said Washington. "We will go there."

They hurried to the strange habitation in the heart of the desolate Flume. They found nothing suspicious.

When they came out, Washington stood still and said: "I think I can smell a very faint odor of burning charcoal."

"I think I saw a faint smoke come over the top of the cliff," replied the Sagamore.

Washington looked at the overhanging and inaccessible cliff and suggested: "There may be hunters on the other side."

"There is no other side," replied the Sagamore.

These young men stood on the threshold of the mystery of the mountains. They had seen the key that would open the wonderful door. But they did not know it. The time to disclose had not yet come.

The writer is a very old man. With every added year, I see more clearly that the hidden hand of God controls the destines of men. The greatest armies of the world, the grandest powers of men disintegate and, like the baseless fabric of a summer's dream, leave naught but memory.

In his good time, the heart of this great mountain shall be opened and all its strange secrets shall become as clear as the noon day sun.

CHAPTER VI.

"WHITE BROTHER AND RED BROTHER AND BLACK BROTHER"

In the bright morning of another day, Washington and the Sagamore strode swiftly through the great green woods. They were on their way to the Indian village of Pequaket, now Conway.

As they walked, the Sagamore said: "White Brother, I will tell you about our Black Medicine Man. He has great influence with our tribe. He may cause a change in our plans."

Washington looked at his red brother in a surprised way. But he did not speak his thoughts.

Who was this Black Medicine Man? Why was he more powerful than the Sagamore? How had he become the real ruler of the White Mountain Indians?

"In the reign of my father, a black man came to our village," continued the Sagamore. "I never saw any other man like him. He was not white like a Paleface, or red like an Indian, but black like the sky in a storm. He did not have hair on his head, but he had wool like the black sheep of the Palefaces."

"Perhaps he was painted and disguised," suggested Washington.

"My father was wise," replied the Sagamore. "He looked at the trail of the black man. He did not walk with his feet turned out like a Paleface, or turned in like an Indian, but with his feet straight. He was not like any other man."

"Where I live, there are many people with black skins and wooly hair," said Washington. "They walk with their feet straight. We call them negroes."

"This Black Medicine Man is the only negro I have ever seen," said the Sagamore. "I do remember now that I learned about negroes at the Paleface school. But I did not learn that negroes had black wool on their heads and walked with their feet straight."

"I reckon they forgot to put that in the geography," laughed Washington.

"The negro told my father that the Great Spirit had sent him to teach his chosen people, the Pequakets," continued the Sagamore. "He said he would teach us how to become wiser than the Palefaces, how to become more powerful than the Palefaces, how to drive the Palefaces from our land forever.

"But my father hesitated. He was old. He did not want a war with the Palefaces.

"While my father hesitated, our old Medicine Man interfered. He had been our Medicine Man for many years. He was wise and good. He did his best to teach us the right way.

"The old Medicine Man declared that the negro talked with a crooked tongue, that the Evil Spirit had sent him to lure us into a death trap and that we should burn this false guide at the stake, with sacred fire, to drive away the Evil Spirit.

"The negro laughed. He said the Great Spirit had not only sent him to us, but had also given him great power over other men.

"In the holy name of the Great Spirit, the negro commanded my father to summons the Grand Council of all the warriors of the White Mountain tribes. He declared that the old Medicine Man and himself, as the new Medicine Man, should appear before the Grand Council and smoke the peace pipe of obedience to the will of the Great Spirit. When they had smoked, the Great Spirit would announce his will to the Grand Council."

"This was a bold and a most unique scheme," said Washington, with great interest. "What was the result?"

"The Grand Council assembled," replied the Sagamore.

"The red Medicine Man and the black Medicine Man appeared before the Grand Council and smoked the peace pipe of obedience to the will of the Great Spirit.

"As they smoked, the invisible hand of the Great Spirit descended upon the red Medicine Man and forced him down flat on the ground. He became insane. He ran round on all fours, like a dog, barking and snapping at the terrified warriors.

"Then he ran into the woods, yelping like a scared dog. We have not seen him since."

"This is the most extraordinary incident I ever heard of," exclaimed Washington. "In it I catch a glimpse of the hidden hand of God. All may yet be well."

The Sagamore did not understand the last two sentences. But he continued: "The Great Spirit had announced his will clearly. The negro became the Medicine Man of the Pequakets.

"As my father grew older, his mind became more and more like the mind of a child. I was away, in a Paleface school, at Ossipee.

"I was called back by the death of my father. I soon discovered that the black Medicine Man had acquired great influence over the warriors of the White Mountain tribes.

"He has used me well, so far. He has not openly opposed my plans. But I feel strongly that he, not I, is the real master of the White Mountain tribes. I had gone out alone into the forest to consider my peculiar situation, when you first saw me and saved my life."

"Red Brother, I thank you for this frank statement of your affairs," said Washington. "I now understand these matters clearly and I know

just what to do. I have a premonition that the Hidden Hand may lead us on to something still more startling."

In due course, they arrived at Pequaket. At this time, Pequaket was the most powerful Indian village in New England.

In the usual way, the Sagamore called a council of his red warriors. In the usual way, they gravely seated themselves in a circle around the sacred council fire.

The Sagamore took his usual position inside of this circle of red warrors. He sat on the large trunk of a fallen oak; with his back toward the sacred fire. Washington sat on the same trunk, at the left side of the Sagamore.

There was a period of impressive silence. This period prepared the minds of the members of this Indian council to consider more clearly the important affairs that might be presented.

At the end of this period, the Sagamore took a large pipe from his belt. He filled the large bowl with prepared tobacco and lighted it with a live coal from the sacred council fire.

In a slow, impressive manner, the Sagamore drew three whiffs of the fragrant tobacco smoke through the long, straight stem. Then he passed the pipe to the warrior who was next to him in rank.

This warrior drew three whiffs in the same slow, impressive manner. Then he passed the pipe to the next warrior. So the pipe passed on slowly until every member of this grave council had smoked, as a symbol of peace and good will.

During this impressive ceremony, the black Medicine Man appeared. He sat down on the trunk of the oak at the right side of the Sagamore. He thus placed himself as next in rank to the Sagamore. He had timed his arrival so craftily that he did not smoke the pipe of peace and good will.

This preliminary smoke was followed by another impressive period of silence. Then the Sagamore and Washington arose and stood before the Grand Council.

The Sagamore introduced Washington, with a few well chosen words. He told the council how Washington had saved the life of their Sagamore and had become his friend and his brother.

The Sagamore and Washington resumed their seats. After a period of respectful silence, the black Medicine Man arose and addressed the council. He said, in substance:

"As Medicine Man of the Pequakets and second in tribal rank, I heartily welcome my white brother. We will form a holy brotherhood. We will be white brother and red brother and black brother. To cement more closely the sacred bonds of this holy brotherhood, we will smoke together the peace pipe of implicit obedience to the holy will of the Great Spirit."

The black Medicine Man resumed his seat at the right side of the Sagamore on the trunk of the fallen oak that the lightning of heaven had blasted.

When the Sagamore heard the fateful words of the Black Medicine Man's last sentence, he started from his seat. But Washington touched his arm and whispered:

"Let him carry out his plan. The hidden hand of God is at work to right many wrongs."

The "Black Brother" drew three small pipes from his girdle. These pipes were exactly alike.

In a slow, impressive manner, he filled the bowls of these pipes from the tobacco pouch at his girdle.

Washington's eyes glowed like burnished steel. His face was like a mask.

The black brother arose. In the

same slow, impressive manner, he handed one of these pipes to the Sagamore, another to Washington and retained the third.

The three members of this most unique brotherhood went, in a slow, impressive manner, to the sacred council fire and bent over it to light their pipes. At this moment, a strong voice shouted, from the thick bushes, a short distance away:

"The Pequaket warriors are dogs and sons of dogs. The warriors of Saint Francis spit on these dogs."

For generations there had been bitter and bloody feuds between the Indians of the White Mountains and those farther north. Almost every acre of the great forests of pine and spruce north of these mountains had been the scene of merciless and bloody encounters. This region was literally the dark and bloody ground of New England.

Evidently, the warriors of St. Francis, one of the nearest of these northern tribes, had come into the very heart of the great Indian village of Pequaket. They had shouted the most insulting taunts at the Grand Council of the White Mountain tribes. This was the greatest insult in all Indian history.

In the twinkling of an eye, the slow, impressive Indian council was transformed into wildest pandemonium. The excited warriors shouted back all the bad, mad words they trollable rage. They danced and shouted and screamed with uncontrolable rage. They shook and waved their fearful weapons of death until all the air was filled with a wild storm of whirling tomahawks and waving, gleaming knives.

Yelling with all their might, "as though every fiend from Heaven that fell was pealing the banner cry of Hell," they bounded into the bushes upon the insulting warriors of St. Francis.

The pandemonium ceased. There was a silence, like the awesome silence of the dead. The red warriors stood still in their tracks in speechless amazement. Their fearful weapons of death were as fixed and motionless as though their arms had been turned to stone.

There were no St. Francis Indians in those bushes. There were no indications whatever that any Indians had been in those bushes.

The Sagamore was the first to break this awesome silence. "The Evil Spirit has deceived the mighty warriors of Pequaket," he cried. "we will go back to our places in the Grand Council. We will open our hearts to the Great Spirit, so he can come in and drive away the Evil One."

Slowly the mighty warriors of Pequaket went back to their places, like men in a dream. This strange affair was beyond their ken. Their nerves were not in a good condition for a greater sensation.

When the strong voice shouted from the bushes, the Sagamore and the black Medicine Man dropped their pipes. They were among the first who bounded into the bushes.

Washington had quietly resumed his seat on the log, pipe in hand. He was a white man and these savage Indian feuds did not excite him.

The Sagamore and the black Medicine Man returned. They picked up their fallen pipes. Washington joined them. The three brothers lighted their pipes at the sacred council fire.

They resumed their seats on the trunk of the fallen oak. With slow, impressive whiffs, they smoked before the Grand Council and before the Great Spirit.

The large, dark eyes of the black Medicine Man glowed like living coals of fire, as he closely watched the face of Washington. But Washington's countenance was as calm and unchanging as the great stone Profile, the God of a prehistoric people, who has kept faithful

watch and ward over these mighty mountains for so many centuries.

An expression of indescribable terror appeared on the face of the black Medicine Man. He tried to rise to his feet. "But the invisible hand of the Great Spirit descended upon him and forced him down slowly."

The strong man made the most powerful and painful efforts to rise, to resist. But the invisible hand forced him steadily lower and lower until he laid on the ground, writhing and groveling like a worm in the dust.

Under this awesome strain, his mind gave way. He became insane. He ran round on all fours like a dog, barking and snapping at the members of the council.

In this deranged mind there may have been a dim consciousness that Washington was, in some way, the cause of these woes. Growling fearfully, foaming at the mouth like a mad dog, the human dog bounded straight for Washington's throat.

Washington leaped swiftly to one side. With a movement as swift as the flash of the lightning, his right hand tore the negro wig from the head of the black Medicine Man.

On this exposed head, there was the peculiar scar of a fearful wound. Washington had examined this fearful wound too carefully to make any mistake.

The powerful black Medicine Man of the Pequaket Indians, the real master of the great White Mountain tribes, was the poor, pitiful imbecile, Joseph C. Smith, the unfortunate farmer, who lived in the strange habitation in the heart of the desolate Flume. Truly, fact is stranger than fiction.

DIRGE

By Harold Vinal

For you the long, grey road,
Under the quiet sky;
For me, the thronging street,
Until I die.

For you undaunted years,
With soul at rest;
For me, the tumult
Of an aching breast.

THE LATE JAMES SCHOULER, L.L. D.

By Ellen M. Mason.

Dr. James Schouler died at Memorial Hosptal, North Conway, on Friday afternoon the sixteenth of April. He had come up from Boston on the 31st of March and was present at the Easter service in Christ Church rectory chapel—the Rev. F. C. Cowper of Sanbornville, clergyman for the day. Dr. Schouler was 81 years old on the 20th of March and for a long time had been sensible of failing strength, sometimes saying that his hold on life was "of the slightest." It is pleasant to think that his last Easter Sunday was passed here in the mountain home he has loved so long, and that he said his last prayers of christian fellowship in the place that has been dear to him for nearly a half century.

Dr. Schouler was perhaps the most eminent member of an eminent Massachusetts family; William Schouler, Adjutant General of Massachusetts during the Civil War, was his father, and the late Admiral John Schouler was his brother, the Rev. William Schouler of Baltimore, being also a brother. Mrs. N. G. Allen of Cambridge, the mother of Glover M. Allen, the naturalist, is a sister.

It was at first intended that James Schouler should serve in public life. He was graduated from Harvard in 1859 and subsequently admitted to the bar, but his hearing was destroyed during his service in the Civil War—in which he served with the rank of colonel—ruining his bright prospects of a diplomatic career, and he turned to authorship; to authorship, in the main, though he was appointed lecturer in the Boston University Law School and in the National Law School, Washington, D. C. He was also lecturer on American Constitutional History, in John Hopkins University. He was a distinguished scholar in the law, and encyclopedias mention several of his works, as standard law books. But it was in the field of history that James Schouler reaped his greatest literary harvest; of Schouler's History of The United States, in seven volumes, George Bancroft said it was the best history of the American people, extant.

But it is Dr. Schouler's life at Intervale for many years, that is of interest to his neighbors and fellow citizens. Nearly fifty years ago he built his beautiful little house at the side of the westward sloping field, bordered and grouped with handsome trees, the first house of those comprising the summer colony—excepting the Bigelow mansion which was built years before others made summer homes in the neighborhood.

"Kilbarchan," James Schouler sometimes called his pretty place, in loyal memory of the place in Scotland, where his father was born, and at his lovely home Dr. Schouler and lovely Emily Fuller Schouler, his wife, lived happy united lives. Mrs. Schouler died more than a score of years ago, and her husband cherished her in loving recollection to the last day of his earthly life.

To Dr. Schouler there were two darling institutions here, to which he gave continual thought, and took unceasing pains for their welfare—Christ Church parish, and the North Conway Public Library.

Senior warden of Christ Church for many years, he has been the largest contributor to its support, and has managed the affairs of the parish; Mrs. Schouler and he pre-

sented the fine pipe organ to Christ Church. Unfailing in attendance at Sunday morning services there, and at Grace Chapel in the afternoon, he was an example for others. He was a lay-reader and often used to take charge of the service at Grace Chapel; the writer recalls a course of talks he gave there, not so very long ago, on the petitions of The Lord's Prayer; his interpretations seemed reasonable and were consoling and memorable. He was a humble, simple hearted Christian who remained steadfast in religious thought, to the faith of his boyhood.

He presented the North Conway Public Library Association with the Library lot, and paid for the construction of the main building of which he said at its presentation, "I have given this building as a memoral of my wife, Emily Fuller Schouler."

He was generous in paying for the support of the library through all the long day of small things before the bountiful George S. Walker bequest became available. It was not only money that Dr. Schouler gave, but for more than a quarter of a century—always after the forming of the Library Association in 1887, it was his habit to work most summer afternoons in planning and bettering the working arrangements of the library; the most intense heat nor the most pouring rain could not keep him from the rather long walk, nor fulfilling work planned for the library. If we needed to get up a "benefit" for the library—in the old days when the "Library Concert" was the great event of the August "height of the season," Dr. Schouler used to work as hard as anyone for its success and sell tickets with the best. He was chosen the first member of the board of library directors in 1887, and in 1900 became president of the Library Association, on the resignation of the first president, the late Mr. Nathan W. Pease, serving as president until 1917 when he was succeeded by Mrs. Helen B. Merriman.

Thinking of the days of the beginnings of the Public Library, recalls a witticism of Dr. Schouler's, too characteristic not to be set down here. In those days Miss Hannah Seavey owned a small circulating library whose books had a wide circulation; the grocery places were not then what they are now in the matter of carrying "a full assortment," and to help out—in a two-sided way—Miss Seavey sold yeast cakes at her library; but it might often happen that she would be "all sold out" and there would be sour disappointment added to unleavened bread. Dr. Schouler had been of the disappointed ones. Well, Miss Seavey felt aggrieved that a public library was to be established, when here was hers—dividing the patronage and halving the profits! so, as her sentiments were well known, it was thought best to offer to buy her books for the new public library. The Rev. Perry Chandler (at that time pastor of the North Conway Methodist church) and the present writer were chosen a committee to effect the sale, if possible, with Miss Seavey. But she met our proposition with an injured sorrowfulness, and solemnly declined to even consider it; when we reported that we could do nothing, Dr. Schouler said she showed she had the spirit of the unconquerable though downtrodden, and her slogan would be "resurgam!" And it might be added that so it was, and Miss Seavey never let out fewer books because of the new library.

Dr. Schouler's absolute dependableness made him precious to his friends. When he said he would do a thing, to a friend's mind that thing was already done. He was affectionate, eager to do a friend a

service, punctual to a minute to engagements. He has been often sad these last years, frequently saying that the sudden deaths of so many of those dear to him, made him sorrowful. But nevertheless he was of brave cheer even those last days at Intervale—when he was staying at kind Mrs. Chesney's until there came suitable weather for him to go to live in his own house—planning for the welfare of Christ Church, for the coming summer.

Lest what has been written might seem too laudatory it would better be said that our dear Dr. Schouler was exceedingly fond of having his own way; but then we all knew that he thought ten times more about the relative desirableness or objectionableness of debatable ways of doing things, than any of the rest of us, and consequently that he would have better judgment. And this nearly always proved true; so if he were a tyrant, he was a good tyrant. After all, paternalism has its excellences!

When James Schouler first came to live here, he was a remarkably handsome man; his head and face, especially of striking beauty, like those of a poet.

The future becomes the present, and the words of a resolution passed at the annual Public Library meeting—on the occasion of accepting Dr. Schouler's gift of the "simple stone building"—in June, 1912, come irresistibly to remembrance: * * * * "For many years, through his active work and unwearying interest in establishing the permanence of this institution, he has proved his good will toward the people of this region. By his latest beneficence he has endowed future dwellers in this valley, as well as those who are his contemporaries."

"As the years come and go, he must be remembered here with the honor due one whose life and work are a benefit and blessing to the place upon which he confers honor by living in it."

SHADOWS

By Amy J. Dolloff

The shadows lengthen on the sun-kissed meadow—
The day goes by.
Softly the brook intones a tender requiem—
For night is nigh.
Tall grasses gently wave their plumes in mourning—
The darkness creeps.
From damp wood-depths a weird thrush-note is wafted—
A tired world sleeps.

The shadows lengthen on life's radiant highway—
The swift hours flee.
To burdened ones the welcome call is given—
"Time ends for thee."
Loved ones encircle as the night shades deepen—
Bright glows the West.
Welcoming songs float from the heavenly home-land
The weary rest.

THE OLDEST ORGAN IN THE UNITED STATES

By Charles Nevers Holmes.

The oldest church organ in the United States—indeed, the oldest church organ in America—is still in existence. Not only is it in existence but it is still used on some occasions. Of course its music is not as pronounced and grand as that of a modern church organ, but, nevertheless, its voice is sweet and agreeable, although somewhat feeble. How interesting and delightful it would be to hear this old time organ playing softly and simply that inspiring hymn of Oliver Holden's, "Coronation,"—

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

This oldest church organ in the United States has had three homes during its musical lifetime, in Boston, Newburyport, and Portsmouth, N. H. It was imported into Boston from England by a certain Thomas Brattle, one of the founders of the old Brattle Street Church in that town, a gentleman of wealth and influence. Mr. Brattle was a man of highest character, greatly respected, the chief objection to him among his brother Congregationalists being that he was too liberal in religious matters. He was a sincere lover of music, so much so that, around the year 1711, he imported from London the famous organ, known as the "Brattle Organ." Mr. Brattle did not live very long to enjoy his new organ, for he died two years later, and he had bequeathed this organ to the Brattle Street Church. A clause in his will, referring to it, reads as follows: "I give, dedicate and devote my organ to the praise and glory of God in the said Brattle Street Church, if they shall accept thereof, and within a year after my decease procure a sober person who can play skillfully thereon with a loud noise; otherwise to the Church of England (King's Chapel) in this town, on the same terms and conditions, and on their non-acceptance or discontinuance to use it as above, unto the college (Harvard), and in their non-acceptance to my nephew, William Brattle."

Now, organs were not popular in New England, particularly the idea of using them in divine service. Indeed, the famous minister, Dr. Cotton Mather, doubted very strongly, "Whether such music may be lawfully introduced in the worship of God in the churches of the New Testament." He went even as far as to say, "If we admit instrumental music in the worship of God, how can we resist the imposition of all the instruments used among the ancient Jews? Yea, dancing as well as playing and several other Judaic actions." And Dr. Samuel Sewall, a milder Puritanical type than Dr. Mather, wrote respecting the use of the organ in churches, "The next Sabbath day after the Coronation I heard a service at St. Mary's. I am a lover of music to a fault, yet I was uneasy there; and the justling out of the Institution of Singing Psalms, by the boisterous Organ, is that which can never be justified before the great Master of Religious Ceremonies."

Considering this general unpopularity of the organ in New England, it was hardly to be expected that the members of the Brattle Street Church would accept Mr. Brattle's bequest. Accordingly, they voted, with "all possible respect to the memory of our de-

ceased friend and benefactor," that they did not think it was proper to use this organ in the public worship of God. However, with the passing of time, the future members of that church changed their opinion about the use of an organ in divine services, for in 1790 they ordered an organ built in London. Nevertheless, this change of opinion was not unanimous, one of the leading members of the Brattle Street Church offering not only to reimburse the church for the organ's purchase but also to contribute a sum of money to the poor, provided the "unhallowed instrument" were thrown into Boston Harbor.

However, King's Chapel was not as prejudiced against this musical bequest as was the Brattle Street Church, and the members of the former church wrote in their records that "At a meeting of the Gentlemen of the Church this 3rd day of August, 1713, Referring to the organs given by Thomas Brattle, Esq., De'as'd, Voted, that the organs be accepted by the church." But, although the Brattle Organ was thus accepted by the members of King's Chapel, such was the unpopularity of organ worship in Boston that the instrument remained seven months on the Chapel's porch before it was taken into the church. And when the organ was set up within the Chapel, this action was bitterly denounced by Dr. Mather and other influential citizens in the town of Boston.

The first organist to play upon the Brattle Organ in King's Chapel was a certain Mr. Price, but the members of the Chapel were ambitious enough to send to England for a more skilled musician. As a result, an agreement was drawn up with Edward Instone of London. A part of this agreement reads as follows: "That the said Edward shall and will by or before the 25th day of October next issuing, wind and weather permitting, be in Boston in North America aforesaid and being there shall and will at all proper and usual times of Divine service officiate as organist of the said chappel for and during the space of three years certain, to be computed from the day that the said Edward Instone shall arrive at Boston aforesaid. In consideration of which voyage so to be performed by the said Edward Instone, he, the said Jno. Redknap (who engaged the organist) hath this day paid unto ye said Edward Instone the sum of £10 of lawful money of Great Britain." It was also agreed by the wardens and vestrymen of King's Chapel to "pay or cause to be paid unto the said Edward Instone the sum of £7 10s. per Quarter immediately after each Quarter day, current money, for every Quarter of a year that the said Edward Instone shall officiate as organist in ye Chappel."

This second organist to play upon the Brattle Organ in King's Chapel embarked from London for Boston in 1714, and reached Boston in safety, with a collection of not only sacred but also secular music. It is very evident that Mr. Instone was most satisfactory to the attendants at King's Chapel, for its members, at the termination of his three years' contract, reengaged him at the same salary, £7 10s. per quarter. However, as time passed, the worshipers at the Chapel became discontented with their first organ, and imported another one from England, for which they paid £500. Accordingly, in 1756, they sold the Brattle Organ to St. Paul's Church in Newburyport, Massachusetts, where it remained until the year 1836. In that year it was removed to St. John's Chapel in Portsmouth, N. H., having been purchased by Dr.

Burroughs for $400. And in St. John's Chapel the Brattle Organ is today, still in active musical service despite its venerable age.

Its appearance is unique and attractive. It has a height of about eight feet, a width of five feet, and a depth of about three feet. Its sides are panelled, and in front there are seventeen gilded wooden pipes, eleven being in the center and three pipes upon either side. Its keyboard trimmings are made of rosewood, and the wind chest, slides, valves, and top boards are of English oak. The organ possesses six registers: sesquialter bass, dulciana, fifteenth bass, fifteen treble, stopped diapason and principal. Above the organ, upon the wall, there are inscribed the familiar and appropriate words: "Sing praises to our God."

Such are the appearance and history of the oldest church organ in the United States—in America. It has already dwelt in New England for more than two centuries, and there can be little doubt, unless fire or other disaster overtakes it, that it will dwell in the United States for centuries to come. And what changes have taken place since its arrival here, during the reign of Queen Anne of England! The Brattle Organ was brought to America about the time that Isaac Watts was writing some of his grandest hymns, and its sweet and agreeable music had been heard in America when Charles Wesley wrote "Jesus, lover of my soul," Toplady, "Rock of Ages," Newton, "Safely through another week," Edmeston, "Saviour, breathe an evening blessing," Newman, "Lead, Kindly Light," and Lyte, "Abide with me."

THE UNSPOKEN PRAYER

By Ruth Bassett Eddy

Within the sacred stillness of the church,
Oh, God, I came to Thee
To offer up my prayer on bended knees,
Feeling Thy heart was near to take me in.
But on my lips the whispered words grew still;
A strange, sweet peace from out the silence came,
As if Thy hands were resting on my head
In benediction for the blessing sought.
There was no need to pray.
And I came forth into the world again
Bearing the light before me like a torch
That Thou hadst set aflame within my soul
Thro' that unspoken prayer.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S MOST FRIENDLY TREES

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer.

NO. 5.

THE WILLOW.

Residents of New Hampshire can in July think most longingly of but one tree as standing pre-eminent above all our tree friends—it is the graceful willow. The willow is the tree of romance, poetry, songs and love; the grace it personifies is that of constancy.

It grows by the lakes, streams, brooks, spreading its long shoots in friendly shade over the waters keeping them cool in the hot July day, and inviting us for a swim, a restful hour, or the joys of fishing.

The old Latin poets, and the Greek as well, and the later English writers make frequent mention of the willow in their lays.

As a boy I loved to go up to the brook and play in the water under the willows and how many a New Hampshire lad has had the same experience; it is the most attractive place in the world on a hot July day, to get out there on the stream's bank, or to wade in the cool waters beneath.

Beneath the friendly willow I as a little boy chased the turtles and frogs, caught the polly-wogs and fish.

No tree brings before us the whole picture of rural beauty and joy on a warm summer day as does the willow; small wonder that writers of fiction make it the favorite place of retreat for youthful lovers.

The move of the wind thru the willows always has a soft sound, delicate and appealing. From its branches we hear the plaintive cry of the cat-bird, the plaintive note of the phoebe, or the sweet chirp of the summer yellow bird.

Many a man shut in the hot stuffy office on the hot days in July turns in thought to the willows by the bank of some favorite swimming hole back there in his boyhood and sighs for another visit. Two years ago when I was spending my summer days in the Constitutional Convention at Boston, I each day stopped beneath the willows along the road over the Great Meadows as we came from Exeter, and hitching the pony I threw off my heated garments and plunged into Great Brook with a scream of delight; a brief swim and I climbed the bank, refreshed, cooled, and ready to enjoy the hours till bed-time. Panting with heat and dust on a hot July day one will find the shade of the willow by a stream of water the best spot this side of heaven—yes, I doubt if heaven can be any better place.

Both the Weeping-Willow and the common yellow willow were originally brought to America from the sunny slopes of Europe I understand, and I doubt if Europe ever gave us a greater gift. From the first gathering of the pussy willows in spring, early fishing with the willow pole, making of whistles from its stock, the willow is a great friend of the New Hampshire boy, but in the vacation month of July it is a friend to young and old.

The willow stump is so tenacious of life that the tree tells of the virtue of constancy—it never fails us, is always our friend; even when men want to kill it the tree returns good for evil and persistently lifts a brave head and shows a forgiving spirit. The old Hebrew poet speaks of his retreat for religious meditation beneath the willow, and its splendid shade on a cool, fresh bank, invites one to the highest mood of thought and ideal.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S MOST FRIENDLY TREES

improving the quality of the livestock in their section and have done more than their share for better roads and other improvements.

We believe that the summer home, summer hotel and summer tourist business in New Hampshire has a great future and one whose development will be profitable for the state, not only financially, but in other ways. While there is no way to prove it mathematically, we believe that the liberal policy of the legislature and state government as to good roads has been a decided benefit to the commonwealth from a direct money stand-point, as well as in various indirect ways. We believe that the all-year resident who votes in town meeting for highway and other appropriations which the summer folks need and ask for, does not in the end harm his pocketbook in the least thereby.

In fact we are firm in the belief that all that is needed to solve the problem of the summer folks, if any such problem exists, is to bring about a better understanding between the all year residents and those who come among us for vacation time alone. The object on our part should be to make them consider their New Hampshire farms and cottages as their real homes. The object on their part should be to make us welcome their coming and regret their departure. The common object of both should be to make New Hampshire a better state in which to live, whether for one month or twelve. There are among our summer folks many men and women who can accomplish a great deal to that end and who thus constitute a resource of the state but little drawn upon thus far.

The summer folks are with us again and we are glad to see them. They present an economic problem, it is true, but they also present the state of New Hampshire with several million dollars a year, for value received, and it seems that we ought to be able to solve the problem in order to continue and increase this convenient amount of circulating cash.

The problem involved is the extent to which these summer folks of ours are responsible for the depopulation of our rural districts, the decrease in cultivated land and in livestock, and the consequent scarcity of farm products. The counts against them on this ground are two: That they buy good farms and make them into summer estates occupied for only a few months each year, and, if carried on at all as agricultural enterprises subject to the evils of absentee ownership; and, second, that the temporary display in the country of city won prosperity causes envy, jealousy and dissatisfaction among the year-round farm people and in the end sends them city-ward themselves.

We never have been deeply impressed with the seriousness of these complaints against our summer people. A large majority of their country homes, chosen for scenic rather than utilitarian purposes, occupy land of little value for agricultural purposes and add tremendously to the valuation of towns that otherwise would have comparatively little taxable property. And in not a few cases where good farms have passed into the hands of wealthy city men, the latter not only have kept up the productivity of the land, but have increased it, have led the way in

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

THE REAL DIARY OF THE WORST FARMER. By Henry A. Shute. Illustrated. Pp. 277. Cloth, $1.75. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin Company.

The genial humor of Judge Henry A. Shute of Exeter is at its best in his latest book, "The Real Diary of the Worst Farmer," the title capitalizing the fame of the Judge's immortal "Real Diary of a Real Boy" and continuing the form and spirit of that classic very successfully. There is nothing esoteric about Judge Shute's humor. Its appeal is universal. At the same time he is no disciple of Rabelais. Any one of his books can be read aloud with safety in the family circle, provided a reader can be found who is himself sufficently chuckle and laughter proof. The adventures of an amateur agriculturist already have provided the author with material for one book of good fun, "Farming It," and the present "diary" continues to work the same vein of humor with continued success. Those of us who live in the same latitude with the Judge and under approximately the same conditions think that we have the best appreciation of the pictures which he draws, but it is not necessary to have sifted ashes, made a garden or chased a pig to get good cheer from his descriptions of these and other homely activities in semi-rural New Hampshire.

SAILOR GIRL. By Frederick F. Moore Pp. 378. Cloth, $1.75. New York. D. Appleton and Co.

Mr. Moore tells, apparently with the greatest of ease, story after story of life in the China Seas, all different, but every one filled to the brim with adventure. It is a colorful country to which he seems to have acquired the fiction rights, over there around the globe, and he makes the most of its possibilities for thrills. "Sailor Girl" is the story of a young heiress who goes from San Francisco over to Manilla to find out for herself why the line of Pacific steamers which she owns is not paying better. Pirates and pearls figure largely in the answer which she finally gets and her adventures end, as all good stories should, with a kiss.

PERFECTION

By Fred Myron Colby

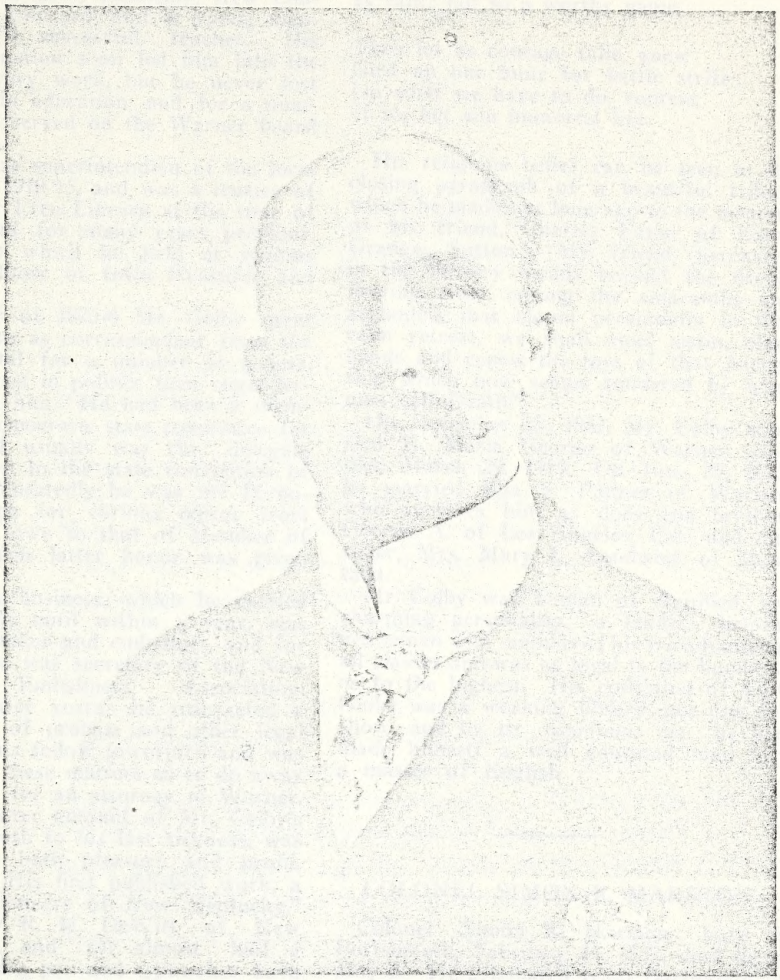
I heard the song of a singer,
As he held a crowd entranced;
And the music of his measures
The joy of my life enhanced.
But in the heart of the singer
Was a sweeter song unsung;
A song no mortal can meter,
It gladdens an angel's tongue.

I saw a wonderful painting
That a famous artist wrought—
A dream, a marvelous vision,
Which gladdened my inmost thought.
But well I knew that the painter
Had dreamed in his hours of ease
Of visions of fairer beauty
Than any his brush could seize.

I inhaled a rose's perfume,
It wooed me with Circean wiles—
The glamour of Eden's beauty
And odors from spicy isles.
But the sweetest rose that ever
Enchanted our breath and eyes
Blooms never in earthly gardens,
'Tis the growth of Paradise.

I won the praise of my fellows,
And my heart was lifted high;
It was sweet to know, after toiling,
That the world had not passed me by.
But the joys of earth are briefer
Than the sunset's dying gleam,
And only the sweet Hereafter
Shall bring to us what we dream.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY



Frederick Myron Colby.

Frederick Myron Colby, one of the most popular and prolific authors of both prose and poetry in the literary history of New Hampshire, died at his home in Warner, May 19.

He was born in the town which was his life long home, December 9, 1848, the son of Levi O. and Mary (Durrell) Colby; in the eighth generation from Anthony Colby, who came from Norfolk County,

Frederick Myron Colby

Frederick Myron Colby, one of the most popular and prolific authors of both prose and poetry in the literary history of New Hampshire, died at his home in Warner, May 19.

He was born in the town which was his life long home December 6, 1849, the son of Levi O. and Mary (Durrell) Colby; in the eighth generation from Anthony Colby, who came from Norfolk County,

England, with Rev. John Winthrop's colony in 1630.

He was educated at the Warner High School and at Colby Academy, New London, and in Concord, and in young manhood was a successful teacher. His natural inclination soon led him into the field of literary work, but he never lost his interest in education, and for a number of years served on the Warner board of education.

He also was superintendent of the local high school, 1910-15, and was a trustee of the Pillsbury Free Library at the time of his death and for many years previous. Other offices which he held at various times were those of town treasurer and postmaster.

The winter of 1875-6 Mr. Colby spent in Washington as correspondent from the national capital for a number of papers, and the interest in politics then engendered never left him. He had been a member of the Democratic state committee for 30 years and usually was the delegate from his town to the state convention of the party. Repeatedly he was the Democratic nominee for various offices from those of the town to that of Member of Congress, which latter honor was given him in 1908.

Mr. Colby's business, which he carried on successfully until within a year, was that of undertaker and embalmer, and for three years he was secretary of the New Hampshire Embalmers' Association. During his later years he transacted a large amount of probate and other legal business for his fellow townsmen and was so efficient in these matters as to do away with the need for an attorney in Warner.

But the greater amount of Mr. Colby's time, from youth to his last sickness, was devoted, with both pleasure and profit, to literature. His first published work, a story "The Pioneers of New Kentucky," was issued by R. M. DeWitt of New York in 1872, and for almost half a century, now, his pen and typewriter have been continuously busy with works of fiction, of history and of biography; with beautiful poetry in all the verse forms; with delightfully sympathetic studies of nature and the out of doors.

The list of his published works is a long one, while his contributions to the periodical and newspaper press are beyond number. Since the first year of the Granite Monthly's existence, 1878, he has been its one most frequent contributor, the table of contents of every volume containing his name several times.

In many instances Mr. Colby's verses are eloquently expressive of his deeper nature, as in these lines on "Success":

Success will come to him who toils
And thinks, and cares not for the fame
He wins. The homage of an hour
Is vain; not so a worthy name.

Then let us courage take, anew
Gird up our loins for battle strife;
Do what we have to do, content
If we but win immortal life.

His religious belief can be seen in the closing paragraph of a beautiful tribute which he made not long ago to the memory of his friend, Charles Eaton of Eaton Grange, Sutton: "My friend, perchance in the flowery meads beyond the deeply flowing river, among the amaranths and asphodels that bloom perennially in that calm retreat, we shall meet again, clasp hands and renew the joys of that friendship which now seems sundered by what men call Death."

On December 25, 1882, Mr. Colby married H. Maria George of Warner, who died March 29, 1910. On June 29, 1915, he married Ella S. Palmer of Warner, who survives him as does one brother, George A. of Los Angeles, Cal., and one sister, Mrs. Mary L. Sandwick of Montana.

Mr Colby was a man of dignified, yet charming personality, a kindly, helpful gentleman who numbered his friends among all classes and was as loyal to the humblest as to the highest. His collection of 4,000 books was a working library, not one for show, and by its assiduous use he had made himself a well educated man and a master of English.

COLONEL SIMON R. MARSTON.

Colonel Simon R. Marston, born in Portsmouth, February 24, 1832, died there May 5. He graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1855 and became an engineer. At the outbreak of the Civil War he entered the ranks of Company G, Tenth New Hampshire Volunteers, and became its first lieutenant. April 3, 1863, he was made major, adjutant and paymaster and at the end of the war was breveted lieutenant colonel. In November, 1864, he safely conveyed $600,000 from St. Louis to Santa Fe., N. M., and it was there that he was discharged from the service and practised his profession until 1880, when he returned to Portsmouth. He was a member of the G. A. R. post in that city. A daughter, Miss Marion Marston, survives him.

ON A LINE IN EMERSON'S NOTE-BOOK

By Fanny Runnells Poole

'O rare sweet Spirit of our Northern clime,
Philosopher of our New England breeding,
Not merely product of the elder time!
Many for Riches to their Gods are pleading;
Many who vex high Heav'n for meed of Fame,
Honors of Power and Place, with striving hollow;
But list!—a clarion call, a prayer of flame,
A pledge of all desirable things to follow,—
Give us health and today!

This is the word for Peace: in music's breath
Pass it along unto your groping neighbor,
With his, who cried, smitten by gory death,
"Boys, the command is Forward!"....Where's the labor
Doth not demand full health of body and mind?
Now is the Golden Age for which we're sighing.
Yearn not for time or chance. Go forth to find.
Brother, this message!—glory, wealth, defying,—
Give us health and today!

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The Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS ISSUE:

George B. Upham, Frances P. Keyes, George W. Parker,
R. D. Sawyer, John K. Chase.

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HON. ARTHUR P. MORRILL



THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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HON. ARTHUR P. MORRILL

By George W. Parker

In no office should the essentially rugged characteristics of New Hampshire be more impersonated than in the governorship—at once the highest in the gift of the people and the one which to the ouside world represents the dignity and grandeur of the State.

The multiform activities which the Governor is called upon to perform and the complexity of problems presented by modern activities for solution make it a post of great responsibility. As human interests become more widely diversified, the natural functions of a State multiply and necessitate numerous instruments by means of which the will of the people may find expression.

To preside over the destinies of the state, one should possess a thorough knowledge of state affairs, a sympathetic understanding of the people—their aspirations, problems, limitations—sanity of judgment and tact in dealing with men of diverse temperaments.

Perhaps no candidate for the office of Governor has appealed to the electorate who combined in his person these prime essentials as does Arthur P. Morrill of Concord. Of scholarly tastes and training, a lawyer by profession, a business man by experience, and a public official who has impressed all parties with his fairness and executive ability, he possesses the requisites of successful leadership. He is a man in the prime of life, conversant with modern day problems and needs; in sympathy with the new age and sufficiently conservative to appreciate the best in the old order. His ability as a parliamentarian, his tact and fairness as presiding officer, his unfailing courtesy and fairness to all parties are attested by every member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives of 1917-1918 and of the Senate of 1919-20.

While Mr. Morrill will appeal strongly to the younger element of the state, he possesses the confidence of the older men as well and his popularity is shown in the unanimity of his election as Speaker of the House of Representatives and later as President of the State Senate.

The Governors who are most successful are usually those who have previously had experience in the Legislature. First hand knowledge of state affairs and intimate acquaintance with the details of legislation promote efficiency and lessen the probability of friction between the Governor and the Legislature. Many a strained relation might have been avoided if the chief executive had known from personal experience the psychology of the House and Senate. That the Concord candidate would maintain the most friendly relations and work in harmony with the State Legislature is abundantly attested by the fact that through personal experience, he is familiar with the entire situation.

Of the work of the New Hamp-

shire Legislature of 1917, James W. Tucker in an article in the Granite Monthly says "In the House, the deliberations were ably presided over by Arthur P. Morrill of Concord, one of the youngest speakers who ever graced the rostrum and than whom there has never been one more popular, efficient or fair. ***Probably more work was accomplished with less time wasted in oratory and debate than at any previous session. Harmony appeared to be the keynote and the legislative machine ran smoothly, because partisanship was, for the most part, conspicuous by its absence." During this session much needful war-time legislation was passed, including the authorization of a million dollar bond issue, the re-organization of the National Guard, bills providing state pay for New Hampshire soldiers in service and aid for dependents and acts to conserve New Hampshire's agricultural and other resources.

At this time also were enacted the famous Lewis prohibition measure, the 54-hour labor law, the factory inspection law, the weights and measures bill, various betterment measures, the "blue sky" law to safeguard investments and steps to preserve the water power and other resources of the State.

Mr. Morrill's career is one of consistent progress and achievement. He was born in Concord, March 15, 1876. His parents were Obadiah Morrill and Lilla W. Putnam of Worcester, Mass. His education was secured in the public schools of Concord, at Phillips Academy, Andover, Yale University and Harvard Law School. He was admitted to the bar in 1900, and became a member of the law firm of Sargent, Niles and Morrill, the other members being the late Hon. Harry G. Sargent and Hon. Edward C. Niles.

In 1904, on the death of Col. Charles C. Danforth, he became a member of the insurance firm of Morrill and Danforth, of which he is now sole owner. He is president of the State Dwelling-House Insurance Company, Director of the First National Bank of Concord, Trustee of the Loan and Trust Savings Bank of Concord, Trustee of the Orphans' Home at Concord.

Politically, he has long been interested in working for the Republican party, serving for many years as a member of the Executive Committee for Ward 5 and as president of the Ward 5 Republican Club. In 1915, when the Merrimack County Republican Club was organized he was made its chairman, which office he still holds. He has been a member of the Executive Committee of the Republican State Committee since 1915, taking active part in the state campaigns, both in speaking and in the work at the headquarters. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1912, member of the Legislature in 1915 serving on the judiciary committee, and during the last two weeks of the session, temporary speaker. In the memorable session of the Legislature of 1917 he was elected Speaker of the House without opposition. In this capacity he made so enviable a record that in 1919 he was elected Senator by his district, and so well were his talents recognized that he was made president of the state senate without opposition.

In the fraternal orders he is a Mason, being affiliated with Blazing Star Lodge, No. 11, A. F. and A. M., a member of White Mountain Lodge, I. O. O. F., a member of Capital Grange, a member of the Wonolancet, Beaver Meadow Golf, Snowshoe, and Canoe Clubs, all of Concord, and the Calumet Club of Manchester.

He is a member of St. Paul's Episcopal Church of Concord and a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

In 1901 he was united in marriage with Florence E. Prescott of Winchester, Mass., daughter of the late Daniel C. Prescott, formerly general superintendent of the Concord and Montreal railroad. This union has been blessed with three children, Catherine, born in 1902, deceased in 1908; Elizabeth, born in 1903, and Virginia, born in 1905.

OLD HOME WEEK

By James T. Weston.

The west wind sings a bright and merry song
The pine tree murmurs a plaintive lay
And mem'ry brings a silent throng
To grace our festal day.

* * * *

Out of the light of the West,
From the sweet Sand of Rest,
They come, the fairest and best.

Those who have gone before
Seem with us here once more
Their joy and hope and sympathy to pour.

* * * *

O Spirit, linger here a while
Where the waves sparkle and the lilies smile
Scenes of the past again we see
And hold communion sweet with Thee.

A "BARRIER AGAINST THE INDIANS"

By George B. Upham.

It seems a far cry from fighting nearly two centuries ago in the richly metalliferous mountains of Silesia to Indian warfare along the frontier settlements of New Hampshire, yet the two are found to have been started by the same train.

Early in 1740 by perfidy almost unprecedented and robbery on a gigantic scale Frederick the Great stole from Maria Theresa, the young Empress of Austria, her Province of Silesia. In doing so he greatly strengthened the Prussian autocracy which by constant military training and successive predatory wars grew greater and stronger down to its fall on Armistice Day, November 11th, 1918.

"The selfish rapacity of the King of Prussia," says Macaulay, "gave the signal to his neighbors..... The evils produced by this wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and, in order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, red men scalped each other by the great lakes of North America," and, it might have been added, peaceful settlers were murdered while planting their corn and gathering their hay in the meadows and forest clearings of Western New Hampshire.

This great world disturbance known in Europe as The War of the Austrian Succession, in America as King George's War, lagged somewhat in crossing the Atlantic not troubling the English Colonies in America until the spring of 1744.

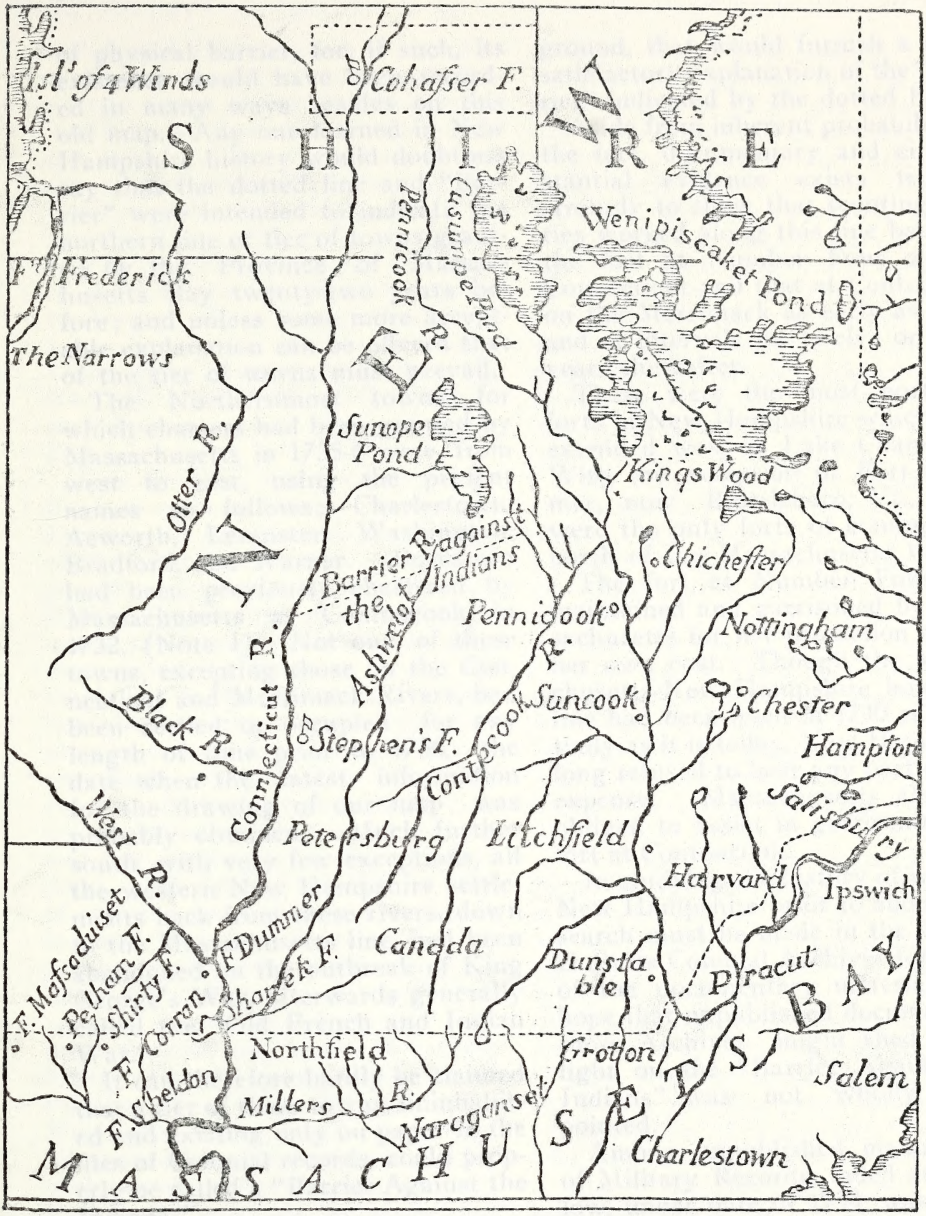
In the eighteen years elapsed since the termination of Father Rale's War New England had enjoyed what in those troublous times was a long interval of peace. During these years stories, oft repeated in the flickering light of every New England fireside, of the Sack of Deerfield, the attacks on Haverhill, Northampton, Brookfield and dozens of other massacres, had caused the terrors of Indian warfare to sink deep into the memories of the New England people, and, on the outbreak of renewed hostilities, led to impetuous demands that all possible precautions be taken against the repetition of such barbarities.

The enthusiasm of the Indians in their attacks, always descending from Canada, was greatly diminished if their approach was discovered. Forewarned the settlers were enabled to withdraw further south, or by concentrating to put up a defensive fight little relished by the Indians. The first demand of the settlers was therefore for active scouting on the northern frontier.

"A New and Accurate Map of the Present War in North America," published in London in May, 1757, shows a dotted line extending straight from the Connecticut River at a point a little north of "Stephens F," that is, the fort at Number Four, now Charlestown, to a northern branch of the Contoocook River, evidently intended for the Warner River although as shown its general course is much too southerly. The dotted line runs a little south of "Sunope Pond" and is described on the map as a "Barrier Against the Indians."

What was this barrier? It is manifestly impossible that it could have been a stockade or any sort

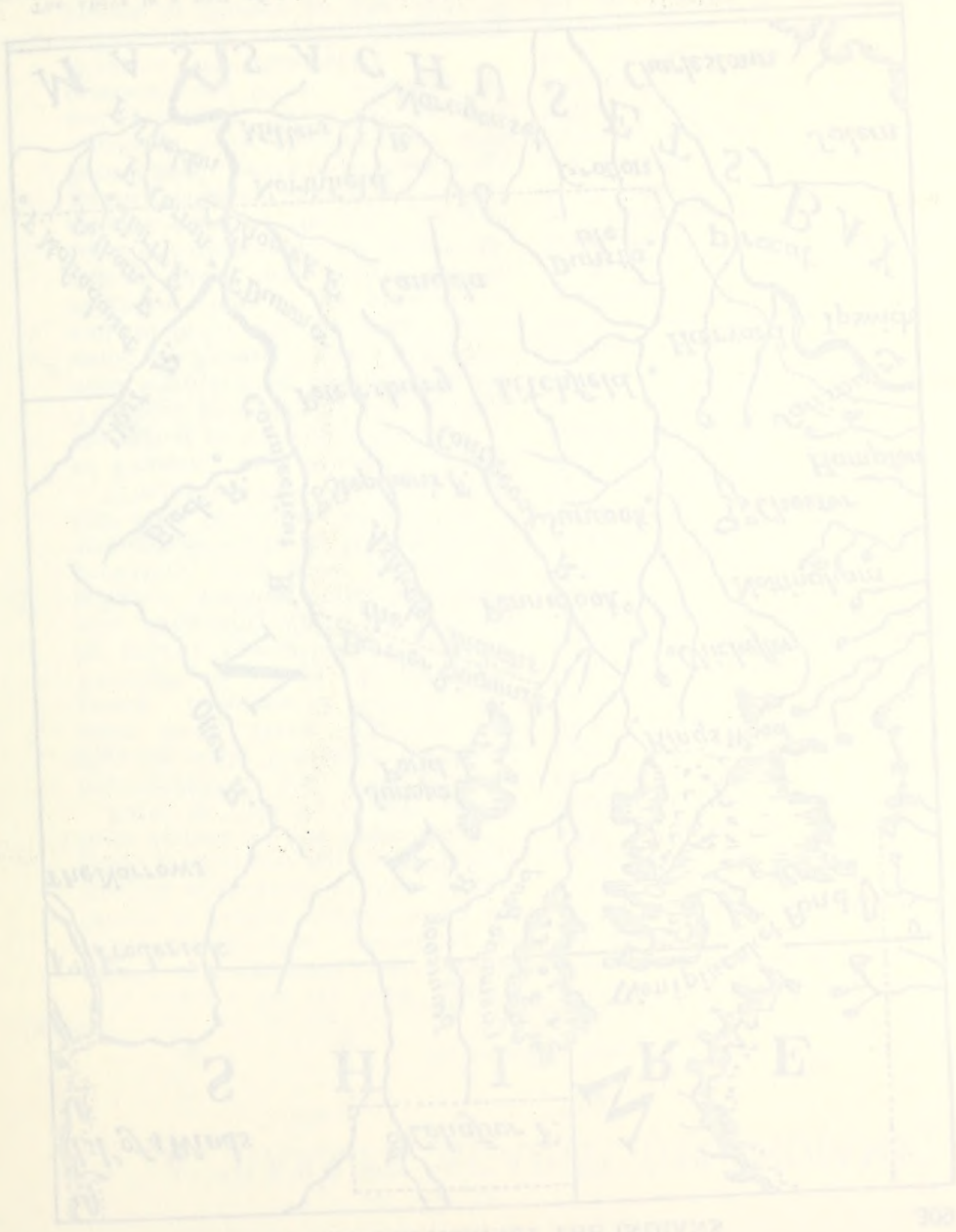
A "BARRIER AGAINST THE INDIANS"



The above is a part of a map described, within an ornamental scroll, as "A New and Accurate Map of the present War in North America." It was found, with an article on the Indians and the War, in the Universal Magazine, [London], for May, 1757. The original, drawn and engraved "on a large scale and finely coloured," includes the latitude from Boston to Quebec, the longitude from "Mt. Desert Isle" to "Ft. Oswego" on Lake Ontario.

"Stephen's F." which is the fort at Number Four, later Charlestown, N. H., is placed relatively much too far south. It should have been at the west end of the dotted line marked "Barrier Against the Indians," with Black River nearly opposite.

The mythical "Cohasser Fort," perhaps the hoped for "Cytidall" of Captain Symes, (See Granite Monthly for February) is shown on the west side of the Connecticut River, opposite the present Haverhill. The dotted parallelogram may be intended to indicate the land expected to be granted to Symes and his associates.



of physical barrier, for, if such, its existence would have been recorded in many ways besides on this old map. Any one learned in New Hampshire history would doubtless say that the dotted line and "Barrier" were intended to indicate the northern line or tier of towns granted by the Province of Massachusetts Bay twenty-two years before; and unless some more acceptable explanation can be offered that of the tier of towns must prevail.

The Northernmost towns for which charters had been granted by Massachusetts in 1735-6 were, from west to east, using the present names as follows; Charlestown, Acworth, Lempster, Washington, Bradford, and Warner. Boscawen had been previously chartered by Massachusetts as Contoocook in 1732. (Note 1) Not one of these towns, excepting those on the Connecticut and Merrimack Rivers, had been settled or occupied for any length of time prior to 1756, the date when the latest information for the drawing of our map was probably obtained. Much further south, with very few exceptions, all the western New Hampshire settlements back from these rivers, down to the Massachusetts line, had been abandoned on the outbreak of King George's War, afterwards generally called the "Old French and Indian War."

It can therefore hardly be claimed that a tier of these towns, uninhabited and existing only on paper in the files of Colonial records, could properly be called a "Barrier Against the Indians."

If it can be shown that for ten or twelve years prior to the preparation of this map scouting parties repeatedly ranged the woods over this ground, that would furnish a more satisfactory explanation of the "Barrier" indicated by the dotted line.

Aside from inherent probability of the fact, documentary and circumstantial evidence exists tending strongly to show that scouting parties worked along this line between the fort at Number Four on the Connecticut and that at Contoocook on the Merrimack as early as 1744, and at intervals for twelve or more years thereafter.

These were the most northerly forts in New Hampshire which then extended west to Lake Champlain. With the exception of Fort Dummer, now Brattleboro, Vt., they were the only forts of consequence north of the Massachusetts line.

The fort at Number Four was maintained and garrisoned by Massachusetts for her protection and at her own cost. Though the Massachusetts-New Hampshire boundary line had been fixed in 1740 substantially as it is today, New Hampshire long refused to bear any part of this expense. Massachusetts also felt obliged to assist in garrisoning the fort at Contoocook.

In studying the history of western New Hampshire prior to about 1757 search must be made in the Massachusetts Colonial Archives for much of the documentary material. A hope that unpublished documents in those Archives might shed some light on the "Barrier Against the Indians" was not wholly disappointed.

Among unpublished manuscripts of Military Records, faded and yellow, under date of 1744, was found the following:-

"In answer to the Petition of Wm. Syms & others for the Protection of their Western Frontiers and the

[Note 1.] These towns were not named in the Massachusetts grants, but designated merely by numbers. Acworth was No. 3; Lempster, No. 9; Washington, No. 8; Bradford, No. 2; and Warner, No. 1. Contoocook, now Boscawen, on the Merrimack, was the only town in this tier then dignified by a name. This township and its fort near the Merrimack should not be confused with the present village and railroad station now called Contoocook for that is in Hopkinton, and several miles distant from the township originally named Contoocook.

Distressed Petitioners and Inhabitants over the Line. It is proposed yt one Scout (Note 2) Issue from No. 4 on ye East Side of Connecticut River to Scout Eastwardly to the Northernmost Branches of the Coontoocook River—Another to proceed Eastwardly from ye Ashuelots to the Southernmost branches of the Contoocook, these Designed to Protect the Towns Below ye Line between Merrimack and Connecticut Rivers." (See Vol. 72, No. 703, MSS. Military Records of the Province of Massachusetts Bay.)

This Petition and Proposal bore fruit in certain "Votes About the Defense of the Frontier." In one of these which has been preserved, passed on Sunday, October 13, 1744, it was "Voted that..... in as much as it may be necessary that some marching Scout or Scouts be employed in the Winter for a seasonable discovery of the enemy that may be approaching the said Western Parts or other His Majesty's subjects in that neighborhood that are neglected in this time of danger, and beg protection of this Government, That Twelve men out of each of the five Snow Shooe Companies in said Western Parts (Note 3) amounting to Sixty in the whole, be detached and sent out under a Captain commissioned for that purpose, to scout and range the Woods for four months next coming; Their marches to be from Contoocook on Merrimack River, and to extend Westward in such a manner and by such parties as the Captain-General shall judge most for the protection of said Frontiers" (See Acts & Resolves of the Province of Massachusetts Bay Vol. 13, p. 395).

On June 19, 1745 the Massachusetts Great and General Court voted that twenty-five men be posted at Number Four and fifteen at Contoocook "to be constantly employed in Scouting and guarding those Settlements that are Northward of the Line as lately run." (See Idem p. 473). Later, and down to 1757, numerous votes of the Government of Massachusetts provided for the enlistment, subsistence and payment of men for guarding and scouting from these same places on the frontier of its less opulent and perhaps less willing neighbor on the north.

That New Hampshire contributed materially toward scouting west of the Merrimack in the early years of King George's War is shown by an official report that between May 23, 1744 and Aug. 24, 1745 "there has been in his Majesty's Service kept out on the West Side of Merrimack river men to the amount of 6046 Days" which would account for thirteen or fourteen men if kept out continuously between those dates. (N. H. State Papers, Vol. XVIII p. 224).

We find numerous votes of the New Hampshire House of Representatives during the war providing for men to be "kept out Schouting on the West side of Merrymack River," and "from Merrymack to Connecticut Rivers." In a letter from Col. Joseph Blanchard to Gov. Wentworth he reports having sent a scouting party "to search ye Branches of Contoocook river (the most likely places to discover if any of the Indian Scout has tarry'd)." (N. H. State Papers, Vol. VI, p. 311).

No reports or journals have been found describing definitely the routes scouted over. But is it

[Note 2.] The word 'scout' is here, as commonly in the past, used to designate a scouting party.

[Note 3.] The "Western Parts" were probably the forts and block-houses on the Connecticut and in western Massachusetts. Except Fort Dummer there were none in the territory now Vermont. Those along the coast of Maine and near New Hampshire's eastern border were then commonly referred to as the "Eastern Parts."

strange that men coming in worn and hungry from long marches chose to eat and sleep rather than to write a record of where they had been? "Every one knew" where they had been. How much has been lost to history by this same thought, "everyone knows" and how little is retained, even for the second and third generation, that is not written down.

That an imperative necessity existed for constant scouting between the forts at Number Four and Contoocook is shown by the petition to the Council made by sixty-two inhabitants of Rumford and Penacook on July 13, 1747, representing "That such is our situation that as ye rivers Hudson & Connecticut lie most exposed to Incursions from Crown Point, so ours is ye next, and the experience of this whole war has Taught us that whenever any Smart attack has been made upon any of ye Settlements on Connecticut River the Enemy have never failed of sending a considerable Number to visit our River." (N. H. State Papers, Vol. IX, p. 131).

The correctness of these representations may be verified by examining the number of instances in which attacks on Number Four were followed within a few days by attacks in the vicinity of Rumford. The easy and natural approach for the Indians to "visit" that vicinity, after attacking Number Four, was by passing just south of Sunapee Lake and over the hills through Sutton and Warner or down the valley of Warner River, that is, over the same route which it is believed was frequently traversed by scouting parties sent out from Contoocook and Number Four.

Aware that they might encounter such scouting parties the Indians sometimes departed from this route as they did with eight prisoners taken at Hopkinton on April 22, 1746, a few days after an attack on Number Four, when after going eight or ten miles up Warner River they diverged, going east and north of Sunapee Lake. (History of Hopkinton, p. 30).

Among the men enlisted for scouting in King George's War, and with headquarters at Contoocook, was the later renowned ranger, Robert Rogers. With Indian fights frequent at Number Four and things quiet, comparatively, at Contoocook we may well believe that Rogers marched over the trail just south of Sunapee Lake, to Number Four in some of his scouting expeditions to the westward.

It appears that towards the end of King George's War the Province of New Hampshire had become greatly exasperated by the continuance of Indian massacres on its frontier, for on June 2, 1748 the House voted £250 "for each Indian killed & scalp produced to ye Governor & Council in Evidence of his *her* being so killed"....and £255 "for each Indian captivated & bro't alive to ye Governor & Council." Thus it appears that a live Indian was valued at only two per cent more than the scalp of a dead one. (See N. H. State Papers, Vol. V, p. 587).

A nominal peace was patched up in Europe by the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle in October 1748, but was not known and proclaimed in America until about six months later.

With not infrequent attacks by the Indians the fires of war smouldered for six years when the spark that again set the world aflame came this time from America, fired near a place called Great Meadows in Western Pennsylvania, and at the command of a handsome youth of twenty-two named Washington.

In the minds of thoughtful men there could have been little expectation of a permanent peace while an ambitious, jesuitical, and militaristic French government in Canada claimed most of the continent west of a narrow fringe along the Atlantic seaboard; and in peace or war spurred its Indian allies to attack the English colonists settled on that fringe. This early American conflict, like a much later one, was irrepressible.

The state of mind of these colonists is fairly comparable to that of the people of France today. As the French have been repeatedly subject to the unprovoked attacks of their Teutonic neighbors on the east, so the English colonists in America had repeatedly, without provocation, been attacked by the French and their Indian allies on the north. With the English it was not a question of a barrier at the St. Lawrence, which might correspond to one at the Rhine, but of doing a thorough enough job to sweep their enemies off the Continent. (Note 4.) In this enterprise the sparsely settled Province of New Hampshire rendered efficient aid, furnishing more men in proportion to its inhabitants than any other province. (See Potter's Military History of N. H., p. 258). The inquiry herein made must, however, be confined to the simple happenings between the forts at Contoocook and Number Four.

That a fairly good trail existed between these places at least as early as the summer of 1754 may be gathered from the fact that Captain Peter Powers, who in that year went from Rumford to the Cowass (Haverhill & Newbury) Intervales via Baker's River, sent four of his men who were disabled "by reason of sprains in the ankles and weakness of body," sixty miles down the Connecticut in a canoe to return to Rumford from Charlestown, Number Four. (See Powers Coos Country, p. 25). The distance from the latter place to Rumford was nearly as far as direct from Cowass, but by the direct route there was no well-worn trail.

Late in July 1755 Col. Joseph Blanchard of Dunstable sent his regiment of five hundred men from the fort near the Merrimack, then recently built at Bakerstown, now within the limits of Franklin, "directly to Charlestown," Number Four, (Note 5) and thence via Fort Dummer to Albany to join General William Johnson's command. With Blanchard's men as captain was Robert Rogers, as lieutenant, John Stark, both as yet unknown to fame. Two months later a part of these men rendered effective service in turning defeat into victory over Baron Dieskau at Lake George. (N. H. State Papers, Vol. XVIII, p. 432).

[Note 4.] Of this vast continent of which the French once possessed by far the greater part, it is almost pathetic to remember that they now hold only two small outlying islands, St. Pierre and Miquelon.

The comparison between the situation of the allies in France, prior to unity of command under Foch, and that of the English Colonists in America, in 1757, is strikngly parallelled by the following quotation. It is from the article in the Universal Magazine of May, 1757, accompanying the map a part of which is reproduced herewith.

"We have a subtle, enterprising enemy to contend with; an enemy rapacious, martial, and bloody; committing murders rather than waging war. Though the French colony does not, perhaps, contain 30,000 men capable of bearing arms, yet these are all under the despotic command and sole direction of their Governor-general; and experience teaches us, that, in spite of our navy, they may be annually reinforced. The strength of our colonies, on the other hand, is divided; and the concurrence of all necessary both for supplies of men and money..... Military measures demand secrecy and dispatch; but, while the colonies remain divided, and nothing can be transacted without their universal assent, it is impossible to maintain the one, or proceed with the other. Without a general constitution for warlike operations, we can neither plan nor execute. We have a common interest, and must have a Common Council, one Head and one purse. The French service is not exposed to these embarrassments; and hence they project without discovery, and we scarce collect their designs, till we are attacked and defeated."

[Note 5.] See next page.

No report or diary has yet been found describing the route taken by this regiment between Bakerstown and Number Four, but a little study of a contour map (Note 6) leads to the confident belief that it was just south of Sunapee Lake, between it and the mountain of the same name, and thence over the hills of what are now Goshen, Unity and Acworth, where thirteen or fourteen years later the first road from the Connecticut to the Merrimack was built across western New Hampshire. (Note 7) This route is substantially that indicated by the dotted line.

Had Blanchard's men gone by the valley of the Contoocook River they could much more easily have continued southwest direct to Fort Dummer, thus traversing one side of a nearly equilateral triangle instead of two sides as they would have done had they gone up the valley of the Contoocook, then northwest to Number Four, thence down the Connecticut to Fort Dummer. Such a route would be far from marching "directly to Charlestown" as they were ordered to do. Even at the present day no east and west road exists nearer than eleven miles, as the crow flies, south of the road which passes the southern shore of Sunapee Lake, and no fairly passable cross roads exist nearer than eighteen miles to the southward. The great bulk of Sunapee and Lempster Mountains bar the way. Excepting the road skirting Sunapee Lake, Holland's Map prepared in 1774, shows no continuous road from the Merrimack to the Connecticut between the valley of Baker's River and Keene. During the "Seven Years War" several other regiments marched across western New Hampshire to Number Four, some of them doubtless by this same trail.

A recital of the provisions made and orders given for scouting over this territory during the earlier years of the "Seven Years War," which was the last of the French and Indian Wars, would be merely a repetition of such as have been referred to in "King George's War." As before, the settlers were alter-

[Note 5.] In a letter written by Col. Joseph Blanchard to Governor Wentworth, probably from some place in the Merrimack valley, dated July 25, 1755, Col. Blanchard says of his command: "On Monday morning they in two divisions, two companies at a time began the march. Tuesday afternoon the last got off with orders to march *directly to Charlestown*, and from thence to Fort Dummer, where I intend to meet them the fore part of next week." See N. H. State Papers, Vol. VI, p. 416.

Potters' Military History of N. H. pp. 143, 144, without mentioning the source of information, says: "Col. Blanchard's regiment was ordered by Gov. Wentworth to rendezvous at the fort in Stevenstown, subsequently Salisbury and in that part of the town next the Merrimack, now constituting a part of Franklin. This fort had been built [probably about 1750] as a defence against the Indians, and was afterwards known as the 'Salisbury Fort.' It was located on the well known farm of Daniel Webster. [Holland's Map shows there the "Ruins of Salisbury F."] So little was known at that time of the geography of the country, that the 'Coos Meadows' on the Connecticut, above Lancaster, were supposed to be on the direct route from the 'Salisbury Fort' to Crown Point. Supposing that there was to be opportunity for the passage of the troops, some if not most of the way by water, by means of the Merrimack, Connecticut and other waters, the regiment in rendezvous was kept busily at work building batteaux for the transportation of the troops and stores, whilst Capt. Robert Rogers was sent forward to the 'Coos Meadows' with his company to build a fort there, for the occupation of the regiment, and for resort in case of disaster. Capt. Rogers executed his commission, and built a fort at the junction of the Ammonoosuc with the Connecticut, on the south side of the former river. This was called Fort Wentworth. [Holland's Map shows "Fort Wentworth" in Northumberland, south of the mouth of the Upper Ammonoosuc.] After Rogers return, and the regiment had spent some six weeks in building batteaux that could not be used for want of water, Wentworth discovered his error, and ordered the regiment to proceed across the Province to 'Number Four' and then to Crown Point by way of Albany. The fort upon the Ammonoosuc should have been called 'Fort Folly,' instead of Wentworth, as the fort, as well as the batteaux, never was of any use."

[Note 6.] See Contour Maps with Hitchcock's Geology of New Hampshire, and "New Hampshire, Sunapee Quadrangle" of the U. S. Geological Survey.

[Note 7.] An attempt will be made in a later paper to justify this statement and to trace this first road, from Boscawen to Charlestown, Number Four.

nately protected and abandoned, the Indians quickly taking advantage of the latter state of affairs.

Winter scouting parties in both wars probably used the frozen surface of Warner, Sugar and Connecticut Rivers, for the Sugar joins the Connecticut only ten miles above Number Four. We find in the records numerous appropriations for snow-shoes and "maughgazins."

We may imagine the scouts climbing the nearby hill-tops morning and evening to "view for smoaks," stopping to replenish their larder with fish at Sunapee Lake, and, notwithstanding the danger, occasionally yielding to the temptation to take a shot at a deer, making their camp in the thickest of the pine and hemlock forests where their own campfires would be least likely to be detected by the Indians. They may have had a well established line of posts with lookout places, shelters from the blizzards and caches for supplies. They knew their business thoroughly, these New Hampshire scouts and woodsmen, otherwise they never would have been selected to match their wits against the Indians, and to perform the arduous and dangerous undertakings required of them by Robert Rogers and John Stark in the last French and Indian War. Many of them doubtless had their first scouting experience along this Indian trail between the Merrimack and Connecticut Rivers, where we now ride swiftly in motor cars, or read the latest cable dispatches in our morning paper on the train.

It may be the "Barrier Against the Indians" on this old map was to mark a tier of nameless, uninhabited towns, but we believe the real barrier lay in the presence of these intrepid men who later did so much to make North America an English speaking continent actuated by Anglo Saxon ideals.

CALM AT SEA

By Walter B. Wolfe

Storms with all their thunderous clangor
Can not move my heart
As the quiet of the ocean
Soothes its aching smart.

Only this, the silent ocean
Can awaken in my ears
That celestial beauty ringing
In the harmony of spheres.

And at night so deep its silence
So unmoved and calm its face
That the soul perceives the echo
Of its dreams in vibrant space.

As my heart with awe is silent
That which lips may never yield
Glorious secret of our being
In the ocean stands revealed.

THE STORY OF COLONEL THOMAS JOHNSON

By Frances Parkinson Keyes.

PART I.

(The writing of this sketch would have been absolutely impossible without the information derived, besides that obtained from family papers from "The History of Coos County" by the Rev. Grant Powers published in 1842, and from "The History of Newbury Vermont," by F. P. Wells, published in 1902. Wherever I have quoted either of these histories word for word, I have of course used quotation marks. But I also wish to acknowledge my *general* indebtedness to them.

I also wish to state what I have tried to infer in the story—that Thomas Johnson and Jacob Bayley were by no means the *only* two men who were responsible for the settlement of Newbury, or for the distinction which it attained during, and immediately after, the American Revolution. But the introduction of too many names into a comparatively short narrative naturally causes confusion through superfluity of detail, and I have therefore avoided it as far as possible in this sketch, which is, of course, largely personal in character, and does not for one moment pretend, or aim, to give a complete chronicle of all that Newbury as a town, achieved in its early days.—Author's note.)

In the fall of 1760 four officers who had served in Goff's regiment during the French and Indian Wars returned, after the surrender of Montreal, to Massachusetts through the Connecticut Valley. It was at that time entirely unsettled, except by Indians. But they were so impressed by the beauty and fertility of the country that before they reached their old homes in Newbury and Haverhill, Massachusetts, they had determined to apply to Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire for charters to two towns in Coos County, one on either side of the Connecticut River, which, after the custom of the early settlers they proposed to name for the villages from which they came.

Two of these officers, Jacob Bayley and John Hazen, had distinguished themselves in many ways during the late war, and were consequently highly regarded by the Colonial Government; and there were also personal reasons why Governor Wentworth was glad to oblige them, as both had important family connections, and some wealth. And consequently on May 18th (also given as *March* 18th) 1763, the charters of "Newbury and Haverhill in Coos County"* was granted to them and about seventy associates, among them a young man who, in the interval between their discovery of the beautiful Oxbow Region—so called from the form of the turns that the river takes at that point—and the granting of the Charters, had gone with them when they returned temporarily to draft their first rough plans for settlement, and whose name was Thomas Johnson.

Jacob Bayley was at this time thirty-eight years old, a man of wide experience and established position, and Thomas Johnson was barely twenty, having been born in

*After the division of Vermont from New Hampshire, Newbury lay in the former State, Haverhill in the latter; but this was not, of course until after the Revolution. The word Coos is pronounced in two syllables.

THE STORY OF COLONEL THOMAS JOHNSON

PART I.

Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1742. But from the earliest records that we have of the founding of Newbury, the two seem to have been fast friends. The Johnsons, for a long time, had been prominent in Massachusetts. The first member of the family, William, came from England in 1634, and "was admitted freeman of the Massachusetts Colony" in that year.

John, the father of Thomas, held several positions of importance in Haverhill, Massachusetts, and later became one of the first settlers of Hampstead, New Hampshire. There is a family tradition that Prudence Noyes, the wife of Jacob Bayley, whom he married when he was only seventeen, was Thomas Johnson's half-sister, and this, of course, would easily account for the intimacy between the two men; but there is no authentic record of such a relationship. She was possibly his cousin, and she was certainly his neighbor, for the Noyes and Johnson families had both lived in Haverhill for generations. At all events, Thomas entered with the enthusiasm and energy that were to last him all his life— and sometimes to get him into serious trouble—into his friend's plans; and with the fondness for accurate detail which was also to last, he records that in the summer of 1762 they "cut ninety tons of excellent hay on the meadow of the little Oxbow." Through the winter of 1762 he lived in Haverhill, boarding, with Captain Hazen, "in the family of Uriah Morse;" but the following spring he crossed the river, and established himself near Jacob Bayley, who, having meanwhile gone back to Hampstead to collect his family and household goods, leaving Johnson "sitting on the lid" as Roosevelt said of Taft, had now returned to Newbury to remain.

Unlike most pioneers, Johnson was not a poor man. The parental blessing with which he started on his career had consisted of something more substantial than a few kind words, and his patrimony increased in his own hands. There is no detailed record of his life during his first thirteen years in Newbury, only brief references to his steadily growing influence and prosperity; he became a merchant and an innkeeper as well as a farmer. He outgrew, in more senses than one, the first rude shelter that he had made for a home, and accordingly determined to build himself a suitable residence, and, when it was finished, to open it with a housewarming that should reflect the hospitable spirit of its owner. The house was built, and the housewarming held. And, when the festivities of the evening were at their height, there came, up the quiet valley, a rider in desperate haste, bearing the news of the battle of Lexington and Concord.

Through Coos County lay the direct route from Massachusetts to Canada. Rumors of impending trouble had, of course, before this reached the peaceful place, committees of Safety and Correspondence had been formed, and every man required to state his feeling on the issues of the day. But it all seemed, as trouble is so apt to do until it is actually at our doors, so comfortably far away! Now it stared Coos County in the face, not only on account of its strategic position, but because of the number of Indians thereabouts, whose dispositions towards treachery was well known, and whose friendliness was always doubtful. President Wheelock of Dartmouth College, at Hanover, thirty miles south of Newbury, sums up the perilous situation in which that part of the country found itself in a letter written that spring to Governor Trumbull.

"Your honor well understands," he says, "what a feeble and defenseless state these frontier towns are in, how near to the Canadians and what an easy prey we may be to a northern army of savages, etc., as we are threatened with. We hear of preparations making for an invasion, and that some of the warriors among the Indians were in high spirits to engage on the one side or the other in the present controversy; and if they be not secured in our interest, they will likely join on the other side."

But Coos County was blessed in the number of men among its setlers who had seen service in the French and Indian Wars. John Hazen had died, but Jacob Bayley, though now past middle age, was still alive. In June he was chosen to attend the New York provincial Congress, but felt that the alarming reports from Canada, and the unprotected state of the valley, made it unwise for him to go. He accordingly wrote a letter to the Congress, and despatched it by Colonel Harvey of Barnet, explaining his non attendance, and also volunteering to raise a company of between two and three hundred men for the defense of the frontier; and, a little later, he was appointed brigadier-general of the militia in all the river-valley towns. There were forty or fifty other men in Newbury and Haverhill who had had experience in fighting, but most of these, also, were no longer young. And, accordingly, in May, when a company of militia was formed in Newbury, Thomas Johnson was chosen for its Captain, with Simeon Stevens as Lieutenant, and Joseph Chamberlain as "ensign."

This was the beginning of a military career surpassed—or equalled—in greatness only by that of Jacob Bayley of all the men who fought in the North Country. There were only fifty-one men in the little company, and they served at first for periods of from six to twenty days, acting as guards or scouts, as necessity required. They were supposed to receive two shillings a day for their services, but it was eleven years before they were paid at all. In the company were several Indians, secured for it by Jacob Bayley—not the least of the great things he did for Newbury, since, as has already been pointed out, their goodwill was extremely important to possess at this time. He had always been kind to these first inhabitants, and had a good deal of influence with them. And, on June 23, 1775, he prepared the following statement, which was addressed to the Indians of the North Country.

"Newbury, Coos, June 23, 1775.

The present war is between only the King and a part of the Lords, and America. The Lords say all Americans shall become slaves or servants to them, shall plow no more than they say, eat nor drink nor war nor hunt only by their leave, shall not kill deer, moose, beaver, or any other thing but by their consent. Americans say they will, and that the King, by the Lords advice, has sent Redcoats to kill us, if we will not be subject to what they say. And we have thirty thousand men, with guns great and small, to fight in our defense: we only want to live as we have lived, heretofore. We do not want to fight if they will let us alone.

You are as much threatened as we are, they want you to kill us, and then they will kill you, if you do not serve them. Dreadful wicked men they be; they do not think there is any God that will punish them bye and bye. If you have a mind to join us, I will go with any number you shall bring to our army, and you shall each have a

good coat, blanket, etc., and forty shillings a month, let the time be longer or shorter. If you will go to Canada and gather what intelligence you can, and bring it to me, at any place you shall set, I will meet you myself, and pay you well. Further, if you are in any way of aid to the regulars, you and all those tribes shall have protection here, as we will fight for you in your own country if wanted; but if you, or the French, or any other Indians fight against us, we know your country and will be troublesome to you. You know how we could fight, last war. But I know you will be friendly, and you may depend upon us. We will pawn all we have for the most strict observance of any agreement with you. We are all now heathen, and we will be so with you, and we must all meet before God in a little time.

JACOB BAYLEY."

This address, though it is not known where it was delivered, or how it reached all the persons to whom it was intended to appeal, had the desired effect. The Indians, perhaps the most greatly-feared factor in the war in Coos County, gave, after all, very little trouble, and "Old John," a notoriously cruel Indian who was much dreaded, became one of the Colony's staunchest friends. He received a Captain's commission, organized a company of Indians himself, and marched with the Yankees against Burgoyne. One of his sons, Pi-Al-Soosup, however, fought, not in his father's company, but in Thomas Johnson's, and, in spite of his ferocious upbringing, was badly terrified during his first battle, at Fort Independence. He had never heard a cannon before, and the roar from the fort, and on the lake, frightened him so that he clung to Johnson's side, almost stupefied. At last, as there were no casualties near him, he became somewhat reassured. "Is this the way you always fight?" he asked timidly. "Yes, yes," said Johnson impatiently, "fire, fire!" The Indian fired, and was at once not only reassured, but pleased. "I say," he exclaimed, "this is great fun!" and fired again.

In 1776 General Washington's increasing desire to find a shorter route to Canada than, up to that time, he had discovered, led him to confer with Jacob Bayley, then with the army before Boston, and Bayley promptly recommended Thomas Johnson as the man, in his opinion, best fitted to undertake such a task, and Johnson was selected. "He was"—to quote the "History of Newbury"—"to take two or three men and an Indian guide, and mark a road by blazed trees to St. John, and when the first troops reached that place he was to return, and make report of the time, and points of compass. He took with him Frye Bayley, Abial and Silas Chamberlain, and John McLean. They left Newbury on March 26th, 1776, the advance guard following several hours behind. Johnson's Journal says that they 'lodged that night with the last inhabitant' probably in Peacham. They marched on snowshoes, the snow melting and the rivers breaking up, and they had to wade through the streams which they reached. On Sunday the party reached Mr. Metcalf's on the Missisquoi, whence Frye Bayley returned to report progress. On Friday they reached St. John's, about one hundred miles from Newbury. The expenses of the party amounted to about twenty pounds, which was paid in 1786 as appears in a certificate in Montpelier. It was found that troops could be sent by

Coos about ten days quicker than by way of Lake Champlain, and along the path which had thus been marked out, several regiments passed to Canada on snowshoes."

Thus was the short road to Canada found—and used. Unpaid, unsheltered, fording half frozen streams, tramping a hundred miles through unexplored forests on snowshoes—this was the kind of service that love of country, as Thomas Johnson and his companions understood it, demanded—and received.



THOMAS JOHNSON'S HOUSE AT NEWBURY, VT.
Built by him in 1775.

In 1777 Captain Thomas Johnson marched, with an independent company of men to Ticonderoga, and acted, in the ensuing campaign, as aide to General Lincoln. After the surrender, he was commissioned lieutenant colonel, and placed in charge of one hundred prisoners. He marched them back into the country, where they would not be exposed to a recapture, and where also,—as he remarked with his usual shrewdness—they "would not diminish the rations of our men at the fort." When his duties in regard to them had been thoroughly discharged, he returned to his home apparently expecting at least a temporary respite from his activities. But he was promptly sent as a delegate to the Cornish Convention, in 1778, and, after that, by far the worst of his troubles were still



ahead of him. A price had been set, both upon his head, and upon Bayley's by the British, and his extreme prosperity, which had increased all through the war, had brought about, for the first time, strained relations between himself and General Jacob, who, on the contrary, had suffered reverses of fortune. The hardships of pioneering, the dangers of warfare, had served only to bring them more closely together than their boyhood friendship had done; now the elegance in which the younger man lived, raised a barrier between them. A trifling dispute between him and one of the General's sons was magnified into an actual quarrel. The breach widened, and influenced others. Johnson, almost over-night, found himself surrounded by enemies instead of friends.

Enemies are often made through jealousy, and there seems to be no question that most of the men of the surrounding country were jealous of Thomas Johnson. He had been promoted, very rapidly, above nearly all of them in military rank; his house was the finest in the town—the first tall clock that was brought to Newbury—a beautiful timepiece with a shining brass face—the first harpsichord, a library of three hundred books—all these treasures, which his neighbors lacked, adorned it. He was acquiring vast tracts of land. Worse than all this, he had married, in 1775, Abigail Carleton, the rich, lovely, and aristocratic daughter of Dudley Carleton of West Newbury. Abigail traced her descent direct from Sir Godfrey de Carleton, who went to England with William the Conqueror, and settled in Cumberland, where the old manor house stands—and stands in possession of the Carleton family to this day; and among her ancestors, besides various ladies of title, was a Queen of England! All this, however, was distant, and might possibly have been overlooked, if she had not also been related, not nearly so distantly, to Sir Guy Carleton, the Governor-General of Canada! No more severe charge could, in those days, be brought against a man than the charge of Toryism. None, in the face of Johnson's service and character, could seem, in his case more ridiculous—more wicked—to us now. But it began to be rumored about that he was in secret communication with Canada, and though, to do him justice, General Bayley utterly refused either to listen to, or to countenance, these rumors, they spread like wild-fire. And when, in 1781, Johnson went to Peacham, where he had contracted to build a gristmill, to take the mill-stones, lodging meantime with Deacon Jonathan Elkins, and, while there, was captured and carried off to Canada, it was reported that the entire manoeuvre had been prearranged, and that he was only too glad to go! Something very like a riot took place in Newbury, for it immediately occurred to a number of alarmists that Johnson's captors were the advance guard of an invading army, and the tidings were spread in every possible direction, as far south as Hanover. The first officer to bring them to Newbury was a Captain Webb, one of Johnson's worst-wishers. Abigail Johnson had taken advantage of her husband's absence to visit her sister, Mrs. Wallace; and, with his men, Webb took possession of the Johnson mansion, battering down the doors when Ebenezer Whitaker, the faithful "hired man" refused to give up the keys to the invaders. The cellar was, of course, well-stocked with various kinds of liquor, as was the cellar of every well-to-do man of that period; and

this excellent stock was in imminent danger of being suddenly and unceremoniously exhausted when Captain Jeremiah Hutchins arrived from Haverhill, with a company of men, and peremptorily restored order.

Thomas Johnson, meanwhile, was on his way to Canada; and his own journal, which is fortunately preserved, tells clearly and well exactly what was happening to him. "That is the kind of thing" an exceptionally well-educated man said to me not long ago when I showed him the faded volume, "that I've always wanted to know and never been able to find out—what they—the Colonists—thought about things themselves! What time they got up in the morning, and what they had for dinner, and how far they could travel in a day, and all that sort of thing! Of course I've studied history, but this isn't history—this is life!" His point of view was novel to me, but extremely interesting; and so, thinking that others may agree with him, I am going to let Thomas Johnson tell his own story of his capture:

"March 5, 1781. This morning early, went over to Haverhill with my teams for my mill-stones. Returned before dinner, shod my oxen, and set out for Peacham at 2 p. m. This night put up at Orr's in Ryegate.

Tuesday, 6th. This day, being thawy and bad going, I was obliged to leave one of mill-stones within one mile of the place where we lodged. This night arrived at Peacham with the other mill-stone. Lodged at Mr. Elkins.

Wednesday, 7th. This morning, finding my oxen lame, I sent Mr. Josiah Page with the oxen home. Hired Jonathan Elkins, with his oxen, and went back, and took the other mill-stone, and returned to Peacham. Should have returned home myself this evening, but was a little unwell.

Thursday, 8th. This morning, about twelve or one o'clock, I awakened out of my sleep, and found the house beset with enemies. Thought I would slip on my stockings, jump out of the window, and run. But before that, came in two men with their guns pointed at me, and challenged me for their prisoner, but did not find myself the least terrified. Soon found two of the men old acquaintances of mine. I saw some motions for tying me, but I told them I submitted myself a prisoner, and would offer no abuse. Soon packed up and marched, but never saw people so surprised as the family was. When we came to Mr. Davis', I found the party to consist of eleven men, Capt. Prichard commanding. Then marched seven or eight miles, when daylight began to appear. I found Moses Elkins looked very pale. I told the Captain he had better let him go back, for he was drowned (?) when he was small, and that he would not live through these woods. He said he would try him further. But on my pleading the pity it would be to lose such a youngster, he sent him back. We soon halted for refreshment. To my great surprise, I found John Gibson and Barlow of the party. Then marched about four miles, and obtained leave to write a letter and leave on a tree, then marched. I was most terribly tired and faint. Camped down on the river Lamoille this night.

Friday, 9th. This day marched down the river Lamoille, about twelve miles below the forks. One of the finest countries of land that ever I saw. Camped about eleven o'clock at night.

Saturday, 10th. This day marched to the lake. Underwent a great deal by being faint and tired. The

captain and men were very kind to us. A stormy and uncomfortable night.

Sunday, 11th. This morning went on to the lake ten miles, north of the mouth of the river Lamoille; marched fifteen miles on the lake, then crossed the Grand Isle; marched ten miles to Point au Fer. Dinner being on the table, I dined with the Commandant of that fort, and supped with him. Was well treated.

Monday, 12th. This day marched to the Isle au Noix, went into the fort, into a barrack, got a cooking (?); but the commandant ordered the prisoners out of the fort to a block-house; but soon had sent to me a good dinner, and a bottle of wine. Then Capt. Sherwood called on me to examine me. In the evening, Capt. Sherwood and Capt. Prichard waited on me to Mr. Jones, where we drank a bottle of wine. Captain Prichard and I slept there.

Tuesday, 13th. This day marched to St. John's. Col. St. Leger took me to his house, and gave me a shirt, gave me some refreshments, which I much needed. Told me I was to dine with him. Major Rogers and Esq. Marsh and others dined there. Then gave me my parole, which I am told is the first instance of a prisoner having his parole in this fort without some confinement. Lodged with Esq. Marsh.

Wednesday, 14th. This morning Esquire Marsh and I were invited to Captain Sherwood's to dinner. Then Captain Sherwood took charge of me, and I lived with him. To my great satisfaction, this evening came Mr. Spardain to see me, who was prisoner to me at *Ti* (Ticonderoga). He said, on hearing that I was a prisoner, he went to the commandant to inform him of the good treatment he and others had from me while they were prisoners to me. The Commandant sent him to my quarters to inform me that my good treatment of them was much to my advantage."

In this same journal is another entry, which, though it has absolutely no bearing on the rest of his story, is so interesting, and at the same time so distinctly Puritanical, that I cannot help quoting it.

"This day," he writes on June 14th of the same year, "there was a Roman Catholic Procession. Their walks, their shows (are) very extraordinary. Their carrying Almighty God about the streets is something new to me. I think it is a curse to the land, and a curse to the king, to have such a miserable set of inhabitants as these Canadians. They are the most ignorant, idle, superstitious and careless set of people that can be thought of, spending half their time in holidays and in going to mass. The women wear riding hoods the hottest weather."

On the whole, possibly thanks, in part, to the treatment of "Mr. Spardain" at "Ti"—Johnson was very well treated while he was in Canada. At St. John's he was "allowed his parole"—"not a parole to go where he pleased, but a parole known in the military profession, which distinguishes between friends and enemies; it is a privilege granted to certain individuals every day, and proclamation is made of it every day by a certain officer." From St. John he was taken to Chamby and to Three Rivers, and "at each place he would be interrogated by certain officers relative to the views and feelings of the inhabitants of the grants, and what he thought of the prospects of the Colonies. To all these and similar inquiries he replied with as much

apparent indifference to the cause of America as he could show, never relating to them an untruth, and still reserving to himself whatever he thought might be advantageous to them, and detrimental to America. And he had cause to congratulate himself for having adhered to this uniform course; for he found out, after a while, that all his conversation with these different officers, at different places, was penned down and sent to the supreme commandant, to be inspected by him to see if his statements agreed. He caught the reading of a note also, which was sent from one in high command to the young officer who had the charge of him. The purport of it was this—'I take you to be a person of too much sense and intelligence to be imposed upon by the prisoner.' The young man's sense and intelligence were not enough to restrain him from occasional hard drinking, and at one of these seasons, he left this note exposed to Johnson's inspection. These things taught Johnson that after all their show of confidence in him, they were still suspicious of him; and he thought, if they were disposed to play Yankee with him, he would take a game with them at that. He accordingly affected more and more indifference to the cause of the Colonies, until they began to feel that if he was in other circumstances, he would render them essential service. Accordingly, after retaining him between seven and eight months, they told Johnson that if he would give them information of the movements of the Americans, supply their scouts with provision if called upon, and return to them when they were demanded, he might return home upon his parole. Johnson agreed to these stipulations, and signed the following agreement:*

'I Lieut. Col. Johnson, now at Johns, do hereby pledge my faith and word of honor to his Excellency, Gen. Holdimand, whose permission I have obtained to go home, that I shall not do or say anything contrary to his Majesty's interest or government; and that whenever required to do so, I shall repair to whatever place his excellency or any other his Majesty's commander-in-chief in America shall judge expedient to order me, until I be legally exchanged, and such other person as shall be agreed upon sent in my place.

Given under my hand at St. John's, this fifth day of October, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-one.

COL. THOMAS JOHNSON.'"

*(History of Coos County)

(To be continued)

MEMORY

By Helen Adams Parker.

Though lone I dwell the long day through,
And silently my tasks pursue,
Though empty is my cottage now
Of human love; I have learned how
To fill my hours with what is past.
Both sad and glad, and hold it fast.
Ah! were it not for memory,
How many would lack company!

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN MYSTERY

By John Kimball Chase

(Concluded)

CHAPTER VII.

THE HIDDEN HAND

The diplomatic Sagamore was again the first to break the awesome silence that ensued.

"The Great Spirit has announced His will," he cried. "My white brother is the Medicine Man. The Grand Council may retire."

A few minutes later, the Sagamore and Washington stood in the breezy shade of a large oak. They were alone.

"The Great Spirit is good," said the Sagamore, gravely. "The black Medicine Man will trouble me no more."

"I will explain this affair," laughed Washington. "It may be well to conceal the facts from the rest of the tribe.

"On the road to these mountains, I stopped for two days with Dr. Charles W. Marshall, in Concord. He had been our family physician until he moved to New Hampshire. He is the best authority in this country on diseases of the brain. He has made the human mind the study of his life.

"One day, when I entered his office, he was preparing a medicine from some dried roots. He told me these were called the insane root.

"In small doses, this root is the best brain tonic. In large doses, it may cause insanity, for a short time If the smoke of the burning root is inhaled, the effect is more swift and powerful. The patient thinks he is a dog and acts like a dog.

"When you told me about the queer smoke with your old Medicine man, I suspected the negro had put this drug in his rival's pipe. When he proposed the same smoke with me, I watched him closely. This was easy, because he did not suspect me.

"Inside of his tobacco pouch, there is a small pocket, filled with this dried root, cut like tobacco. He filled his pipe and yours with tobacco. He put the dried root in my pipe and covered it with tobacco.

"When we were ready to light our pipes, I made my voice shout from the thicket. He dropped his pipe and bounded into the bushes. I changed the pipes. When he came back, he smoked the pipe he had prepared for me."

"I understand about the insane root," said the Sagamore. "It was a Saint Francis Indian who shouted from the bushes."

"The voice said it was a Saint Francis Indian," laughed Washington. "Your imagination did the rest.

"We call it ventriloquism. It is not an Indian gift. This explains why it fooled the council so completely."

At this moment, a dog growled fiercely and snapped viciously at the Sagamore's heels. He thought the black Medicine Man had come back. Forgetting all the stoical training of a life time, he jumped and screamed, like a nervous woman.

Then his eyes bulged, his mouth opened and his expression made Washington laugh. No dog was visible.

The acute mind of the Sagamore comprehended the situation quickly. In his usual stoical voice, he said:

"My white brother is a heap big Medicine. He will find the Evil

Spirit. The fearful cross will be seen no more on the foreheads of the dead."

After a period of thoughtful silence, Washington said: "I can hesitate no longer. The bone must be removed from Smith's brain. I will get Dr. Marshall.

"When I tore the wig from his head, he ran toward the woods, yelping liked a scared dog. When he recovers from the drug, I think he will go to the hut in the Flume. Kindly look after him until I return."

"The Great Spirit has touched his mind," said the Sagamore. "He is sacred. I will treat him as I would like to be treated."

A few days later, Washington returned with Dr. Marshall. They found Smith at the hut. The surgeon examined his wound.

"Fine, fine," he exclaimed, with professional enthusiasm. "This is the greatest case of my life. He must have a good nurse. I would not lose this case now for the whole world."

"We will take him to the Chase farm," replied Washington. "Mary will be the best nurse for him."

Never had the condition of this unfortunate farmer seemed so pitiful and hopeless. Not a glimmer of reason appeared in this darkened mind.

Washington put his hand on Smith's shoulder and said in a distinct voice: "Mary." After he had repeated this word several times, the poor imbecile, with a most painful effort, uttered his one word "Mary."

The surgeon gave a start when he heard this unnatural voice.

"Fine, fine," he exclaimed. "For many years, I have searched for this opportunity to study the human mind."

Smith followed them to the Chase farm. When every thing was ready for the important operation, the skilled surgeon moved his hands in a peculiar manner quite close to Smith's eyes. The patient passed into a quiet sleep.

The surgeon performed the critical operation with the greatest care, assisted by Washington and Mary. When it was completed he exclaimed:

"Fine, fine. I have removed every bit of bone from his brain. He will recover his reason perfectly. I will let him sleep 48 hours. This will give the wounds time to granulate well."

Washington was absent during the week for several days. He took his dinner in a tin pail and appeared to be at work. In the evenings, he talked with Mary.

One bright morning, Washington met the good doctor, as he came from Smith's room. There was a broad grin on the doctor's cleanly shaven face.

"How is Smith, this pleasant morning?" asked Washington.

"Fine, finer than fine," laughed the tall doctor. "I entered Smith's room without knocking. He was kissing Mary for all he was worth. He told me very coolly that this treatment was better than all my medicine. I take this way to inform you of their engagement."

"This is an astonishing change from the pitiful imbecile in the lonely hut in the desolate Flume," laughed Washington. "But who will comfort the disconsolate Master of Paradise Farm?"

"You had better put that question to Mary," laughed the big doctor. "By the way, you have not told me how Mary escaped from Paradise."

"Will you take a little walk and have a little talk, doctor? I may not be so interesting as Mary, but I think I will interest you before we get back."

"I am at your service," answered the doctor.

When they were in the woods,

Washington said: "A bear carried Mary into Paradise and a bear carried Mary out of Paradise. She had the time of her life with bears.

"As the Sagamore and I returned from the hut in the Flume, after our unsuccessful search for the mysterious Avenger, we met James Jones, the gardener at Paradise farm. He informed us that Mary Chase was at this farm.

"He said the Master of this farm was a good man, but not quite right in his mind. He thought we had better get Mary and take her home.

"He explained how Paradise farm is situated. He asked us not to go up the brook, as that might get him into trouble.

"So the Sagamore and I took sharp axes and cut a path through the undergrowth of the forest. The Sagamore worked like a lion. I think he is in love with Mary.

"When we got through the woods on the afternoon of the next day, I put on a bear's skin. I thought I could play bear as well as the other fellow.

"I found Mary in the garden, asleep among the flowers. When I waked her up, she fainted, like a girl.

"I carried her to the woods. Then the Sagamore and I took turns and carried her as fast as we could toward the Chase farm. When Mary recovered, she did not appear to appreciate our strenuous efforts.

"This is how a girl acts. A fellow breaks himself all up to rescue her from deadly danger. She calls him a darned fool, slaps his face and tries to go back, after more danger. Oh Lord, how can a fellow please a girl?"

"This question is the greatest riddle of the age, for all generations," laughed the big doctor. "Was it Solomon, the wisest of men, who wrote: 'There are three things, yea there are four, which are past finding out; the way of a ship in the sea, the way of a serpent on a rock; the way of a man with a maid, and the way of a girl with a fellow.'"

There was a long silence. Several times the doctor glanced curiously at Washington. Finally, in a quiet voice, he announced:

"My patient is now clothed and in his right mind. He asserts that he is William Plantagenet Windsor and that he is the Duke of York."

Washington did not appear to be greatly startled by this abrupt announcement. In a voice as calm as the doctor's, he answered:

"If you have transformed the pitiful imbecile of the Flume into the proud Duke of York, what have you done with the unfortunate farmer, Joseph C. Smith? You are working up to the worst mix-up on record."

"The Duke of York has explained this matter quite clearly," replied the doctor. "He came to this country with a large amount of money to invest. He put these funds in a safe place. Then he visited the playmate of his childhood, Joseph C. Smith, the son of the old gardener on his father's estate.

"During the night, Indians attacked Smith's farm house. One of the first shots killed Smith. His body burned with his farm buildings.

"Mr. Windsor, Mrs. Smith and the children ran from the burning house toward the forest. A red warrior, with his tomahawk, struck Windsor down."

"I have inquired about this affair, through Mary," said Washington, with a twinkle in his keen eyes. "Windsor and Smith were about the same age, size and complexion. Smith was so contented

and happy with his family that he seldom left his isolated farm. He had no intimate acquaintances among the widely separated settlers.

"The excited settlers hurried to the burning farm buildings in the night. They found a man, wounded and unconscious, in the door-yard. They thought he was the owner of the farm.

"They carried this unconscious man to the Chase farm in the dark. Uncle Johnathan was not acquainted with Smith.

"As soon as the man recovered, he went to the lonely Flume to live. He had no visitors, except the Chase family and myself.

"I have known other cases of mistaken identity that were more remarkable than this one. I think, the hidden hand of God has prepared the way. If we had not discovered the true identity of the imbecile, we never could have understood the extraordinary matters that I will soon show you."

By this time they had reached the Flume. "What a wilderness of desolation," exclaimed the doctor. "I do not understand why any person should chose this hades for a home."

"I brought you here to explain this point," laughed Washington. "You will soon learn the strange secret of the Flume."

They arrived at the strange habitation in the heart of the desolate Flume. This was a rude log cabin. The back of this building was close to the great cliff.

Washington led the way to the back room, the bed room. He took down the clothing that had hung behind it.

He lifted a small hasp in a dim corner. A log swung easily into the room, on two hinges. In the same way, he pulled in several other logs.

"I never saw a door like this before," said the doctor.

"It is unique," replied Washington. "I will close it. You see the joints are so perfect you did not see them, a few feet away."

"A fine job," said the doctor. "But why did he make this door so carefully? It opens on the bare rock of the great cliff."

Washington reopened the log door. He pressed two slight projections of the rough rock. A stone door, in the cliff, swung open easily.

The doctor rubbed his eyes and slapped his legs. "Am I awake or dreaming?" he exclaimed. "This beats the Arabian Nights, right here, in old, commonplace New Hampshire."

"Oh, this is easy to explain," laughed Washington. "The Duke of York is one of the best educated men of this age. He learned all the best universities could teach him. Then he traveled three years.

"Under the old temples and pyramids of Egypt, he saw stone doors like this one. He learned how to make them.

"You see, the stone is balanced so perfectly that it swings almost as easily as a wood door on hinges. When it is open, there are two entrances, one on each side.

"I have studied it carefully. I am sure I could make one myself and raise it into position, if I had the right tools and levers. This stone is only three inches above the rock floor on the other side.

"The very slight projections are copper rods, with a stone top. These control the ingenious mechanism that fastens the door firmly, when closed. To unlock it, press the lower one and then the upper, reverse this to lock it.

"This stone door has been fitted to the aperture so perfectly that you did not see the joints, when I opened the log door."

"I think it is the only stone door of its kind in this country," said the doctor. "How did you find it?"

"I believe that the hidden hand of God guided me to this carefully concealed door of stone," answered Washington, reverently. "The sharp Sagamore and I searched this cabin carefully. We found nothing.

"I felt that I should find something, if I searched alone. I came to this room. I soon found one of the hasps to the log door. The rest was easy.

"When I discovered the stone door, I remembered what Uncle Fairfax had told me. He has been in Egypt. He said that in the pyramids and under them, there are treasure rooms and secret chambers. These have hidden doors of stone, controlled by two projections, at the left side. To open these curious doors the guide pressed the lower projection and then the upper one.

"I found these projections and I opened the stone door."

"I never heard of anything like this before," said the doctor, who had become greatly interested. "What is beyond these wonderful doors?"

"The mystery of the mountain," laughed Washington. "The work shop and store house of the Evil Spirit."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MOUNTAIN

Washington and Dr. Marshall went through the stone doorway into a spacious cave, lighted by irregular rifts in the rock top. These rifts were behind the overhanging and unclimbable cliff.

"Here is a forge," explained Washington. "Here are machines for working wood and iron. Over there are unfinished machines.

"I found one finished machine. Its possibilities for killing people were so fearful that I broke it up."

Washington lighted a torch and led the way into another cave.

"This is a store room for all sorts of contrivances," he said. "I have carried some of them out into the main cave, where there is a better light. We will now go back and examine them.

"Here is the prepared skin of a large bear. You see, it is skillfully padded, to protect the vital parts of the wearer.

"At the middle of the body, the skin is divided. The two parts are united with buttons.

"The wearer could unbuttom this skin in a moment. The two parts would make the best thing to break a trail I ever saw. He could conceal his tracks on any place for any distance.

"Here are long coats and hunting shirts or frocks. They are made double. In a moment any of them can be turned into an entirely different garment, in color and general appearance.

"These garments are made in pairs, one a size larger, so it can be worn over the other. The wearer can take them off and break his trail for any distance.

"It makes me feel like a fool. With all my training and experience as a scout, I never thought of these simple ways of breaking a trail."

"Such simple things are often the most effective and the hardest to think of," suggested the doctor. "I will soon tell you a more important reason for these inventions."

"Here is a chain armor," continued Washington. "The small links are tempered steel. It is light and very flexible. Here is a steel helmet.

"With this armor and the padded bear or wolf skin the Evil Spirit was well protected from any weapon of the Indians.

"Here is a strong knife, with a long, keen blade."

"What are those marks on the handle?" asked the doctor.

"They may be notches," replied Washington.

The good doctor shuddered. "The less we know about them, the better," he said.

After a thoughtful silence, the good doctor continued: "We will sit down on these soft skins in this cool place. It is now my turn to talk.

"We have examined only a small part of the wonderful inventions in these two caves. We have seen enough however to understand the matter in a general way. Minor matters may be considered later.

"It is now clear that the learned Duke of York, the successful Master of Paradise farm, the crafty black Medicine Man of the White Mountain Indians, the infamous Evil Spirit and Avenger of these mountains, the lone worker and inventor in these hidden caves and the pitiful imbecile in the log cabin in the desolate Flume are all the same man under different conditions of his mind.

"I removed five pieces of bone from Windsor's brain. These pieces of bone had been broken from his skull separated from it.

"This wound might heal in a natural way. These pieces of bone might cause irritation in his brain. This might develop into inflammation and swelling. Then an abscess might gather. When this abscess discharged, the pus might work the pieces of bone a very little nearer to the surface.

"This natural operation might relieve the wounded brain for a short time. The swelling, inflammation and irritation might cease. There might be a period of rest for the troubled brain, to gain strength for another effort.

"This operation might be repeated until the pieces of bone were worked out through the opening in the scalp that had been prepared by the repeated discharges of pus. These natural operations might require years to do what I did in a few minutes.

"With no connected information about the life of Windsor since he was struck down by the red warrior, I must base my diagnosis largely upon what I have learned from a careful examination of his wound, upon my experience in similar cases and upon what I have learned in these caves and from other sources. I may not be quite right on some of my points. No two cases or minds are exactly alike. I will give you the best information I have about the most remarkable case I have ever known.

"During the best stage of his wounded brain, when his mind was almost normal, Windsor was Master of Paradise, a successful farmer, a wonderful inventor, a kind, good man. Still there was an indescribable something about his conduct that made his companions, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, think he was not quite right in his mind. I think this abnormal mind prevented his return to England. I believe and hope that these periods in Paradise were longer than any of the other periods.

"When the pieces of bone irritated his brain and his brain became more deranged, Windsor was the black Medicine Man of the Pequakets. His gifted and educated mind made him the master of the Indians."

"When inflammation and swelling increased the pressure on his brain, Windsor became the Evil Spirit and the Avenger. I think the avenger was the Evil Spirit, with turnable garments, instead of a bear's skin.

"During the worst part of this

period of inflammation and swelling, he changed into the lone worker and wonderful inventor in the hidden cave.

"When the abscess almost paralyzed his brain, Windsor became the imbecile in the log cabin. He was almost without reason. He had very limited powers of motion and speech.

"When the abscess discharged, Windsor became the cave worker again. As his brain improved, he climbed slowly up through the other three stages back to Paradise.

"You may now understand why Windsor's diseased mind gave the peculiar name of Paradise to his fair, fruitful farm, on which he passed the most pleasant periods of his strange, abnormal life."

"I want to ask a few questions," said Washington. "First, can the Duke of York finish his inventions?"

"No and yes," replied the learned doctor. "When the mind is normal, the objective mind and the subjective mind balance each other. The normal mind may well be called the balanced mind.

"The injury to the Duke of York's brain weakened his objective mind. This gave his subjective mind the controlling power."

"The subjective mind is the source of all inventions. It may well be called the inventive mind.

"During the period of the cave worker, when his objective mind was almost paralyzed by the great pressure on his brain, Windsor's subjective mind, thus freed, would have an almost unprecedented capacity for inventions. He might invent more in a few months than a normal mind could invent in many years. His machines for killing people may be a century in advance of our time."

"This encourages me to tell you what I have kept to myself," interrupted Washington. "I think, the finished machine was designed to move through the air and to drop explosives upon Indian forces and villages."

"You did right, when you destroyed it," said the doctor. "The less the world knows about such machines the better.

"I can now answer your question more clearly. In my opinion, the normal mind of the Duke of York cannot finish these machines in this cave. If you should guide him into this cave, he would not know that he had ever been here. His normal mind would neither recognize nor understand the machines that his abnormal mind has invented and constructed.

"On the other hand, the Master of Paradise farm made his inventions when his mind was almost normal. These inventions are very different. They are improvements in farm tools and machines, improvements in grinding and sifting grains and improvements in house furnishings."

"The Duke of York can finish those inventions. But they may not interest him now."

"Can the Duke of York remember what has happened since his injury?" asked Washington.

"His mental condition was analogous to sleep," answered the doctor. "When you sleep, your objective mind sleeps too. Then your subjective mind, which never sleeps, has full control. The subjective mind is the source of all dreams. It may be clearer to say that dreams are one of the many inventions of the subjective mind.

"During sleep, dreams are continuous. We are only conscious of those dreams that occur during the intermediate period between sleeping and waking. We only remember clearly those dreams that occur at the moment of waking.

period of inhumation and dwelling, be charged into the base socket and wonderful inventor in the hidden cave.

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"I want to ask a few questions," said Washington. "Does can the Duke of York finish his inventions?"

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"The injury to the Duke of York's brain weakened his objective mind. This gave his subjective mind the controlling power.

"The subjective mind is the source of all inventions. It may well be called the inventive mind.

"During the period of the cave worker, when his objective mind was almost paralyzed by the great pressure on his brain, Windsor's subjective mind, thus freed, would have an almost unprecedented capacity for inventions. He might invent more in a few months than a normal mind could invent in many years. His greatness for fulfilling people may be a century in advance of our time."

"This encourages me to tell you what I have kept to myself," inter-

"During the periods of the imbecile and the cave worker, Windsor's objective mind was almost paralyzed or asleep. He can have no memory of what happened during that time.

"He can have no connected memory of what happened during the periods of the Evil Spirit and of the Medicine Man.

"By the way, during these periods, Windsor's subjective mind invented the strangest, strongest plot I have ever known. As the Medicine Man, he taught the Indians to fear the Evil Spirit, increased their superstitious terror and prevented any united effort to destroy this scourge of the tribes. As the Evil Spirit, he killed the red warriors and cut his fearful cross on their foreheads. As the Cave Worker, he invented fearful machines to kill a great many Indians at one time."

"In a short time, this abnormal man might have exterminated the Indians who had wronged him. I believe, as you do, that the hidden hand of God is guiding this strange affair to a most satisfactory conclusion.

"In my opinion, Windsor will remember his pleasant life on his mountain farm. To his normal mind, those memories will not be quite so real as his other memories of his home in England. He will go home.

"Did the Imbecile change to the Avenger in the glen?" was Washington's final question.

"As an analogous case, a clot of blood in his brain may change a strong, vigorous man to a helpless, speechless paralytic in an instant," replied the doctor. "If this clot could be removed, he might be restored in an instant. So, if the effects of the bones in the imbecile's brain were alleviated, he might be transformed in an instant. His swiftest change would naturally follow the discharge of the abscess.

"In the natural course, his other changes would be slower, in accord with the conditions of his mind. But any powerful emotion, especially love, might excite his unbalanced mind to unusual conditions. You know, a powerful emotion may excite a normal mind to insanity.

"I think, the man who came from the glen was the cave worker. He naturally resumed his work, as though he had awakened from sleep.

"I will now consider my most important point. The subjective mind has other powers that we are beginning to develop and to partially understand.

"The subjective mind has dominion over all other creatures. By its power, some persons handle deadly snakes. A girl, with her objective mind locked by artificial sleep, was recently sent into a collection of ferocious, wild beasts. She went among them without fear and they obeyed her.

"The subjective mind may cure disease. You saw me put Windsor to sleep, so he felt no pain when I cut his head open. He obeyed me. The subjective mind may transfer thoughts to another mind at any distance. It may discover what happens at any distance. It may produce a visible form, resembling any person, send it to any place and endow it, in a limited way, with motion and speech. This has been done by several persons. It is done by concentrating the mind on this desire for a sufficient time.

"At the moment of death, when the objective mind is weakest and the subjective strongest, a powerful desire to accomplish a certain purpose may cause the subjective mind to produce an apparition that will try, for a limited time, to accomplish the desired purpose. The best authorities maintain that the

subjective mind may call back another subjectve mind to the body, which it has just left, and thus restore life to the dead. So far as I know, this has not yet been done, except by the perfect subjective mind of Christ. 'What I have done you can do,' is Christ's message to the world.

"I will go no further into this interesting subject. I have told you this so you may understand my final point more clearly.

"The Evil Spirit, with his objective mind dormant and his subjective in control, may have possessed some of the supernatural powers that the superstitious Indians attributed to him. When Windsor in the disguise of a negro, told the old Sagamore that he had been given power over other men, he may have told the truth. How true are these words from the Bible, 'We are fearfully and wonderfully made.' "

"I now understand the situation and know what to do," said Washington. "To prevent the horrors of an Indian war, we will destroy the bear skin, wolf skin, turnable garments, knife and all other things that connect the Evil Spirit with a white man. We will now carry them into the cabin."

When this had been done, the doctor inquired: "What shall we do about the cave and its other contents?"

"We will leave it to Higher Power," answered Washington. We will close the stone door. The log cabin will burn with great heat. This may close the door permanently or open it."

They waited until the log cabin had burned. "The door is closed," said the doctor.

"Who will reopen it?" laughed Washington.

Then they turned and strode swiftly out of this story.

William Plantagenet Windsor and Mary Sarah Chase were married by Rev. Theodore Hooker from Concord. The record of this mariage may be found in the capital city.

The Duke and Duchess of York arrived in England a short time after the death of his father.

The Duchess of York was well received, on account of her long lineage. When William, the Conquerer, prepared to invade England, he was joined by Edmund La Chassee, a younger son of the Duke of Brittany. William welcomed this powerful ally and soon learned to esteem him for his good qualities. After the Conquest, William gave La Chassee a title and estate. He changed his family name to its English translation, Chase. The Chase coat of arms is one of the oldest.

When spring came, Mary yearned for the pleasant home among New Hampshire's matchless mountains. It was easy to persuade her husband to go back to Paradise. They passed many pleasant summers at the fair farm on the mountain top. "And it came to pass that after many days" the merry voices of happy children were heard in the beautiful gardens of Paradise.

The writer was born among these White Mountains. When my sight was failing, I returned to the scenes of my childhood. How many times, I have sat under the old oak by the refreshing spring and thought about the strange history of this forsaken, family farm on the mountain top. In this narrative "I have extenuated naught and set down naught in malice." I have only changed a few family names.

THE END.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S MOST FRIENDLY TREES

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

No. 6.

The Chestnuts

The Chestnut Tree speaks of leisure and quiet, and is hence the typical tree for the languid month of August. Where can one find so delightful a spot as beneath the thick shade of a chestnut on a hot and dry August day? I know of no tree more beautiful than a chestnut tree, if it grow out by itself and develop into the fine cone-like mountain of thick foliage. The horse chestnut grows in the same way; a beautiful cone like a well made stack of hay, with the most thick foliage. The horse-chestnut has the more beautiful flower, but its foliage is more heavy and less graceful than the regular chestnut.

The leaf of the chestnut is large and richly green, which crown its fine shape and splendidly arching branches with a beauty unequalled.

The flowers of the chestnut become full of a delicate odor the early days of July and last till the middle of the month, and they possess an odor that mosquitoes do not like, and the ground beneath a chestnut is a fine place to camp, as the mosquitoes keep away.

I think the coloring of the chestnut is the purest green of any of the trees, they cluster in stars and have long tapering and graceful shapes. The chestnut is the one tree, where growing out alone on a plain, the diameter will equal its height. Grown in closely filled clumps the chestnut grows like the oak, tall, straight and powerful, and makes a grove of rare dignity in an old growth.

The Greek and Roman poets speak with deep feeling of the chestnut, and when we spend an hour beneath its branches we may know we are enjoying what the great classical souls enjoyed 2,000 years ago. And as one sits beneath these noble branches he looks aloft and sees forming the most delicious morsel that nature shapes up for the tooth of man—there hung high aloft is the chestnut. And nature carefully guards that morsel; wrapped in a silken wrapper, enclosed in a leathery jacket and packed in a prickly pulp case, it is safely protected from insects and vermin till ripened. Carefully has nature locked that morsel in its mass of porcupine spines.

And while lying here take one of the chestnut leaves and compare it with a beech leaf or any other. Where can you find such a shape, and such grace of the parallel veins, sweeping with gracefulness in exact parallels. Nature put lots of work into making a chestnut tree, and slow indeed must be the soul of a man to respond to the work of Nature, if he does not enjoy to the full this fine tree.

THE BROWN TRAIL'S CREED

By Mary Elizabeth Smith.

Beyond the valley the trail began, through meadows made its way,
But stopped at times by a gurgling brook and hid as if in play.
Tho loth to leave, yet it started on—then twisted, turned a will,
Only to face about at last and zigzag up the hill.

Upon the hillside, huge, sombre pines let pungent branches down,
To kiss the face of the tiny trail, and veil with needles brown.
They rocked and swayed to a rhythmic tune, their arms reached far and wide,
But the trail slipped from them and hied away, up the mountain's ragged side.

The east wind roared, danced about in glee and flitted on before,
While fire-flies flashed their brightest light above a small tent door.
The brown trail paused by the smould'ring fire a stricken soul to greet;
He had crept away like a wounded stag into this wild retreat.

The trail caressed as a mother will, and healed the bruised heart,
Then sent him back to the world of men, to work and do his part.
The trail of life—no eye can see—nor the goal; where does it lead?
And since we can not retrace our steps, let us follow brown trail's creed.

EDITORIAL

At this writing, the chief impression which the present presidential campaign makes upon the average citizen is one of indefiniteness. In this section of the country, at least, Senator Harding and Governor Cox mean nothing to the popular mind but names of two men from Ohio. Neither is identified with any great question, any strong position, any notable achievement. Each is the editor of a country daily; and each, contrary to the usual rule in regard to newspaper men in politics, has been financially and politically successful. Neither would have been considered a presidential possibility had he resided elsewhere than in Ohio. Each is the head of a kangaroo ticket.

If the presidential candidates of the two parties make only a negative impression on the mind of the average voter, their platforms make no impressions at all. The Republicans at Chicago tried to assemble a document which should mean everything and nothing. To an almost unprecedented degree, they succeeded. With this remarkable production as a model, the Democrats at San Francisco tried to outdodge this triumph of dodging;—and it is not for us to say that they failed.

Is there then in this dense fog above the political swamp nothing upon which one can stand with comfortable security while marking a cross at the head of his ticket? If there is, we fail to find it. The way out is not through a third party. The time is not ripe for it and if it were, there is no leader in sight.

And yet there are among the leaders of both parties plenty of men whose ability, courage and honesty we all recognize and in whom we have confidence. Why not realize upon these assets? Why not use their names to create in some of us more enthusiasm for party success than we now feel? And, taking a higher plane, why not put them to work for the nation at a time when they are sorely needed?

To be explicit, if Senator Harding should announce that, in the event of his election as president, he would invite Elihu Root to be his secretary of state; Herbert Hoover to be his secretary of commerce or labor, and John W. Weeks to be his secretary of the treasury or the navy; and so on with men of equal standing for the various cabinet posts, it would give some of us a greater feeling of security than we now feel as to the welfare of the nation following his election.

We write from the standpoint of a Republican by inheritance, belief and practice; but it seems to us that we should say the same things as to Governor Cox if our party label were Democratic.

In the early years of our history as a nation really great men were in the majority among cabinet members. No one will claim that such has been the case during the present century. But if that custom were restored; if our best men were secured for cabinet portfolios; if they were given opportunity as well as responsibility; if they were treated as associates and advisers of the Chief Executive, rather than as his errand boys and clerks; if they were interposed as a buffer between executive and legislative jealousies; we have faith to believe that our government affairs could be carried on with greater economy, efficiency and dignity, and that some of us would have more reason to be proud of and satisfied with our party affiliation.

EDITORIAL

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

AMERICANS BY ADOPTION. By Joseph Husband. Illustrated. Pp. 153. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press.

"Americans by Adoption" is a good book. We wish it might be used as a textbook in every public school in the land. It is well written and interesting. It shows that the United States is and always has been the land of opportunity. It gives in brief the lives of nine great men and shows their relation to their times. It shows that environment may handicap or help success, but cannot prevent it. And, finally, it shows that success is not merely the making of money; not at all the making of money, unless that money be used for the benefit of mankind.

The nine men to whom a chapter each is given are Stephen Girard, son of a merchant of Bordeaux, who saved the credit of the nation and gave one of the great fortunes of his time to charity; John Ericsson, son of a Swedish iron miner, whose Monitor saved the day for the North against the South; Louis Agassiz, son of a Swiss clergyman, who gave Americans their first and best lessons in the book of nature; Carl Schurz, son of a German schoolmaster, who raised the plane of our politics and journalism; Theodore Thomas, son of the Stadtpfeifer or town musician of Essen, Germany, who did more than any other man to make good music popular in this country; Andrew Carnegie, son of a Scotch weaver, who perfected the American steel industry and gave $350,000,000 of its profits to education and other worthy causes; James J. Hill, born in a log cabin on a Canadian farm, who built the empire of the Northwest; Augustus Saint-Gaudens, born of a French father and an Irish mother in a Dublin cobbler's shop, who made the noblest and truest of American sculptures; and Jacob A. Riis, one of the 14 children of a Danish schoolmaster, who let the first light of day into darkest New York.

President William Allan Neilson of Smith College, himself a native of Scotland, contributes a worthy word of introduction to the volume, which, he says, should have been called "Americans by Choice," because "we who have of our own accord left the old world and taken up citizenship in the new know that we have chosen her, not she us."

"Americans by Adoption" or "Americans by Choice" is a book of New Hampshire interest because Theodore Thomas and Augustus Saint-Gaudens spent much of their last years among us, at Bethlehem and at Cornish, where their memories are still revered, and their homes and haunts are preserved by their widows.

"In 1885 Saint-Gaudens moved from the city (New York)", says his biographer, "and established his family in an old Colonial house at Cornish, New Hampshire..... Here was open country, a land of green hills and blue sky, a place where the man to whom beauty was a living thing might find widening inspiration." There he did much of his best work, there "in the quiet peace of the New Hampshire hills his spirit passed," on the third of August, 1907, and there his studio remains, a museum of his art, which should become a shrine for artists from the four corners of the earth.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

"Americans by Adoption" is of further New Hampshire interest because the handsome, well-made volume is printed for its publishers, like their other attractive books, by the Rumford Press of Concord.

THE DAY

By Frances Mary Pray.

Morning in the garden, the flowers all unfolding.
Sunlight gleams reflected from the gleaming drops of dew,
Clearest bird songs filling all the leaf-hid boughs and tree tops,
Joy of work awaiting, and the day yet fresh and new.

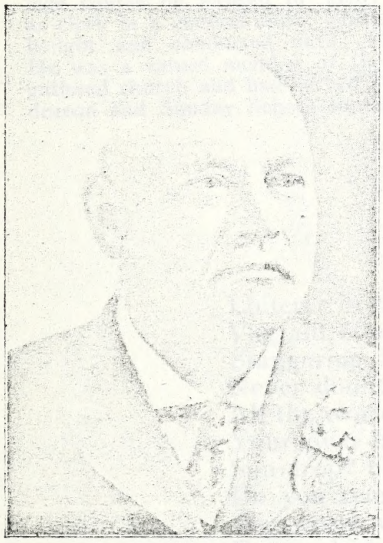
Noontime on the high road, the dusty flowers drooping,
Twisting, writhing heat waves rising in the blinding glare,
Shrill cicada clamor breaking in upon the silence,
Dragging feet plod onward, head bent low, heart full of care.

Evening from the hilltop, the West all wondrous sunset,
Purple mist veils floating thru the valley far below,
Clear and sweet the calling of the thrush from woodland dimness,
Rest and peace and quiet in the golden after glow.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

BENJAMIN F. HANSON.

Former Mayor Benjamin Frank Hanson of Somersworth died suddenly at his home in that city, June 24. He was born in Somersworth, December 12, 1848, the son of Benjamin F. and Mary E. (Libbey) Hanson; and was educated at the Sanford, Me., public schools and the Lebanon, Me., Academy. During most of his life he was engaged in the livery business in Somersworth and was one of the most expert horsemen in the state. A Democrat in politics, he was prominent in public affairs, serving in the Legislature, as commissioner of Strafford county, as city treasurer, as mayor of Somersworth five terms, as judge of the

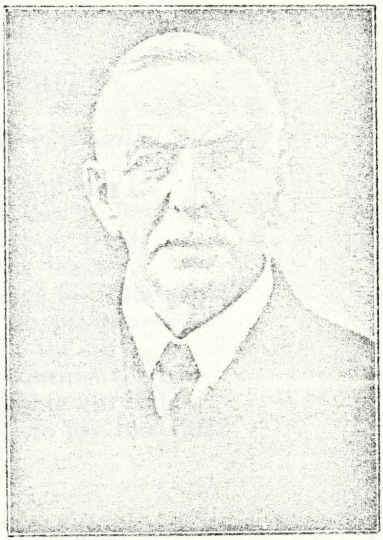


THE LATE BENJAMIN F. HANSON.

Somersworth district court, and as chairman of the board of cemetery trustees. He was a director of the Somersworth National Bank and president of the Hanson Family Association. Mr. Hanson was a Mason of lodge, chapter, and commandery, and a Patron of Husbandry, having been master of his local and Pomona granges and a district and Pomona deputy of the State Grange. He attended the Baptist church. Mr. Hanson married October 25, 1866, Fannie T. Thompson of Shapleigh, Me. Their one son, Bert, a graduate of Phillips Exeter, Yale and the Cornell Law School, is a lawyer in New York City, where he has served as assistant district attorney and is now connected with the United States Customs service.

DR. I. A. LOVELAND.

Israel Albert Loveland, M.D., was born in Gilsum, November 3, 1850, the son of Israel B. and Sarah (Thompson) Loveland, and died at his home in Keene, July 5. He was educated at Marlow Academy and at the Dartmouth Medical College from which he graduated in 1874. After practicing medicine for 35 years in Westmoreland and Gilsum he removed to Keene in 1909 and engaged in the real estate and insurance business. He was a member of county, state and national medical societies and a contributor to medical journals, his specialty being nervous diseases and drug habits. While at



THE LATE DR. I. A. LOVELAND.

Westmoreland he was physician to the county institutions and superintendent of schools; and at Gilsum he was postmaster and executive officer of the board of health. He was a Republican in politics; a member of the Masonic order and Patrons of Husbandry, and of the official board of Grace Methodist church, Keene. He also held several offices of trust in connection with his business relations.

Dr. Loveland married, first, October 21, 1875, Lucy Mahala, daughter of General Daniel W. Bill, and, after her death, Miss Mary Elizabeth Gunn, who survives him, with two daughters by his first marriage, Fannie, wife of D. W. Felch of Brattleboro, Vt., and Ada, wife of Prof. W. Bridge Jones of Ashland, Wisconsin

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HENRY L. BARNARD.

Henry L. Barnard of Troy, well known resident of Cheshire county, passed away very suddenly July 5. Born in Marlboro, January 23, 1861, the third son of Calvin and Mary Perkins Barnard, he came to Troy while young and there was prepared in the public schools for New Hampshire College at Hanover, when he graduated in the class of 1881. After finishing his college course he located in Troy, working as clerk in a general store, which he later bought and conducted until his death. He was a valued member of the Congregational church and had served as trustee, deacon and Sunday School superintendent for many years. He was prominent in Masonic and Odd Fellow circles, having served as District Deputy Grand Lecturer in the Masonic order and was a Past District Deputy of the Odd Fellows. He was also a member of Hugh de Payens Commandery, Knights Templar of Keene. In politics he was a staunch Republican. He had served as member of the School Board of the town and was moderator at the time of his decease. For many years he was one of the trustees of the Public Library, clerk of the Board of Water Commissioners, and one of the executive committee of the County Y. M. C. A. A man who filled every position of trust with marked ability, thus winning for himself a high place among the citizens of his town, always ready to take an active part in all matters pertaining to the public welfare, never shirking a duty and never turning a deaf ear or a closed palm to any worthy object, he will be greatly missed in his home, in the church, and in all the various activities of Troy. June 24th, 1903, Mr. Barnard married Miss Luetta M. King of Keene, who survives him, together with two brothers and three sisters.

BUTTERFLY

By Albert Annett.

Loiterer in the Sun's highway!
Vagrant of a summer day!
Staggering from feast to feast,
Never doubting in the least
All the world was made for you—
Your own law and gospel too—
Sun-drop! blossom of the air!
Do you remember, floating there,
The worm and darksome chrysalis
From which you rose to joy like this?

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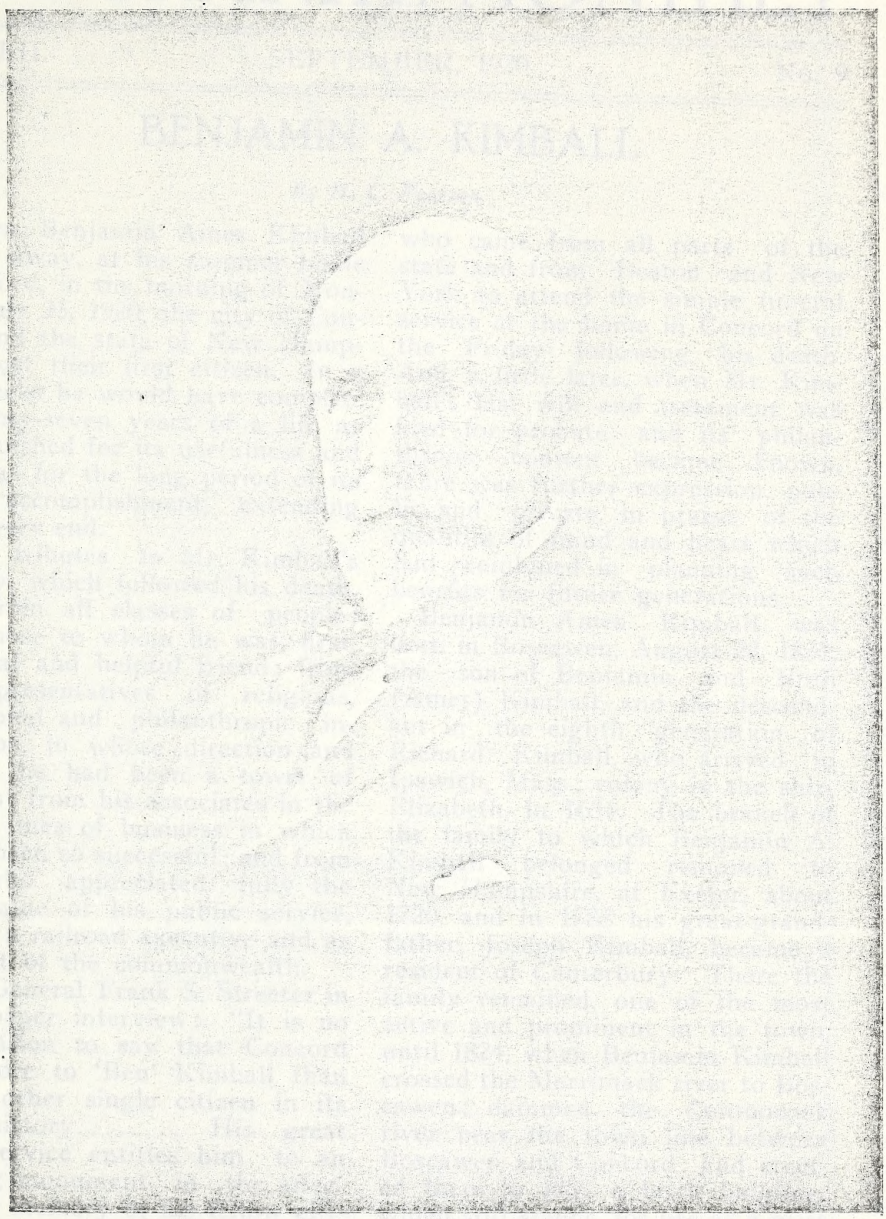
IN THIS ISSUE:

BENJAMIN A. KIMBALL.
His Life and Works.

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher
CONCORD, N. H.

This Number, 20 Cents $2.00 a Year

Entered at the post-office at Concord, N. H., as second-class mail matter



The late Benjamin A. Kimball.



THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LII. SEPTEMBER, 1920 No. 9

BENJAMIN A. KIMBALL

By H. C. Pearson.

When Benjamin Ames Kimball passed away, at his summer home in Gilford, in the morning of Monday, July 25, 1920, the city of Concord and the state of New Hampshire lost their first citizen. In a few weeks he would have completed eighty-seven years of a life as distinguished for its usefulness and honor as for the long period of its active accomplishment, extending to the very end.

The tributes to Mr. Kimball's memory, which followed his death, came from all classes of people; from those to whom he was, first, the loyal and helpful friend; from the representatives of religious, educational and philanthropic institutions, in whose direction and support he had been a tower of strength; from his associates in the various lines of business in which he had been so successful; and from those who appreciated fully the great value of his public service, both as a railroad executive and as an agent of the commonwealth.

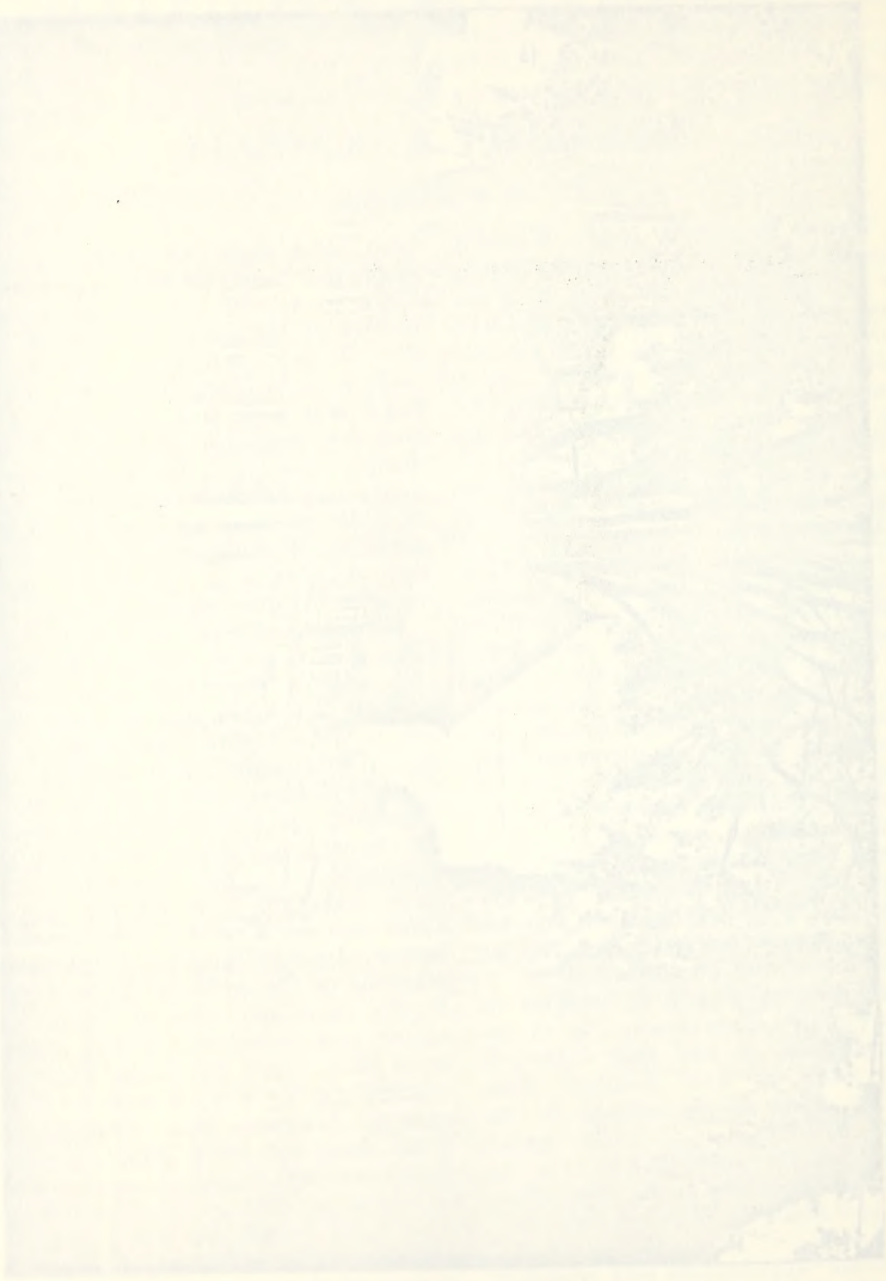
Said General Frank S. Streeter in a newspaper interview: "It is no exaggeration to say that Concord owes more to 'Ben' Kimball than to any other single citizen in its entire history..... His great public service entitles him to an enduring monument in the affection and memory of his fellow citizens."

Similar apprecation was voiced in the editorial columns of the state's leading newspapers and was evidenced by the distinction of those who came from all parts of the state and from Boston and New York to attend the simple funeral service at the home in Concord on the Friday following his death. And, a little later, when Mr. Kimball's last will and testament was filed for probate and its philanthropic content became known, there was further expression, public and private, in praise of the qualities of mind and heart which had combined in planning such benefits for future generations.

Benjamin Ames Kimball was born in Boscawen, August 22, 1833, the son of Benjamin and Ruth (Ames) Kimball, and the descendant in the eighth generation of Richard Kimball, who arrived in Ipswich, Mass., colony in the ship, Elizabeth, in 1634. The branch of the family to which Benjamin A. Kimball belonged removed to New Hampshire, at Exeter, about 1720, and in 1788 his great-grandfather, Joseph Kimball, became a resident of Canterbury. There the family remained, one of the most active and prominent in the town, until 1824, when Benjamin Kimball crossed the Merrimack river to Boscawen; dammed the Contoocook river near the town line between Boscawen and Concord; and erected there in 1831 a brick building, which still stands, for use as a grist and saw mill. He was a leading citizen of the community, and was elected to the Legislature in the March before his death, on July 21, 1834.



RESIDENCE IN CONCORD OF HON. B. A. KIMBALL.
HIS GIFT TO THE STATE AS AN EXECUTIVE MANSION.



He had married February 1, 1820, Ruth, daughter of David and Phebe (Hoit) Ames, and after his death the widow went to Concord with her two sons, little Benjamin and his older brother, John, afterwards mayor of Concord and styled in the city history, "the most trusted man in Concord."

Benjamin A. Kimball attended the schools of Concord and the Hildreth School at Derry in preparation for Dartmouth College, which he entered, as a member of the Chandler Scientific Department, with the class of 1854. He earned the degree of Bachelor of Science, with high honors, upon graduation, and in 1908 his alma mater conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts. Mr. Kimball was the permanent secretary of his class and in that capacity had recorded the passing of all its members, with one exception.

The class at graduation numbered 61, of whom the best known, in New Hampshire, were General John Eaton and Colonel Daniel Hall, but whose general average of success in life and distinguished service was unusually high.

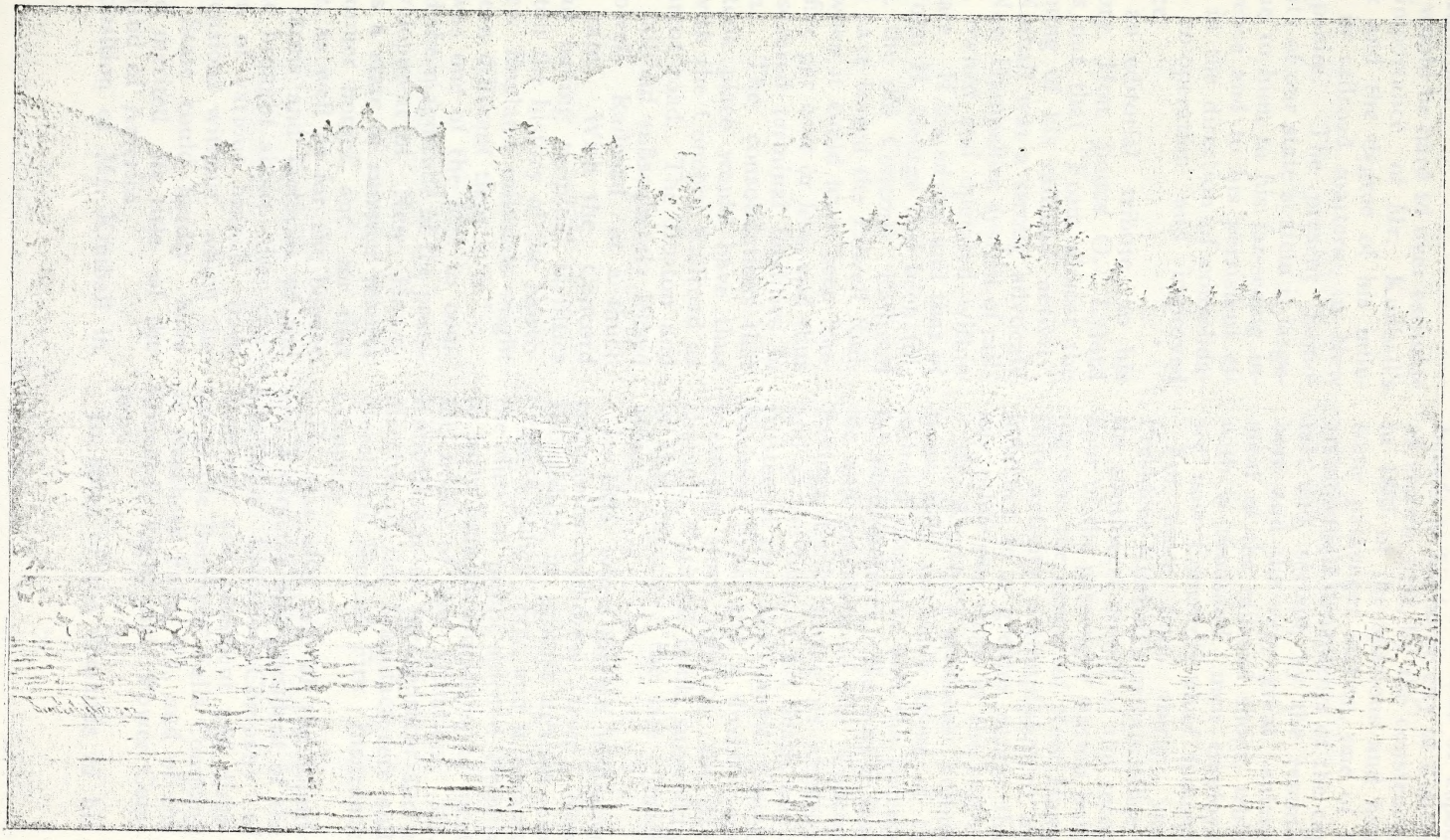
Mr. Kimball served as a member of the Board of Visitors to the Chandler Scientific Department from 1890 to 1895, and when, in the latter year, he began his long and valuable service as a trustee of the college, one of his first concerns was the complete merger of the C. S. D. with the college proper. During his quarter of a century as trustee, Mr. Kimball served on the finance committee of the board, much of the time as its chairman, and in this capacity his great business ability and experience were of inestimable benefit to the college in the days of its wonderful growth and expansion.

The wisely generous provisions in his will for his college showed him in death as in life a loyal Dartmouth man, ever desirous of promoting the best interests of the institution.

Returning to Concord after his graduation at Hanover, Mr. Kimball entered the employ of the Concord railroad shop, of which his brother, John, was master mechanic. After two years as a draftsman he become superintendent of the locomotive department and made the plans from which the Tahanto and other famous locomotives of the early days of New Hampshire railroading were built. He had himself become master mechanic, when in 1865 he resigned from the service of the railroad to become one of the founders of the firm of Ford and Kimball, manufacturers of car wheels and other iron and brass products. Throughout the remainder of his life he continued his connection with this substantial and successful Concord industry, widely famous for the high quality, maintained through so many years, of its output.

But his interests soon began to broaden. In 1873 he was chosen a director of the Manchester and North Weare Railroad. In 1879 he succeeded the late Governor Onslow Stearns as a director of the Concord Railroad. In 1895 he became president of the Concord and Montreal Railroad, formed by the consolidation of the Concord and Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroads, and so continued until, within the past year, the Concord and Montreal was merged into the Boston and Maine system.

At that time Mr. Kimball became a director of the Boston and Maine and held that position at the time of his death. He was also president and director of the Pemigewasset Valley Railroad, Mount Washington Railroad, New Boston



SUMMER HOME OF HON. B. A. KIMBALL AT LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.



Railroad and the Nashua and Acton Railroad.

It would be hard to over estimate the importance of Mr. Kimball's work and the degree of his influence in railroad matters in New Hampshire. The present homogeneity of our state system is largely due to him, to his far-seeing intelligence and to his persistent efforts in the direction of consolidation, co-operation and improved service.

In an editorial tribute to his memory, Hon. James O. Lyford points out that "From almost the beginning of his railroad activity, Mr. Kmball was a strong advocate of a New Hampshire system of railroads, owned and operated within the state. If his advice and that of Col. John H. George had been followed, the old Concord Railroad would have leased the Lowell Railroad when it could have been leased at five per cent or less, and thus have secured terminal facilities in Boston. The consolidations that later took place would have thus been with the Concord Railroad as the parent road. The Boston and Maine railroad subsequently leased the Lowell Railroad at a much higher rate. With the Concord Railroad having terminal facilities in Boston the history of the Northern New England railroads might have been different than it is."

He was one of the first to comprehend the magnitude of the possible development of New Hampshire as a state of summer resorts and summer homes, and for that purpose, as well as for the benefit of the farms and factories of the state, he brought about the construction of various branch lines and extensions without which the Granite State could hardly have won and merited its title of the Switzerland of America.

The position of Mr. Kimball in the railroad world was of especial benefit to his home city of Concord, as shown, first, by the construction in 1887 of the spacious and handsome passenger station, one of the architectural ornaments of the capital; and, second, by the retention here and the very great enlargement of the railroad shops, which, with a thousand men employed, are now Concord's chief industry.

For more than thirty years President Kimball's private office in the southwest corner of the second floor of the passenger station building was the center of New Hampshire activity, accomplishment and influence to a greater extent than any other one room in the state.

Mr. Kimball's business connections were not only those of the railroad executive and the successful manufacturer. He was a trustee and president of the Concord Savings Bank during its existence and at the time of his death was a trustee of the Merrimack County Savings Bank and a director and president since 1884 of the Mechanicks National Bank, succeeding in that capacity the late Josiah Minot.

In 1885, when foreign insurance companies withdrew from New Hampshire in protest against our "valued policy" law, and it became the duty of public-spirited citizens to form mutual companies to meet the needs of the situation, Mr. Kimball was an incorporator and a director of the Manufacturers and Merchants Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

He was also one of the founders, a director and president of the Cushman Electric Company of Concord; and president and director of the Beechers' Falls Company at Beechers Falls, Vt., and of the Concord Light and Power Company.

In spite of the demands of his

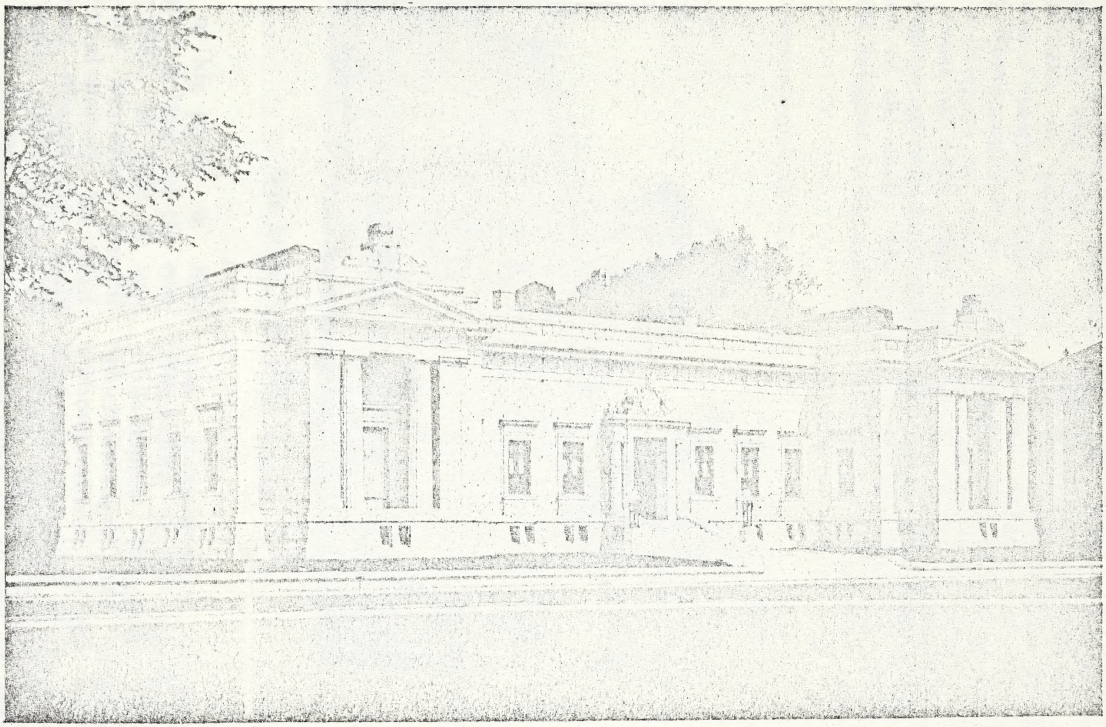
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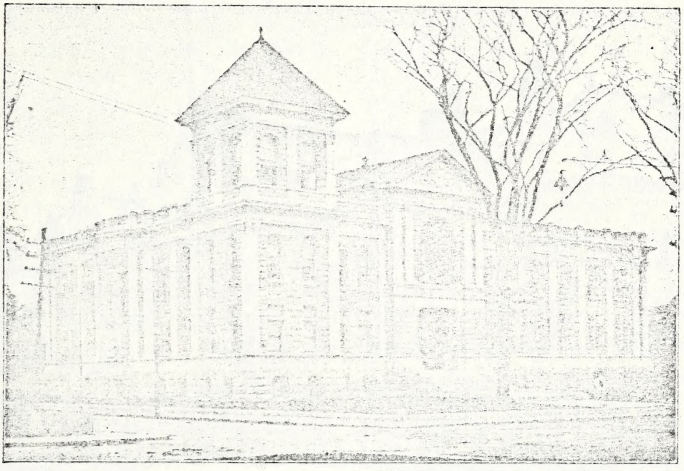
HOME OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, CONCORD.



various business activites, Mr. Kimball found much time to devote to the public service, not as a politician seeking office, but as an influential citizen promoting the welfare of his city and state.

A Republican in politics, Mr. Kimball was a member of the State House of Representatives in 1872, and was a delegate to three conventions, those of 1876, 1889 and 1902, to propose amendments to the constitution of the state. He was an alternate delegate to the national convention of his party in 1884 and a delegate-at-large to the convention of 1902. In 1884 he was elected to the executive council. Higher political honors he steadfastly declined, though they could have been easily gained by one of his power, influence and following.

But in far less than the usual degree does the list of the offices he held comprehend the extent of his public service. In bringing about the construction of a city water system in Concord, for instance, he was a prominent factor. He had much to do with the fruition of the Fowler Public Library plans. He was one of the commission which produced the excellent city history. His was a large share in the satisfactory location of the Concord federal building and in the enlargement of the state house. Governor Moody Currier delegated to him the choice and preparation of the site for the statue of Daniel Webster in the state house yard. He was commissioner from New Hampshire to the convention at Philadelphia, December 2, 1886, which arranged the program in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the adoption of the federal constitution on September 15, 16 and 17, 1887.



NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE LIBRARY.

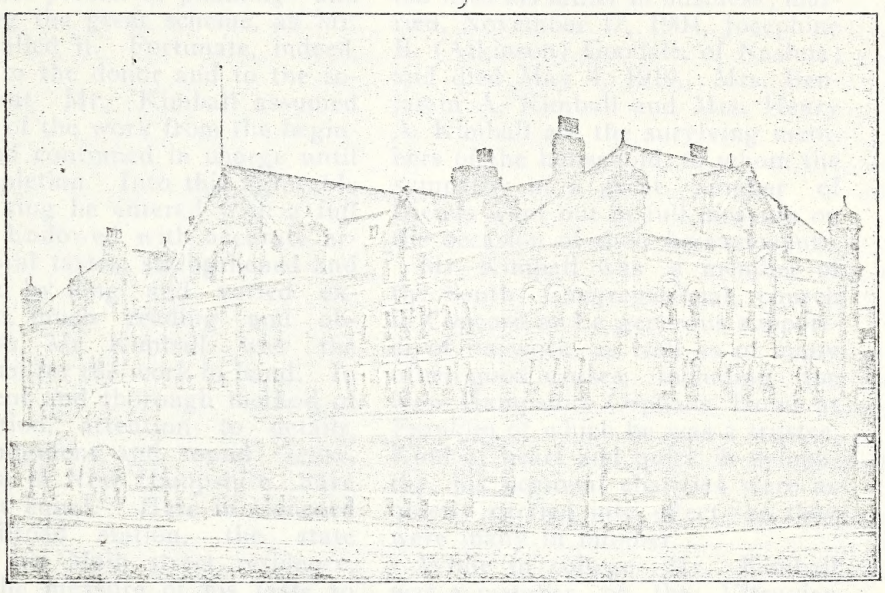
To some of us the three most important buildings in Concord's beautiful civic center, the state house, the state library building and the home of the New Hamp-

shire Historical Society, seem, in a way, monuments to Mr. Kimball.

In 1863, while he was a young man, he had a part in the hard fight which Concord had to wage in order to retain her position as the state capital. Fifty years later, in 1913, Manchester renewed the attack and of Concord's successful defense at this time Mr. Kimball was the chief in command. Against his determination and resourcefulness, the invaders never had a chance, powerful and predacious though they were.

One of Mr. Kimball's best weapons in this battle he had himself provided twenty years before when his influence secured from the legislature without a vote in opposition an appropriation for a building to house the state library and the supreme court, and when a commission, of which he was the active member, had completed the construction of the spacious and handsome edifice thus authorized. No stronger argument for retaining the state capitol in Concord could be imagined than this sister structure which owed its existence to Mr. Kimball's initiative and insistence, and which had proved itself so necessary and useful a part of the state government plant.

Across North State street from the state library, lies the beautiful building of the New Hampshire Historical Society an achievement in the art of architecture unequalled in the state and unexcelled in the nation, one of many munificent gifts by Mr. Edward Tuck of Paris to his native state. Mr. Tuck has had no closer friend in America than Mr. Kimball nor one in whose good judgment he had greater confidence. Mr. Kimball had long been a member of the Historical Society, interested in its work and aware of its



UNION PASSENGER STATION, CONCORD, N. H.

needs. He was its president, 1895-7, and chairman of its building committee in 1907. Through him and the late William C. Todd of Atkinson, Mr. Tuck was first interested in the need of the Society for an adequate home.

Judge Charles R. Corning, now president of the society, tells of these facts in a recent publication and after recording Mr. Tuck's favorable decision in the matter, continues:

"Mr. Kimball now became an important person in planning and directing the great scheme, as Mr. Tuck called it. Fortunate, indeed, it was to the donor and to the society that Mr. Kimball assumed control of the work from the beginning and continued in charge until its completion. Into this agreeable undertaking he entered with a full heart. Endowed with accurate architectural tastes, strengthened and enriched by long and varied experience, much reading and observation, Mr. Kimball was the ideal man for the work in hand. In intelligent and thorough method of preparation, attention to details, calm judgment and sound sense, few men in New Hampshire have been his equal. Here in Concord the railroad station, the state library, his Main street residence, attest the measure of his taste to the principles of attractiveness and usefulness in construction."

The Concord residence to which Judge Corning refers, the most spacious and elaborate dwelling in the city, stands amid extensive and beautiful grounds on South Main street, and its furnishings include many valuable paintings and objects of art chosen by Mr. Kimball during his frequent trips abroad. Between this residence and their summer home, "The Castle," in the town of Gilford, looking across the Broads of Lake Winnipesaukee, Mr. Kimball and his family divided quite equally their time. The Castle is one of the most striking and best known summer places in the lake country and the magnificence of the view from its eminence above the waters of Winnipesaukee is unsurpassed.

Mr. Kimball married, January 19, 1861, Myra Tilton, daughter of Ira and Rhoda (Ames) Elliott of Sanbornton. Their only child, Henry Ames Kimball, was born in Concord, October 19, 1864; was associated with his father in business; married, November 17, 1904, Josephine B. (Atkinson) Goodale, of Nashua; and died May 4, 1919. Mrs. Benjamin A. Kimball and Mrs. Henry A. Kimball are the surviving members of the household, to whom the sympathy of a great number of friends went out in full measure on the occasion of their bereavement.

Mr. Kimball was a member of the South Congregational church in Concord and a generous supporter of its work, as well as of many other good causes, including the New Hampshire Orphans' Home at Franklin of which he was a trustee. Kind of heart and quick in sympathy, his personal charities were as quietly carried into effect as they were many in number.

While in college Mr. Kimball was a member of the Vitruvian society which later became the Alpha Omega chapter of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity. He was one of the oldest members of White Mountain lodge, I. O. O. F., his membership having begun in 1856, and since 1899 he had belonged to the American Social Science Association.

Railroad offices and banks, in Concord, and the building of the New Hampshire Historical Society were closed on the afternoon of Mr. Kimball's funeral, and cars upon the street railway ceased op-

eration for a minute at the hour of the opening of the service. Rev. Dr. Harry P. Dewey of Minneapolis, Minn., Mr. Kimball's former pastor at the South Congregational church in Concord, conducted the service, which was held at the home on South Main street, with burial in the family lot at Blossom Hill cemetery. Veteran employees of the Ford and Kimball plant acted as carriers and the honorary bearers were President William J. Hustis, Vice-president William J. Hobbs and Directors Walter M. Parker and Alvah W. Sulloway of the Boston and Maine Railroad; President Ernest M. Hopkins, Frank S. Streeter and Albert O. Brown, trustees with Mr. Kimball of Dartmouth College; United States Senator George H. Moses and Henry W. Stevens, William K. McFarland, Arthur H. Britton, Dr. George M. Kimball, Dr. Charles P. Bancroft, Edward K. Woodworth, Harry H. Dudley, Benjamin W. Couch, John B. Abbott and Luther W. Durgin, all of Concord.

A few days later, Mr. Kimball's will was probated and it was seen that it disposed of his estate in a manner indicative of his life and character.

It provides for Mrs. Kimball such income as she may desire during her lifetime, together with the use of the real estate and articles of personal property.

It carries many legacies in the form of annuities to relatives, friends and employees.

The administration of the estate is left to three executors, Hon. Harry H. Dudley, Hon. Benjamin W. Couch, and Benjamin K. Ayers, all of Concord, who are instructed to pay Federal and State inheritance taxes out of income "in order that the principal of my estate, which is ultimately devoted to charitable purposes, may not be depleted by reason of such tax assessments."

The net estate after administration is devised to the Mechanicks National Bank as trustee of two trust funds, one of which, the "Henry A. Kimball Trust," consisting of the property which Mr. Kimball recently received under the will of his son, is established as a memorial to Henry A. Kimball, the income from which is devoted to annuities to relatives and friends and to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Mission, South Congregational Society, New Hampshire Orphans' Home, Margaret Pillsbury General Hospital, New Hampshire Memorial Hospital Association, Concord Public Library, New Hampshire Historical Society and Young Men's Christian Association.

The other trust established is the "Benjamin A. Kimball Trust" which carries the main part of Mr. Kimball's estate.

Under this trust are annuities for life to relatives, to friends and to employees, and many permanent annual and quarterly legacy payments to be made to various institutions.

For Dartmouth College is provided an annual income of $6000 "to be used to establish and maintain a professorship in Dartmouth College, for the study and teaching of the science of administration, to be known as The Benjamin A. Kimball Professorship of the Science of Administration, the object and function of which professorship shall be constantly to keep in contact with, and to interpret in the class room and through publications, the best procedure in administrative theory and practice, whether exemplified in the management and control of corporate industry or private enterprise, or appearing in governmental func-

tions and practices of nations and their municipal sub-divisions. While I wish and intend that a part, at least, of this work shall be incorporated into the College curriculum, in order that it may be of the widest possible influence in directing the minds of college men to the importance of the study of administration as a science, I also wish that the work shall be identified with and supplement the specialized work of the Amos Tuck School of Administration and Finance, in accordance with the ideals expressed in the letters of donation of its founder, Mr. Edward Tuck, who early saw the benefits to be derived from the application of trained minds to such problems."

The College is also to receive $4000 annually "to be used by them in improving and increasing the efficiency of the methods of teaching offered by Dartmouth College in all its departments, to the end that its students shall receive such mental training and discipline as will best develop their powers for useful and distinguished service in society; and believing that the college, with a student body not exceeding fifteen hundred, including all its departments, will best accomplish its ideals, I direct that no part of said payments shall be used for increasing the physical plant of the college other than for books and apparatus especially adapted to, and required for the accomplishment of the special object herein provided for."

The college also will receive one quarter of any surplus income which may accumulate in this trust.

The New Hampshire Memorial Hospital takes $250 yearly to maintain a free bed to be known as "The Myra Tilton Elliot Kimball Free Bed" and one quarter of the surplus income of the trust.

The Concord Public Library will receive $1000 a year for general maintenance and one quarter of the surplus income of the trust.

The New Hampshire Historical Society will receive $1000 annually for general maintenance, $250 a year to aid in the maintenance of the museum of the Society to be located in the old Society Building on North Main Street, one quarter of the surplus income of the trust, and various art treasures which Mr. Kimball had from time to time collected during his life time.

The Margaret Pillsbury General Hospital takes an annual payment of $1000, to be used for its general maintenances and $200 each year for the support of a free bed to be used for indigent persons.

The Concord Female Charitable Society will have an income from the trust of $100 a year in memory of Mr. Kimball's mother, Ruth Ames Kimball, and a like amount will be received by the New Hampshire Centennial Home for the Aged.

To the South Congregational Church and the Young Men's Christian Association is given $200 a year for their general purposes, and to the New Hampshire Orphans' Home at Franklin the sum of $300 a year.

The Boscawen Church Society will receive $200 a year.

Mr. Kimball's substantial and well appointed house, with its stable and garage, and its spacious grounds are given to the state of New Hampshire for use as a Concord home for the Governor of the State, this devise being as follows:

"I give, bequeath and devise my homestead, real estate, land and buildings, in said Concord, together with the furnishings and other articles of personal property in and about the premises, not herein

otherwise disposed of, unto my wife, Myra Tilton Elliot Kimball, for her use during the term of her natural life, and, upon her decease, I give, bequeath and devise said real estate, together with such articles of furniture and other household articles as shall be selected for this purpose by my Executors unto the State of New Hampshire, for use as a Governor's Mansion, to provide a suitable residence in the Capital of the State for future Governors. This devise is made upon condition that it be formally accepted by the state by written stipulation with my executors providing for the future care and upkeep of the buildings and the grounds. If at any time in the future the state should abandon the use of said property as a Governor's Mansion, or should fail to keep the same in suitable repair and condition to the satisfaction of my trustee, then said property shall revert to my estate to become a part of the Benjamin A. Kimball Trust herein created."

In such wise and beneficial ways Mr. Kimball provided that the fortune which his ability had amassed should bear annual fruit of usefulness and helpfulness in the years to come and should keep his memory deservedly green in the city and state he loved and served so well.

HOME

By Jean Rushmore Patterson.

Below the hill, the village lights appear,
Smoke spirals from an engine going South,
A mass of cloud rests on the mountan's rim,
And over me another mass
With pale green sky between it and the first.

I am alone upon the hill, and feel
As though I never wished to go indoors
Or leave this spot or see the day again,
But only breathe the autumn air
And look on clouds, and sky and mountain tops!

Then someone calls, and I go slowly back,
The house gleams with a cheer of earthly things,
The door is open, and a flood of light
Reveals my son who beckons me,
And what are hills, and sky and air to this?

THE STORY OF COLONEL THOMAS JOHNSON

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

PART II.

Having signed this paper, Thomas Johnson returned to Newbury, just at the time of the surrender of Cornwallis. But, curiously enough, the cause of the Colonists had never seemed more hopeless in Coos County than it did then, and for two years afterwards. Johnson, after his Canadian experience was well aware that schemes of various sorts were on foot to detach Vermont from the American cause, and to sell it to Canada; and as Jacob Bayley was the chief obstacle to these schemes, in the eyes of the British, they were extremely anxious to get him out of the way. Johnson had confided his fears, both for Coos County and for his friend, to Bayley as soon as possible after his return; and the fires of their early affection for each other, which, on Johnson's part, had never cooled, were rekindled; and when a final test came between his love for Jacob Bayley, and his own safety, almost—a rigid moralist might say, his own honor—the first proved the most powerful. The story telling of this test, is, to me, the most interesting that I have read in the entire history of the American Revolution; and I quote it in full from the Rev. Grant Power's "History of Coos County:"

"I have already stated how desirable an object it was with the British to get possession of Gen. Jacob Bayley. A bold and determined effort to effect this was made on the 17th of June, 1782, while Col. Johnson was at home on parole. Gen. Bayley lived at the Johnson village (i.e. the settlement on the Oxbow, where the Johnson houses stand, about a mile north of the village of Newbury) in a house where now stands the brick house of Josiah Little. Captain Prichard and his scouts, to the number of eighteen men, lay upon the heights west of the Oxbow, and they made a signal for Col. Johnson to visit them. Johnson went, as he was bound to do, by the terms of his parole, and he learned that they had come to capture Gen. Bayley that evening. Johnson was now in a great strait. Bayley was his friend, his neighbor, and a host against the enemy, and Johnson *could* not have him go into captivity; and yet he must seem to conform to the wishes of Prichard, or he would be recalled to Canada himself, and in all probability have his buildings laid in ashes. Johnson returned to his house, and resolved to inform Bayley of his danger, at all hazard to himself. But how was this to be done? Bayley, with two of his sons, was ploughing on the Oxbow. Prichard's elevated situation on the hill enabled him to look down on the Oxbow as upon a map. The secret was intrusted to Dudley Carleton Esq., the brother of Col. Johnson's wife. Johnson wrote on a slip of paper this laconic sentence, 'The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!' He gave it to Carleton, and instructed *him* to go on to the meadow, pass directly by Bayley without stopping or speaking, but drop the paper in his view, and return home by a circuitous route. Carleton performed the duty assigned to him well. Gen. Bayley, when he came to the paper, carelessly took it and read it, and, as soon as he could, without exciting suspicion in the minds of lookers on, proposed to turn out the team, said to his sons,

"Boys, look out for yourselves," and went himself down the bank to the river, and the sons went up to the house to carry the tidings to the guard that was stationed there. "And when, some hours later, the 'Philistines' went to seize their prey, 'Samson' was safe, miles down the river, and there was nothing for them to do but 'proceed their march to Canada, to report the failure of their expedition." "But," says Col. Elkins of Peacham in his letter of Dec. 7th, 1832, "the failure of the British, in the main object of their expedition, brought fresh trouble upon Col. Thomas Johnson. The Tories in the vicinity who had laid the plans for taking Gen. Bayley, learning that he was not at home that night, and knowing that it was not his habit to be absent from his family over night, unless on business out of town, said at once, Johnson was a traitor to their cause, for he must have given Bayley information of his danger. This rumor went with the party back to Canada, and produced strong sensation of jealousy and resentment there. Johnson was now the man to be obtained, and his buildings were to be destroyed by fire the next spring, if not before. But the disposition to peace in the mother country, and the actual treaty before the year came about, saved Johnson from the calamities threatened upon him."

Thomas Johnson's position, in regard to Jacob Bayley, was not the only difficult one in which he found himself after his release from Canada. His shrewdness and quick wit, as well as his integrity, had brought not only himself, and his home, but his dearly-loved friend safely through their bitterest troubles; before his death, this was clearly seen by all his townspeople; but, in 1782, this was by no means the case. The fact that he had been treated with such consideration while in Canada, compared to many other American officers, was held out against him by those who still persisted that he had Tory sympathies, and who could not—or would not—see that his wealth, provided that they could have got hold of it in some way through their apparent friendliness, would have been a great asset to the Canadians. Moreover, he was still on parole, technically a prisoner, likely to become actually one at almost any moment. He was, indeed, between the upper and the nether millstones. And he did what many other sorely perplexed souls at that time did—he laid his case before George Washington, and asked, quite simply, for his help.

"May it please your Excellency," he wrote from Newbury on May 30th, 1782, "to indulge me when I say that in the month of March, 1781, I was taken prisoner, as set forth in my narrative, continued in Canada until September, when I obtained liberty to return home on parole, which I could effect only by engaging to carry on a correspondence with them. This was my view, to get what intelligence I was able respecting their plans and movements, and in hopes to be exchanged, that I might be able, in a regular way, to have given some important intelligence. I have taken such measures as appeared most likely to effect the same; but as these have hitherto failed, I find the season so far advanced as not to admit of any further delay without acquainting your Excellency.

"The proposed plans of the enemy for the last campaign were frustrated for want of provisions; but they were determined to pursue them this spring as early as possible. To this end, they have used their unwearied efforts with

Vermont to prepare the way, which they have, in a great and incredible degree, brought to pass, and is daily increasing; and unless some speedy stop is put to it, I dread the consequences. I entreat your Excellency, that if it be possible, by a regular exchange, I may be enabled to give all the intelligence in my power without hazarding my character, which, otherwise, I am determined to do, at the risk of my honor, my all—and perhaps to the injury of hundreds of poor prisoners, now in their hands. Having had experience, I am grieved to think of their situation. This infernal plan of treachery with Vermont (as I have heard often in Canada) was contrived before Eathan Allen left the British, and he was engaged on their side. It ran through the country like a torrent, from New York to Canada, and the present temper of Vermont is a piece of the same. Were the people in general on the Grants, on this side of the mountains, to declare for New Hampshire or New York, it would be contrary to the agreement of their leading men; and, unless protected by your Excellency, the innocent with the guilty would share a miserable fate. This part of the country being sold by a few designing men, of whom a large number are very jealous, a small number have by me their information, now in their hands. Having had experience, I am grieved to think of their situation. This infernal plan of treachery with Vermont (as I have heard often in Canada) was contrived before Eathan Allen left the British, and he was engaged on their side. It ran through the country like a torrent, from New York to Canada, and the present temper of Vermont is a piece of the same. Were the people in general on the Grants, on this side of the mountains, to declare for New Hampshire or New York, it would be contrary to the agreement of their leading men; and, unless protected by your Excellency, the innocent with the guilty would share a miserable fate. This part of the country being sold by a few designing men, of whom a large number are very jealous, a small number have by me their information, now in their hands. Having had experience, I am grieved to think of their situation. This infernal plan of treachery with Vermont (as I have heard often in Canada) was contrived before Eathan Allen left the British, and he was engaged on their side. It ran through the country like a torrent, from New York to Canada, and the present temper of Vermont former, or otherwise, got the certainty of it, and puts them in a most disagreeable situation. They are desirous of declaring for New Hampshire; but many of their leaders earnestly dissuading them from it, it keeps us in a tumult, and I fear the enemy will get so great an advantage as to raise their standard to the destruction of this part of the county. They keep their spies constantly in this quarter



CHAPTER HOUSE AT NEWBURY, VT., OF OXBOW CHAPTER, D. A. R., ON SITE OF FIRST STATE HOUSE IN VERMONT.

without molestation, and know every movement, and transmit the same directly to Canada; and when matters take a turn contrary to their minds, we are miserably exposed to their severest resentment. I am entirely devoted to your Excellency's pleasure. Should my past conduct meet your Excellency's approbation, my highest ambition will be satisfied; if not, deal with me as your wisdom shall dictate. I most earnestly entreat your Excellency to meditate a moment on my critical and perplexing situation as well as that of this part of the country, and that I may receive by Captain Bayley, the bearer, who will be able to give you further information, your Excellency's pleasure in the affair. I beg leave to subscribe myself your Excellency's most devoted servant,

THOMAS JOHNSON."

Thomas Johnson's opinion at this time of Ethan Allen was shared by Jacob Bayley, and many other prominent Vermonters; indeed, it is said, probably with truth, that it was his stand on this matter alone that prevented Bayley from having the national and lasting reputation which should, by every right, have been his. Ethan Allen, like Johnson himself, had played a clever game with only poor cards in his hand to help him, and was out to win; and it is interesting, as well as sadly characteristic of human nature, that Thomas Johnson, so overwhelmingly unhappy because he himself was unjustly thought to be treacherous, was so ready to believe another ardent patriot guilty of the same crime!

Having written and despatched his letter to General Washington, Thomas Johnson apparently decided that he could not be satisfied merely to write to him—he must also see him. He accordingly set out for Newburg, where Washington was at the time, going by way of Exeter "to take counsel with the leading men there." And it was at Exeter that the General's reply reached him, and from that he next addressed himself to the Commander-in-Chief.

Headquarters, June 14th, 1782,

"To Col. Thomas Johnson,

Exeter, N. H.

Sir:

I have received your favor per Captain Bayley, and thank you for the information contained, and would beg you to continue your communication whenever you shall collect any intelligence you shall think of importance. It would give me real pleasure to have it in my power to effect your exchange; but some unhappy circumstances have lately taken place, which, for the present, cut off all exchange. If you can fall upon any mode to accomplish your wishes, in which I can with propriety give you my assistance, I shall be very glad to afford it.

I am, Sir, etc.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

"Thos. Johnson to Gen. Washington.

Exeter, July 20th, 1782.

I am obliged to your Excellency's favor of the 14th of June, to acknowledge your Excellency's goodness in offering your assistance in my exchange. I think it proper to give a more particular account of my situation, and have enclosed a copy of my parole for your perusal. I think, agreeable to my parole, they cannot refuse a man in my room (?) although there is no exchange agreed on. Your Excellency will determine on my rank. I was held at Canada a lieutenant-colonel in the militia, agreeable to the order of the Assembly of New

York; but being at a great distance, before my commission could reach me, Vermont claimed jurisdiction, and I never had the commission, and told them the same. But I was obliged to acknowledge myself as such in my parole, or I could not have accomplished my design. My situation grows more distressing. I have been exposed by the infirmity or imprudence of a gentleman, one that we could not have expected it from. I have received nothing of much importance since my last. I have since received a confirmation of their intentions to execute rigorour measures against the imposers of Vermont. I have fears of an invasion of that part of New Hampshire by the imprudence above mentioned. I have fears of the correspondence being stopped. Have wrote to Canada: since which, by agreement, Capt. Prichard was to meet on Onion River, the 10th of this inst. Private concerns brought me here at this time. If suspicion don't prevent, I expect something of importance waiting for me; should it prevent, shall stand in the greatest need of a man to send in exchange for me.

I am, sir, your most humble servant,

THOMAS JOHNSON."

Colonel Johnson wrote again to General Washington from Atkinson, N. H., on Sept. 30th, the contents of the letter being very like that of those which had preceded it. And, not long after, armed by two more letters—one from the Governor of New Hampshire, Meshech Weare, the other from Nathaniel Peabody of Atkinson (a member of the Council in New Hampshire, and later a member of Congress)—he resumed his journey, reaching Newburg on December 4th. The letters are both so interesting that I quote them in full:

"Meshech Weare to Gen. Washington.

Hampton Falls, Nov. 25th, 1782.

Sir:

The bearer, Col. Thomas Johnson, of whose conduct with respect to procuring information from the enemy your Excellency has been informed, now waits upon you to communicate to you some things which appear to be important. From every information I have been able to obtain, I have no reason to suspect his honesty and fidelity. His situation at this time is very difficult, as he will fully inform you and requests your assistance in such way as you may think proper. I cannot help expressing my fears of what may be the consequence of the negotiations carrying on between Vermont and Canada, of which there seems to be now scarce a doubt.

I have the honor to be, with the greatest respect, yours, etc.

MESHECH WEARE."

"Nath. Peabody to Gen. Washington.

Atkinson, State of New Hampshire, Nov. 27th, 1782.

Sir:

I take the liberty to address your Excellency respecting the unhappy situation of Lieut. Col. Thomas Johnson, of Newbury, Coos, who will take charge of this letter, and do himself the honor to wait upon your Excellency in person. Col. Johnson is desirous to give your Excellency every information within his power, relative to the situation, strength, and designs of the enemy at the northward, the embarrassed state of affairs in the country where he lives, and more particularly the ineligible circumstances in which his own person, family, and domestic concerns are unhappily involved.

I have no doubt he has been ungenerously deceived, injured and betrayed by some persons with whom he found it necessary to entrust certain secrets, to him of great importance, and from whom he had a claim to better treatment.

The latter end of last month I received a letter from Col. Johnson, the contents of which he will make known to you and I should have done myself the honor of transmitting the same, with other information, to your Excellency; but on a conference I had with the president of this state, it was concluded that entrusting affairs of that nature by common post-riders would be unsafe, for the public, and dangerous for Col. Johnson, and that it was inexpedient to despatch an express on purpose as it was adjudged probable your Excellency had such a variety of other channels for information, that there was little prospect of giving new and valuable intelligence. From the best information I have been able to obtain, my own observation, and the personal knowledge I have had for some years past, of Col. Johnson, I am led without hesitating to conclude that he is a faithful and sincere friend of the independence of these United States; that he would contribute everything in his power to promote the political salvation of this, his native country; and that he is a gentleman on whose declaration your Excellency may place full dependence.

I have the honor to be, etc., yours,

NATH. PEABODY."

In quoting these old letters, as in quoting Thomas Johnson's Canadian diary, I have not only left punctuation and spelling unchanged; I have not altered a single phrase in the slighest degree. They were all written by men whom we should now call "uneducated" but they are almost entirely free form grammatical errors, and in many places it seems to me that they show real mastery and power in using the English language in all its clearness and beauty.

Immediately upon his arrival at Newburg, Colonel Johnson was granted an interview by General Washington, who "assured him of his sympathy, and acknowledged his value of his services." Thus consoled, Johnson started for home again on December the 12th, his heart immeasurably lighter. He knew that his worst troubles were over. So—though this he did not know—was the war.

War, as we have had ample opportunity to find out for ourselves during the past two years, is not immediately followed by peace. It is followed by reconstruction. And, instead of settling back for a rest after the frontier was at last quiet again, and his own private difficulties straightened out, Thomas Johnson turned his attentions to the new problems which confronted not only Newbury, but Vermont—the first state to enter the Union after the American Revolution.

Until 1808, when Montpelier was at last fixed upon as the Capital, the General Assembly—or Legislature, as we call it now—met in different towns of importance through the state; and the first session was held in Newbury in October, 1787. Thomas Chittenden was Governor, Joseph Marsh Lieutenant-Governor, Jacob Bayley a member of the Governor's Council, and Thomas Johnson a Town Representative—a position which he afterwards held in nine other sessions. Most of the men of prominence throughout the State attended, coming on horseback, hiring pasturage, and turning their steeds out to grass until their official business was transacted! But nothing of any very great importance was done, and the "Old

Court House," where the meetings were held, was found to be entirely unsuited for that purpose, so, before the legislature met in Newbury again—in 1801—it was torn down, and a new building erected on a different site. As much of the old materal as possible was used, but there was not enough for the new structure, and the remainder was provided by popular subscription, Thomas Johnson giving four hundred dollars towards its erection, and also, it is noted, fifty dollars "towards liquor for the workmen." Perhaps it is no wonder that building operations progressed with more energy and enthusiasm in those days! We are constantly reminded that it was not considered inconsistent for a zealous church member and a devoted patriot like the Colonel to provide himself and his friends with "the cup that cheers." But there is one record in which we read that Mrs. Lovewell, the keeper of the tavern, expressed her dissatisfaction with Thomas Johnson because he sent her a barrel of rum which was half water, and that he was deeply offended, and *sued her for slander*! To possess, to sell, or to give away *undiluted* rum was entirely in keeping with his character, in his estimation; but to weaken it, was a dishonorable act! At the trial which resulted, it came out that the barrel, in charge of three hired men, had been an entire night in going from Thomas Johnson's house to Mrs. Lovewell's tavern, a distance of one mile. And as the hired men had no very satisfactory explanation to make of this, they were suitably reproved, and Thomas Johnson exonerated.

But to return to the State House—Wells' History of Newbury says that it "contained one large room, fitted up with desks for the House of Representatives, which had a small gallery at one end, over the entrance, while at the other end of the building was a Council Chamber for the Governor and Council. There were also several smaller rooms. Jeremiah Harris of Rumney was master builder, and, if tradition is correct, it was the first building in the 'North Country' to be erected by 'square rule.'" "Election day was the great event of the session in those days. On that day the Governor was officially notified of his election, and took his oath of office, which was afterwards administered to the Council. Then His Excellency, escorted by all the militia in the vicinity, rode in state to the meeting house, where the election sermon was delivered. One curious feature of the day must not be forgotten. Some months before the time, notice was given in the public prints that an original ode would be sung on that occasion, and the poets of the day were urged to prepare their strains in competition for the honor of producing the song to which music would be composed by Mr. Ingalls. Col. Thomas Johnson, William B. Bannister, and James Whitelaw were the committee to pass upon the merits of such productions as should be offered. When the time came for the decision, the committee found themselves unable to decide which of the effusions submitted by two gentlemen from Peacham, Ezra Carter and Barnes Buckminister, was the superior, and it was finally decided that Mr. Ingalls should compose music for both; that one, sung before the sermon should be called the Election Ode, and the other, to follow the discourse, should bear the title of the election hymn. Both were * * * accordingly sung, and both are preserved, in Mr. Ingall's singing book 'Christian Harmony.'" "Thomas Tolman of Greensboro,

one of the prominent men of the state in his time, was clerk of the House, and the following letter from him preserves for us some of the usages of the period.

Greensboro, July 16, 1801.

'Col. Thos. Johnson, Dear Sir:

I desire you to procure from Boston a Ream of the best paper, fine, thin, and soft for the pen, and also one dozen skins of vellum, or good parchment, for the handsome and fine writing of the legislature. Your account shall be paid, and also your trouble. If I may depend I will not make any other application. Add ¼ hundred of the best Holland quills. One thing more. I depend on you, if you please, to make a provision for a convenient place for my office and quarters. It must be near the legislature, contain a fireplace or stove, and, if convenient, a bed, as for a considerable part of the time I shall sleep in the same room. Excuse this trouble. My regards to Mrs. Johnson and your sons. I am, with consideration,

Your friend and humble servant,
THOS. TOLMAN.'"

The office of Town Representative was not the last public one that Thomas Johnson held; he was also Newbury's first postmaster, holding the position—a very important one in those days—from 1785 to 1800, when his son David succeeded him. And, as a private citizen, he became deeply interested in the two public institutions dearest to the heart of almost every early New Englanded—the Church and the School. For some time Newbury had been dissatisfied with its first "meeting-house," and at a special town meeting held in August, 1787, two articles of "warning" were read: "First, to see if the town will fix on a place to build a meeting-house; second, to see if the town will build a meeting house, and if so, how large, and where; to choose a committee to prosecute said business, and also what measures will be most expedient to prosecute and facilitate the same." Thomas Johnson, Dudley Carleton, and eight others were chosen a committee and in due course, a church was built, which for many years, was considered the finest for miles around, and to "have a meeting-house equal to the one in Newbury" became the ambition of every town in the vicinity. The steeple was the first erected in Vermont. The large stone door, which required four yoke of oxen to draw from Catamount in Haverhill, was placed in front of the main entrance by Jacob Bayley." Inside, continues the "History of Newbury,"—"The pulpit was high, that the minister might see his hearers in the galleries; it was reached by winding stairs, and above it hung a sounding board, suspended from the ceiling by an iron rod. In front of the pulpit was an elevated seat for the deacons, and before them was a wide board that hung on hinges, and formed a Communion table. The pews were about seven feet square, each having a door; there were seats on three sides of each pew. These seats were hung on hinges, and were raised against the sides of the pews when the congregation stood up during the long prayer, and were let down again at its close with a clatter which sounded like the discharge of a small artillery. * * Above the partitions of the pews ran a rail, supported by many small turned posts which were the delight of children to twirl in sermon-time."

So much for the church. Meanwhile, the early struggles to establish a suitable school, though they must have been serious enough

then, make amusing reading now. The teacher of the present day, who rightly feels his salary to be too small, may well ponder with an understanding sympathy the following entry in Col. Thomas Johnson's papers:

"Newbury, Nov. 8th, 1781.

We the Subscribers being met for the Purpose of Hiring a schoolmaster, have agreed to give a suitable person Ten Bushels of Wheat per Month if one cannot be hired for less or found, have chose Thos. Johnson, Capt. John G. Bayley, William Wallace, a Comity to regulate sd school."

This is signed by nine men, Thomas Johnson among them, but evidently he did not write it himself, as it does not bear much resemblance to most of his literary efforts! However that may be, the "Comity" does not seem, even at that remote time, to have been able to find a schoolmaster who considered ten bushels of wheat a sufficient recompense for his services, for the following entries come afterwards:

Newbury, Nov. 15th, 1781.

"We the subscribers do hereby promise to pay Samuel Hopkins seven pounds four shillings by the twelfth day of February next, to be paid in hard money, and hard money only, provided he teach a school three months according to the Directions we have given him of equal date herewith, if not then paid, then Interest till paid. Witness our hands."

Newbury, Feb. 5th, 1782.

"We the subscribers do hereby acknowledge that the within named Samuel Hopkins has performed this part of his Oblegation, and we are in duty bound to pay the same."

Newbury, Sept. 18th, 1786.

"We, the subscribers, do each agree to pay our equal proportion in Produce for the board and support of a good school master, Qualified to teach English, writing and Arithmetic in the midle district school and to find our proportion of wood at sd school, Provided there is a sufficient number of subscribers, not less than twenty, the School master to be immediately agreed for two or three months."

These were the small beginnings of the big school which, during the latter part of the nineteenth century, became well known as the Newbury Seminary. Boarders came to it from all over New England, and from Canada as well, and its removal to Montpelier—where, by the way, it never seemed to acquire the same standing—was a great blow to the town in more ways than one.

The church and the school were, as I have already said, of paramount importance in the heart and soul of every good New Englander in those days. But, to the dwellers in the Connecticut Valley, there was another structure upon which much of their comfort and activity depended, and that was the bridge. Ferries were, of course, used during the first days of the settlement, but as time went on, these proved to be entirely inadequate, as well as very dangerous, for the current of the Connecticut River is a swift one. The old hooded wooden bridges are disappearing fast, and the one between Newbury and Haverhill, built in 1834, has been one of the last to go. But even before that, there had been two others. One, known as the "Haverhill Bridge" was built in 1796 by popular subscription, the charter being granted to Thomas Johnson—who gave three hundred dollars

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"We the subscribers do hereby acknowledge that the within named Samuel Hopkins has performed this part of his Obligation, and we are in duty bound to pay the same."

towards its erection—and six others. But this bridge met with an unhappy fate, as the ever-accurate Colonel records:

Newbury, April 18, 1797.
Colonel Johnson to General Chase.
"Sir:

You have no doubt heard of our misfortune as to loosing our Bridge, it was owing to two things: 1st the ambition of some of the proprietors wanting to have the longest arch yet built—2d some of the workmen were not equal to so great a piece of business. One abutment stands good, also the little Bridges with very little repairing are good, our Plank with a considerable part of the timber on hand. The main thing we want is a workman that understands building a Peer in the middle of the river, we have no man in this part of the country that ever helped build one, or knows anything about it. As you went through the business for us last year, I ask as a particular favor in behalf of the proprietors that you would recommend to us a suitable man to build a Peer. Our stone is all within ten rods of the river bank, our timber within ¾ mile. Our Peer will want to be twenty-five feet high. I wish you would make a brief guess what the cost would be to build such a Peer.

Yours, etc.,
THOMAS JOHNSON."

It is perhaps needless to say that a man competent to construct a "Peer" was found, and a new bridge built without delay!

The last years of Thomas Johnson's life were busy, but they were peaceful and happy. He lived to see the "work of his hands" finished—a joy that is not given to all men. He did an immense amount of writing, for which there is no doubt that he had a real gift; in another generation his literary distinction might have surpassed his military distinction, but authors were not greatly esteemed, as a rule, in those days. He built houses for his sons near his own—houses no less handsome than his own. One of them contains a ballroom with an arched ceiling, with fireplaces at either end, and with a raised seat all the way around it for the dancers to rest on—a huge, beautiful apartment running straight across the second story, where we can easily imagine the Colonel and his friends having all sorts of "good times." He built also a brick store, where everything from meal to calico was sold,—who says that department stores are a modern invention?—and where the old counter, with a step up to it, the old bins, and the old safe, still stand. His sons, like their father all became prosperous, respected, and well known. His eldest daughter, Betsey, married Isaac, Jacob Bayley's youngest son—a match which must have delighted the hearts of the two old friends—and went to live in a beautiful house, too—for the General, though he had lost more than $60,000 in the war—an immense sum for those days—had retrieved his fallen fortunes somewhat, and had also built himself a spacious dwelling, where Isaac and Betsey took up their abode with him, and the bride had a "drawing room" which any modern young matron might well delight in—twenty feet square, white-panelled, white-shuttered, white-mantelled, with many-paned windows facing south and East, and with two arched recesses on the eastern side—one called to this day "the courting corner," and the other "the marriage arch"—for which pleasant purposes they have now been used for six generations.

In 1819, Thomas Johnson died,

and was buried in the old Newbury cemetery, where forty-four other soldiers—fourteen of them officers—who fought in the American Revolution also rest. He was survived by his wife, and by seven of his fourteen children. His funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. David Sutherland, the famous "priest of Bath." The monument which marks his grave, made of white marble, represents a sturdy oak tree with four strong branches, upon one of which is seated a dove—the tree, is, of course, the emblem of Thomas Johnson himself, while the four branches are his four surviving sons—John, Moses, David, and Hanes. The branch on which the dove sits is supposed to typify the eldest.

And here, in one way, ends the story of Colonel Thomas Johnson. In another way, it has not ended yet—it never will end.

There is no place that I intimately know—and I know a good many—where the present and the past are as closely linked as they are in Newbury. In 1897, when the Oxbow Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was founded by one of Thomas Johnson's great-granddaughters, Mrs. John Henry Wheeler (Louise Fuller Johnson) it contained twenty charter members. And everyone of those twenty charter members was eligible to the Society through Thomas Johnson, or Jacob Bayley, or both—for, of course, the second generation of Johnsons and Bayleys were cousins through the marriage of Isaac and Betsey. The houses that the General and the Colonel built have not only never gone out of the family, but have descended from father to son for six generations—and Jacob Bayley's was never closed, until, in 1918, his great great-grandson went to France. Their descendants are now almost as the sands of the sea in number, and the qualities of mind and body and spirit which these early founders of the town bequeathed to them, have proved the best legacies which they could have left to posterity. Ideals do not die. The ideals of Thomas Johnson are as vital now as they were one hundred and fifty years ago, and as long as they live, his story will never be really finished.

The Oxbow Chapter flourished and grew, and before many years had passed it was plainly seen that a Chapter House was needed. A little deserted district school, located on the site of the first State House in Vermont, was bought, and restored and beautified with a huge fireplace, and hardwood floors, and electric lights, but most of all with the precious heirlooms that were brought there. Here is the mirror that Prudence Bayley hid in a hole dug in her back garden, when the "Philistines" were in pursuit of "Samson." Here is the desk at which General Jacob wrote his famous message to the Indians; and here are the table about which the first legislature in Vermont met, and the wooden ballot box in which the first votes were cast. Here, in cabinets, are bits of beautiful lace, and linen and embroidery, fans and silver and beaded work, and china. And here, over the mantel, is a bronze tablet bearing this inscription:

"In memory of Elizabeth Ladd Childs.
Born 1830—Died 1894.
Daughter of Judge Peabody Ladd
Great grand-daughter of
COLONEL THOMAS JOHNSON
Given by
Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Childs
In loving tribute to their mother.
1913.

At the time of the 150th Anniversary Celebration of the founding of the town, a fine monument to the memory of General Jacob Bayley was given, and granite markers, bearing bronze plates were erected by the Oxbow Chapter where the first meeting-house, the first court house, and other buildings important in the early settlement of the town, had stood. One was erected, also, to the memory of Colonel Thomas Johnson, and unveiled by two of his great great great grandsons, Henry Wilder Keyes, Jr. and John Parkinson Keyes.* It bears the following inscription:

Colonel Thomas Johnson
1742-1819

One of the first settlers of Newbury, 1762.

Influential in organizing the town and state.

Revolutionary Officer.

Aid to General Lincoln at Ticonderoga, 1777.

A Prisoner in Canada 1781.

Elected Representative ten times.

This marks the location of the first settlement of the town.

Erected by his descendants
Under the auspices of
Oxbow Chapter, D. A. R.

This, in brief, is, I suppose, a fair and illuminating record of his services—though I wish Nathaniel Peabody's definition of him as "a gentleman upon whose declaration your excellency may place full dependance—" might also have been used. Of his energy, his faithfulness, his diplomacy, his generosity, a tablet of this sort can, perforce, say nothing. Neither does it mention his talent for writing—a talent, as I have said before, less regarded in his generation than in ours, and—perhaps on that account—largely overlooked by his descendants. Nor does it say anything of what is, to me, the greatest of all the great qualities that he possessed—his genius for friendship. There have been many great writers in the world, many great pioneers, many great soldiers; but the number of great friends of whom we have certain knowledge is comparatively small. For six generations—let me repeat it—the homes of Jacob Bayley and Thomas Johnson have never gone out of the hands of their descendants—please God they never will! For six generations the fertile meadows of the Oxbow have been—and still are—ploughed and harvested by the descendants of the man who proudly recorded that "he got in ninety tons of excellent hay." The Lord has, indeed, caused his face to shine upon us, and given us peace. Does the blessing of that ancient friendship enfold us still, I wonder? I feel, sometimes, wonderfully sure that it does. And, because of this, I cannot help quoting a story much older than the one of Thomas Johnson as I close this chronicle of what is not, after all, so much a fragment of the history of a great war as it is the history of the unbroken circle of one man's deep and abiding love for another.

"And it came to pass that the soul of Jonathan was knit unto the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul. And Jonathan spake good of David unto Saul, his father, and said 'Let not the king sin against his servant, against David, for he did put his life in his hand, and slew the Philistines, and the Lord wrought a great salvation through all Israel. So Jonathan made a covenant with the house of David, saying 'Let the Lord require it at the hand of David's enemies! And Jonathan

*The two elder sons of the writer of this article.

caused David to swear again, because he loved him. For he loved him as he loved his own soul. And Jonathan said to David, 'Go in peace, for as much as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying, "The Lord be between thee and me, and between thy seed and my seed forever."'

ON DRESDEN HILL AT TWILIGHT

By Perley R. Bugbee.

When the sun purples the distant hills,
And tints with gold the passing cloud,
It is as the Maker wills,
Nature sings her praises loud.

The evening breezes softly blow
O'er the grasses a summer's dew,
The woods dark and darker grow,
While stars dot the heavens blue.

Vesper songs end in silence,
A stillness pervades the air.
Hushed and quiet are the highlands,
Night reigneth everywhere.

EDITORIAL

The announced results of the 1920 census show a very small gain in population for the state of New Hampshire as a whole; a considerable gain in the cities of Manchester and Berlin; a small gain in most of the other cities and in some towns in which manufacturing villages are located; slight losses in some cities and most towns; and decided decreases in a number of rural communities. All this is about as expected, though some pessimists had predicted greater losses and some optimists had hoped for larger totals in several cities. But the fact that the conditions, as revealed, were not surprising, does not alter their significance; rather it should impress us more deeply with the necessity for attempting to solve the problems which they present. Within the past quarter of a century good roads, rural mail delivery, telephones, electric lights, automobiles, better schools, farmers' organizations, etc., have improved rural conditions and obviated many of the objections to life on the farm. Yet the drift to the cities continues with the resultant increase in cost of those necessities of life which the farm produces and with a lower health average for our people as a whole.

It is easier to state these facts than to suggest a remedy. We can only hope for attention to it from our best minds. Improvement of highways and schools will continue; better co-operation among the farmers themselves seems close at hand and with that achieved it will be easier to put city and country, consumer and producer, in relations with each other that will be more profitable and less irritating for both.

The problem is not at all local to New Hampshire. It is country-wide. In this state the summer visitor and summer resident population is a larger factor than elsewhere, but the essentials are the same. Conditions must change so that the boys and girls now on the farms will be content to stay there as men and women; new families must be wooed back from the cities to own and live upon now untilled farms; farming must be put upon as good business principles as keeping a store or managing a mill. Not only must the land be cultivated, but the market, as well, the cash market nearest home. In seeking a more distant market co-operation is almost essential. Every New Hampshire farmer who buys a California orange or lemon and reads its wrapper can take from it a lesson for his own apple crop, a lesson as to condition, grade, transportation and profit.

In many ways existing conditions seem well calculated for placing New Hampshire agriculture upon a more profitable basis in the near future. The farmers through the Grange and the Farm Bureaus, never were so well organized. The Chambers of Commerce and like organizations and the bankers and capitalists are more appreciative of the importance of agriculture to them and of the benefits from co-operation between country and city. The day is not far distant when the development of New Hampshire waterpower will render secure the future of our industries and increase their number and importance. That will expand in turn the home market for our farmers.

We look to see a greater increase in population in New Hampshire during the decade ending in 1930

EDITORIAL

than in that ending in 1920. But for the best interests of the state that increase in population must not be centered in the cities and manufacturing villages. The farms must share in it, and we hope and believe that they will.

THE PILGRIMS

By Lucy H. Heath.

A fearless band of pioneers,
Bravely they sailed across the sea,
And laid foundations for a faith,
Which reaches down to you and me.

Religious freedom here they sought,
Their purpose was to do God's will,
It was their faith that buoyed them up,
Through the beginnings good and ill.

Their hardships truly were severe,
Many were laid beneath the sod.
But through it all with inward zeal,
They trusted in a living God.

BOOK OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

YOU CAN, BUT WILL YOU? By Orison Swett Marden. Pp. 338. Cloth. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

This is the latest volume in that famous series of "inspirational books" from the pen of Dr. Orison Swett Marden, of which more than one million and three quarters have been sold. It is impossible to dismiss with a phrase or a paragraph works which fill satisfactorily so great a demand on the part of the reading public. They must carry a real message and be convincing as to their sincerity, as well as pleasing with their point and "pep."

Doctor Marden was born in Thornton, New Hampshire, up in the Pemigewasset valley, seventy years ago. He has taken four degrees from Boston University and one from Harvard and has written something more than 50 books, in addition to a great number of magazine articles.

Of every one of them the slogan is "success" and the purpose is to boost. The style is lucid and convincing and the author is not afraid of iteration. To every man and woman, to every boy and girl, who comes within the reach of his preachments, he says "Make the most of yourself!" and he says it over and over again.

Withal, his books are eminently readable and of none is this more true than of the present volume with its challenging title. This paragraph might be chosen from many similar ones as the text of the discourse: "Most of us are dwarfs of the men and women we might be because we do not know our power. We have vast possibilities, and yet are doing the work of pigmies, because we never draw upon that inner force which would make us giants."

There are seventeen chapters from Number One, "The Magic Mirror," to Number Seventeen, "Do you carry victory in your face?" all embodying this "new philosophy of life."

BOOK OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

DANIEL WEBSTER LAKEMAN

Daniel Webster Lakeman, long a leading citizen of Nashua and the contractor who erected many of its principal buildings, died August 7. He was born in Goshen, November 17, 1839, the son of Sherborn and Mariette (Webster) Lakeman, and came to Nashua with his parents when but three years of age. In addition to his contracting business he was a large real estate owner and was the active director of the Pennichuck Water Works for a long time, his service on the board covering 38 years. He had been a member of Granite Lodge, I. O. O. F., for more than 50 years and a trustee of the Main Street Methodist Episcopal church for more than 30 years. As a trustee of Edgewood cemetery, much of the credit for the beautifying of its grounds was due to him. He was a Republican in politics and had served in the city council. He is survived by one son, Harry D. Lakeman of Portland Me. An older son, Frank W. Lakeman, long a school principal in Nashua, died a few years ago.

DANIEL W. HAYDEN

Hon. Daniel W. Hayden, 80, died in his native town of Hollis, July 17. He was born on the family homestead which his ancestors settled in 1760, and obtained his education in the local schools with supplemental courses in civil engineering and surveying. In 1861 he enlisted in Company H, Seventh New Hampshire Volunteers, serving until April 28, 1864, when he was discharged for disability because of wounds received at Fort Wagner and Olustee, Florida. With his brother, David, he built the dam and mill known as Hayden's mill which they conducted for half a century. For 29 years Mr. Hayden was chief of police; selectman four years; member of the house of representatives in 1901 and of the state senate in 1911, and a delegate to the constitutional conventions of In addition to his other activities, Mr. Hayden, because of his training as an engineer, had much to do with the construction of roads and bridges in his section of the state. He is survived by a widow; a daughter, Bertha; a brother, David; and a sister, Mrs. John L. Woods, all of Hollis.

HON. J. FRANK SEAVEY

James Frank Seavey, one of Dover's most distinguished citizens, died there August 15. He was born in Rochester, August 14, 1838, the son of Samuel F. and Eliza K. (Ham) Seavey, and was educated at public and private schools in that city and at the Franklin Academy, Dover. When 19 years of age he began business life in Dover as a clerk, and eight years later engaged in the clothing trade for himself in company with his brother. Later in life he engaged successfully in many other business enterprises; organizing the J. Frank Seavey Lumber Company of which he was president; acting as president of the Dover Co-operative bank; and being for many years interested in the Dover Navigation Company, one of whose vessels bore his name. Mr. Seavey entered public life in 1867 as a member of the city council and also served as selectman and ward clerk. From 1869 to 1872 he was treasurer of Strafford county. In 1878-80 he served in the state House of Representatives, and in 1881 and 1883 in the State Senate. In 1903 and 1904 he was a member of Governor Nahum J. Bachelder's executive council. He was a member of Strafford lodge, No. 29, A. F. and A. M., Belknap chapter, No. 8, R. A. M., Orphan Council, No. 1, R. and S. M., and St. Paul Commandery, Knights Templar. He was a charter member of Olive Branch lodge, No. 6, Knights of Pythias, and served that order as grand chancellor in 1876 and supreme representative in 1878 and 1879. He also was an Odd Fellow, of lodge and encampment membership. Mr. Seavey married, April 20, 1863, Sarah F., daughter of Daniel K. and Hannah (Ham) Webster of Dover. Their two children were Grace W., widow of Montgomery Rollins, and Walter H. Seavey of E. H. Rollins and Sons, Boston, Mass. Mrs. Seavey died in 1900.

DREAM SONGS

By Leighton Rollins

I can not sleep,
For a thousand witching melodies
Are wildly beating against their prison gates,
And alas, I can not set them free,
Dream songs of the summer moon.
My violin will not play them,
And my voice will not sing them.
Oh, Children of my heart,
I can not save you,
Death comes before your birth.

Volume 52 OCTOBER, 1920 NO. 10

The Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS ISSUE:

WOLFEBORO

ITS 150th ANNIVERSARY

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LII. OCTOBER, 1920 No. 10

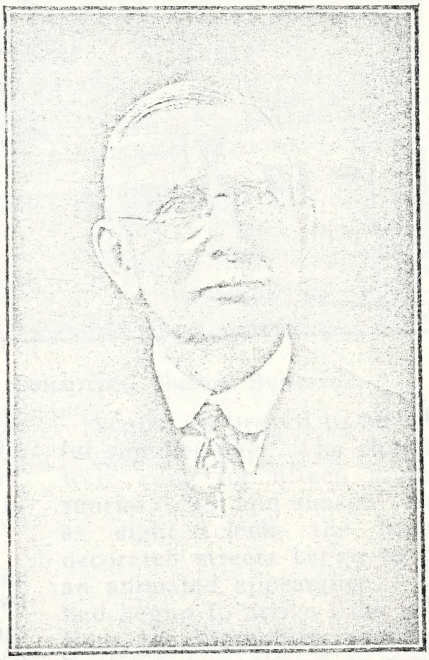
AN HISTORIC EVENT

Wolfeboro Celebrates Its One-Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary

In the year 1770 the town of Wolfeboro was incorporated. In the same year John Wentworth, the last Royal Governor of the Province of New Hampshire, built a summer residence on the shore of Lake Wentworth, thus making the town the oldest summer resort in America. The house built by Governor Wentworth was a very pretentious affair, though it was never fully completed. The Revolutionary War coming on, Governor Wentworth went to England, and there is no record of his ever having again visited Wolfeboro. The Wentworth mansion was burned to the ground in 1820, just one hundred years ago. The same year witnessed the erection of the famous Wolfeboro and Tuftonboro Academy, one of the earliest institutions of learning in New Hampshire.

The year 1920, being the sesquicentenial and centenial of these important events, it was voted at the annual Town Meeting, held in March last, that a suitable observance of these anniversaries be held. An appropriation was made and it was left to the Selectmen to appoint a committee to carry the vote of the town into effect. On July 16 the Selectmen announced that they had appointed the following committee: Joseph T. Meader, Chairman; James H. Martin, Ernest H. Trickey, Frank S. Parker, Harry L. Miles.

Realizing that the time was short to arrange and carry out a satisfactory program, the committee were called together that same night, when a program was discussed, and decided upon. It was decided to call a meeting of the leading citizens at the Temple Auditorium, on the evening of July 20, to



JOSEPH T. MEADER,
CHAIRMAN GENERAL COMMITTEE.

submit the plan and appoint subcommittees. That meeting was fully attended and the plans as outlined by the General Committee were discussed and adopted with considerable enthusiasm. It was

decided to hold the celebration on Tuesday, August 24, and the following sub-committees were appointed:

Finance: Dr. F. E. Meader, Chairman; Dr. Fred E. Clow, Hugh H. Wallace, Henry D. Brewster, Mrs. S. P. Getchell, Obed S. Young.

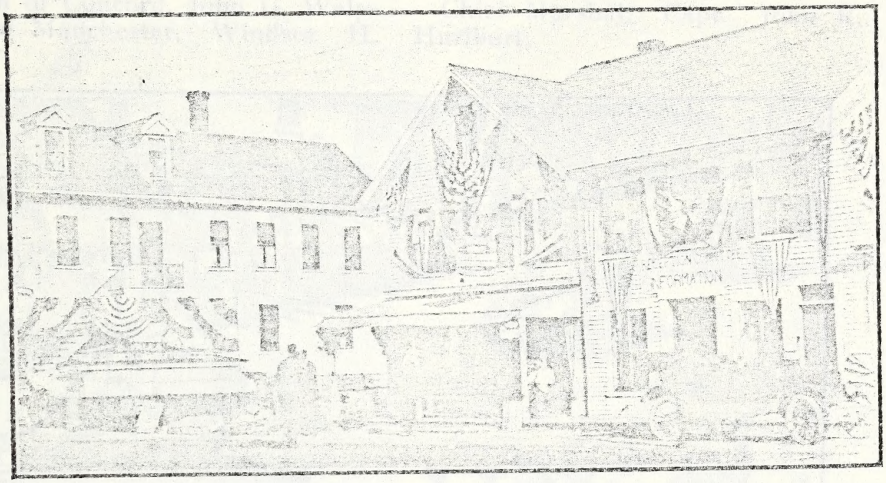
Tent and Equipment: William A. Bixby, Chairman; Obed S. Young, Chester M. Abbott, Chase Durgin, John B. Harvey.

U. Landman, Miss Carrie Young, Mrs. Frederick E. Meader, William Alexander.

Fireworks: Harry L. Miles, Chairman; Noyes Moore, Dr. B. W. Parshley, Harry E. Libby.

Advertising and Printing: Carroll D. Piper, Chairman; C. W. Estabrook, Fred W. Prindle, Philip Irish.

Music: Ernest H. Trickey.



Headquarters Reception Committee, Folsom Building.

Tent Program: Mrs. Mabel F. Hatch, Chairman; Frederick U. Landman, Mrs. F. U. Landman, Stephen W. Clow, Sewall W. Abbott.

Parade and Athletics: Clarence W. Estabrook, Chairman; Dr. Fred E. Clow, Dr. B. W. Parshley, Miss Elizabeth D. Embler, John Hurlburt, Dr. Fred C. Tobey.

Invitation: Mrs. George A. Carpenter, Chairman; Mrs Lydia R. Chadwick, Miss L. Maude Cate, Greenleaf B. Clark, Mrs. H. F. Libby.

Reception and Refreshment: Mrs. Charles O. Doe, Chairman; Mrs. F.

August 24 proved to be a beautiful summer day. The church bells were rung for fifteen minutes at sunrise, noon and sunset. As early as eight o'clock, the beautifully decorated streets began to present an animated appearance. Crowds had begun to arrive from all directions, by automobiles, carriages and boats, and continued to arrive until conservative estimates placed the number of people at over ten thousand, and more than one thousand automobiles.

The town for days had been preparing for the great event. Every lawn was smooth and green. Flowers were everywhere. Flags waved in the breeze and public buildings

and private residences were elaborately draped and decorated with bunting, flags, and every device known to add to the gay and brilliant effect. The sun shone brightly from a cloudless sky and the beautiful elm trees waved their long, drooping branches in welcome to the gathering crowds, coming from far and near to join in the festivities of the day.

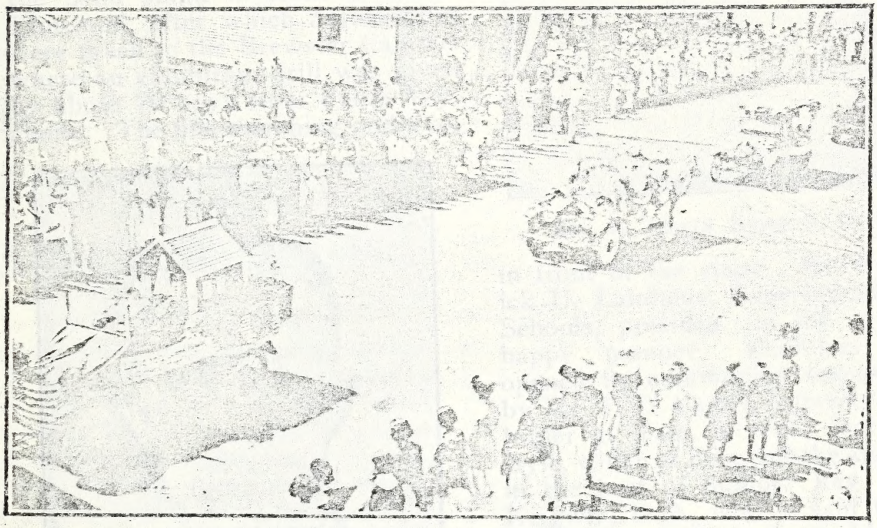
Governor John H. Bartlett arrived by automobile, soon after nine o'clock. Councillors John H. Brown of Concord, John G. Welpley of Manchester, Windsor H. Goodnow of Keene, Secretary of State Edwin C. Bean of Concord, State Highway Commissioner Fred E. Everett of Concord, with their ladies, arrived soon after and were met at Masonic Temple by Chairman Joseph T. Meader of the General Committee, Councillor Stephen W. Clow, the board of Selectmen, heads of the sub-committees and participants in the tent exercises.

Decorated automobiles were provided for the invited guests, including the Civil War Veterans of the James R. Newell Post, G. A. R.

Under escort of Harry Harriman Post, American Legion, and led by Lieut. Gordon A. Meader and the Wolfeboro Cornet Band, the guests were conducted through Glendon Street, and later to South Main Street, where they took their position at the head of the grand parade. The procession was made up as follows:

ORDER OF THE PARADE

Chief Marshal, Capt. John R. Hurlburt.



LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE AND DR. KEIGWIN'S AUTO.

Wolfeboro Cornet Band, Earl Davis, Leader.

Harry Harriman Post, American Legion, Lieut. Gordon A. Meader, Acting Commander.

Governor John H. Bartlett and other invited guests, in automobiles.

James R. Newell Post, G. A. R. in automobiles.

Camp Kuwiyan, 60 girls, Miss Elizabeth D. Embler, Leader.

Camp Wyanoke, 175 boys, Walter H. Bentley, Leader.

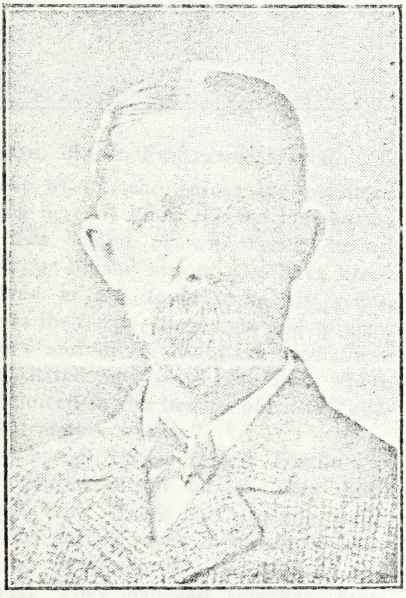
Camp Winnipesaukee, 60 boys, Charles L. Olds, Leader.

Hanson's American Band of Rochester, T. J. Manning, Leader.

Decorated automobiles and floats.

The procession was over three quarters of a mile in length, started promptly at ten o'clock and marched over the following route: South Main St., to North Main, Oak and Pleasant Streets, Sewall Road to North Main, South Main to Brewster Campus.

Governor Bartlett and other guests reviewed the procession from the band stand in front of Hotel Elmwood, after which automobiles were taken to the Brewster Campus where an exhibition drill was given by about 70 boys from Camp Wyanoke. The fine marching and evo-



F. U. Landman,
Superintendent of Schools.

lutions of these little fellows evoked round after round of applause.

A mammoth tent, with a seating capacity of 2000 persons, was erected under the elms on the campus. This tent was immediately packed with people, hundreds were standing and many more sitting on the grass



Rev. A. Edwin Keigwin, D. D.

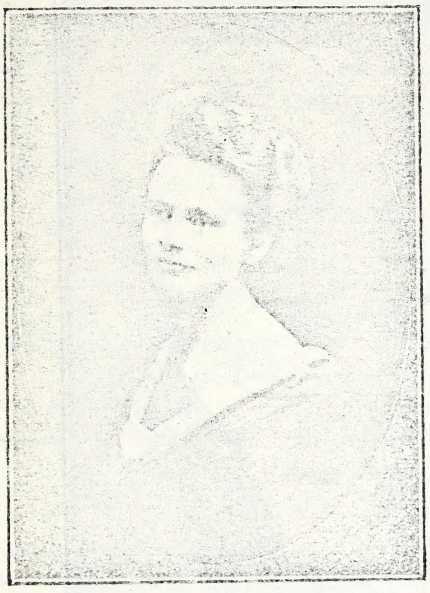
in front of the stage. Mr. Frederick U. Landman, Superintendent of Schools, presided in his usually happy manner. Exercises were opened by community singing, led by Mr. F. D. Carter, a former cheer leader at Yale, in true foot ball style, which at once put the audience in the best of humor. Rev. A. E. Keigwin, D.D., who is said to live in Wolfeboro, but spends his winters in New York, as pastor of the West End Presbyterian Church, Amsterdam Avenue at 105th St., then offered prayer. Mrs. Mabel Fullerton Hatch delivered the folfollowing:

Address of Welcome

"A great privilege and opportunity is mine; but how may I put into words the wordless welcome of these blue hills, these tranquil waters?

To you all—to you, distinguished guests, who come to help us celebrate the day; to you, sons and daughters, who revisit

the old town; to you, summer folks, who here seek and find the healing ministry of nature at her loveliest—to each of you I extend the hearty greetings of Wolfeboro. I know the welcome comes from



MRS. MABEL FULLERTON HATCH

everyone of us who enjoys the privilege of living here. I know the welcome comes from that "cloud of witnesses" passed beyond our human vision, who have loved and lived in our town these 150 years. Today is their day—these men and women, the boys and girls who have trod these streets, lifted up their eyes unto these hills, rejoiced in the beauty of these "outspread tranquil waters."

They blazed trails, fought hostile Indians, cleared virgin lands. They lived laborious days. Look at the stone walls, notice the patient work in treasured heirlooms of hand-woven tablecloths, and coverlids! They managed, somehow, from their meager means to provide schools; they supported churches—attended them moreover. Somehow they clothed and fed and brought up big families. They did their loyal part in the days when liberty was at stake; in the days when division threatened the life of the nation; in these later days when all the forces of evil struck at all that men hold dear. My great great grandmother, Mary Fullerton was, they say, six feet tall, robust, energetic. She was left a widow with seven small children and was quite equal to the job of bringing them up singlehanded. Today I am afraid she would think her descendants were a shrunken lot. And, friends, it is our business to see that we have not shrunk in spiritual stature; that we can tackle the hard jobs of today with the patience, the fortitude, the pioneer spirit of our forbears.

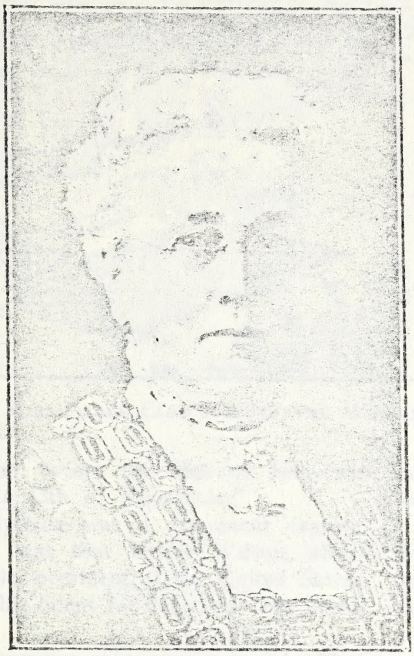
I do not think that our ancestors rhapsodized much about the scenery. Likely enough the ways of pleasantness and beauty savored a little of "the devil and all his works." Their grim theology led them to find their sermons not in stones but in bleak and unlovely meeting houses; their books not in running brooks but in the dismal lives of the saints. Yet I believe that back of all the material advantages, cheap land, plentiful firewood, abundant fish and game, they had a seeing eye for the hills whence came their help; that they rejoiced in the still waters by which they were being led; that they loved the "springs of waters whose waters fail not;" that they were comforted by the promise, "And my people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places." I believe they exclaimed with David "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us." "Truly the lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places. Yea, we have a goodly heritage."

We *have* a "goodly heritage." You who come to us, we who serve you, let us work together to preserve it. Let us be tolerant, let us be friendly. Let us tackle the hard problems of today with unselfishness, with courage, with that abiding faith moreover, in the Radiant Reality which lies behind this lovely seeming, and which alone makes men's lives worth while. Today is the day to prepare for the 200th anniversary of this good town.

Friends, in the name of Wolfeboro, I bid you welcome and again welcome *home*."



Mrs. Lydia Remick Chadwick gave a historical sketch of the



MRS. LYDIA REMICK CHADWICK

Wolfeboro and Tuftonboro Academy, as follows:

HISTORICAL SKETCH

I feel honored to be invited to write a sketch of the Wolfeboro and Tuftonboro Academy. It is a subject dear to my heart, because I am so closely connected with its history. Among its scholars were my mother, my uncles and aunts, my brother and sisters.

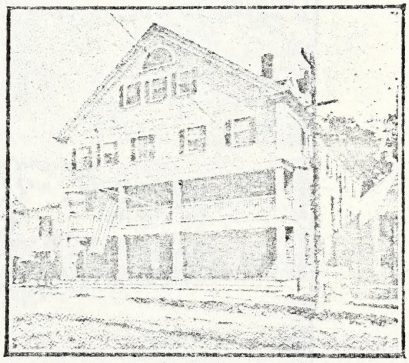
In preparing this sketch I am indebted for information to the History of Wolfeboro, written by Mr. Benjamin F. Parker, and that of the Academy written by Rev. Dr. John W. Hayley.

The inhabitants of the town met at the tavern of Ichabod Libby, May 4, 1820, to settle the question of an academy. This tavern was the house now occupied by Mr. Sherman Brummitt. Jonathan Blake was chosen chairman and Daniel Pickering, secretary. It was decided to raise $5,000 for the purpose. Each donor was to pay for ten years 6% of the sum subscribed. Mr. Nat Rogers and Mr. Samuel Avery gave liberally for the purpose. The charter was granted. An acre of land was secured, exempt from taxation. Its location was most desirable. An endowment fund was raised, largely the gift of Benjamin Guppy. The building was well constructed, as its use at the present day proves. Having been moved from its former position, it is still occupied by the Pickering school.

In 1827 the upper part was finished for a chapel, and used for several years for church purposes, until the meeting house of the Congregationalist church was built. The house now occupied by Mrs. Frank Cook was a boarding house for girls.

The academy was opened in 1821 with John P. Cleveland as preceptor. Among the scholars were Augustine D. Avery, Charles Nowell, Ebenezer Allen, Enoch Banfield and Samuel Stevenson. Tuition was $3.50 a term, and board $1.25 a week.

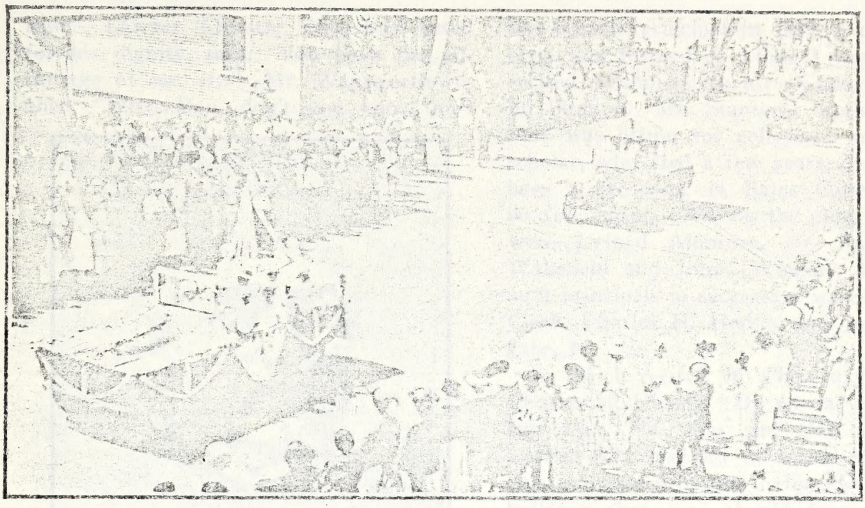
The by-laws were quite remarkable. Article 26 reads:—"The students shall respectfully notice the proprietors of the institution and other gentlemen of char-



SHERIDAN HOUSE
BUILT IN 1795 AND USED AS A HOTEL

acter when they pass them on the street." Article 39:—"No student shall enter the water for the purpose of bathing oftener than once a fortnight; nor shall any student remain in the water more than ten minutes at a time. No student shall enter



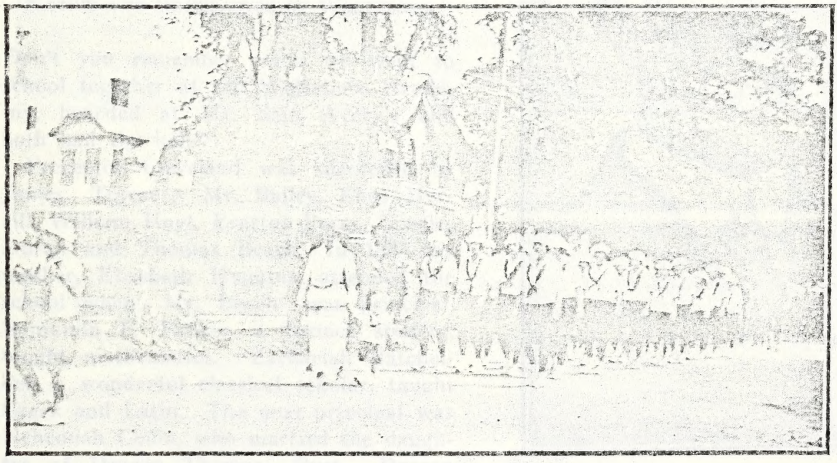


MISS ALMA CLOW'S AUTO AND WOLFEBORO AND TUFTONBORO ACADEMY.

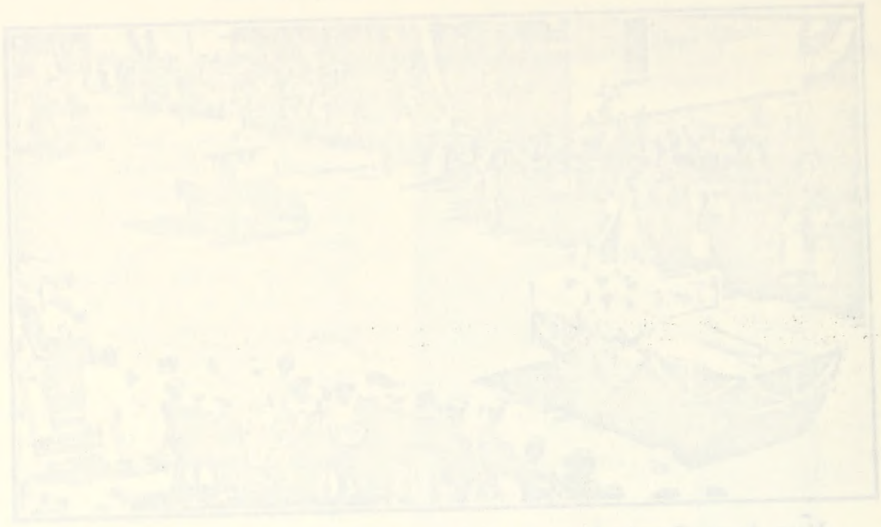
the water before the 15th of June nor after the 15th of September."

The lyceum was a prominent feature. Here it was that Henry Wilson, afterwards vice-president of the United States, showed his talent for debating. He boarded at Mr. Samuel Avery's, and had it not been for the encouragement and financial aid given him by Mr. Avery, he doubtless would not have had an education. He was always grateful to his benefactor, and late in life he visited Mr. Avery and expressed his affection.

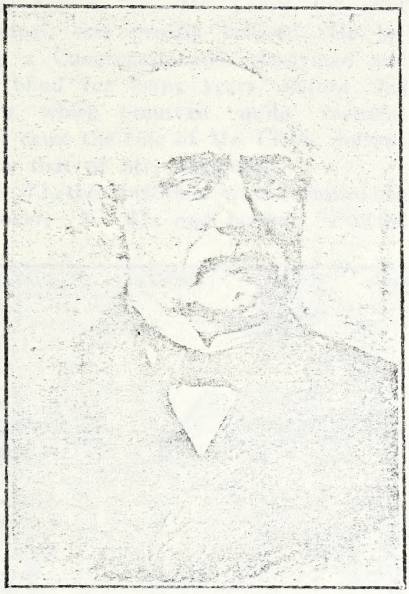
Among the names of the early students are those of Lorenzo Coffin, John Wentworth and Daniel M. Christie. It is told of Long John Wentworth that, many years after his school days he came east, and in walking in the streets of Dover, he came up to his old chum, Lawyer Christie. Giving Mr. Christie a vigorous slap on the shoulder, he exclaimed, "Hullo,



CAMP KUWIYAN GIRLS (Photo by E. S. Albee)



Dan." Lawyer Christie who was noted for his dignity, said, "You have the advantage of me, sir." Mr. Wentworth replied, "Why, Dan, don't you know me?



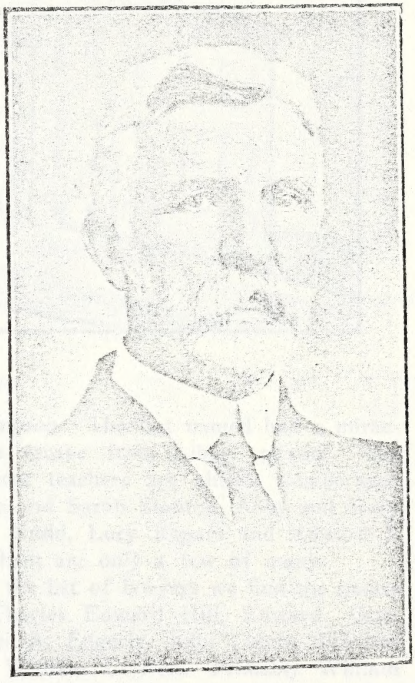
JOHN BREWSTER,
NATIVE AND BENEFACTOR OF WOLFEBORO.

Don't you remember when we went to school together at the Wolfeboro Academy, boarded at Mr. Sam Avery's and both had the itch?"

Preceptor Cleveland was succeeded by James Towner, Mr. Bailey, Enos Merrill, William Hoyt, Erastus Perry, Charles Duran and Thomas Beach. In 1837 my mother, Elizabeth Huggins, attended the school when Mr. Beach was principal. Benjamin F. Parker, a former student, taught mathematics. Zachariah Batchelder, a wonderful classical scholar, taught Greek and Latin. The next principal was Nehemiah Coffin, who married the daughter of Deacon Thomas Rust. Deacon Rust was secretary of the trustees for fifty years.

Between the years of 1839 and 1850 the school was in charge of a Mr. Fowler, Jeffries Hall, afterwards pastor of the Congregational church, David Vittum and Ambrose Smith. When Benjamin Stanton became principal in 1849, a children's class was formed of which I was one. I recited Arithmetic to Mrs. Catherine Coffin Stanton. Mr. Stanton's brother Jonathan was fitting for college—a wonderful scholar, who died a few years ago, having been a professor in Bates College from its foundation. Among the older scholars were Lyford Ambrose, Dr. Roberts of Wakefield and John Wingate, Jr. The next principals in succession were Goodale, Clark, Charles H. Hersey and John Wingate, Jr.

In '55 I recited in Chemistry to Mr. Charles H. Hersey. He was a very bashful man. The boys and girls were not angels. The last day of school some mischievous girl proposed before we left the building that we should kiss the pre-



CHARLES W. HALEY,
PRINCIPAL BREWSTER ACADEMY.

ceptor good bye, and several of us marched up to the desk, and performed the audacious ceremony. Great success attended the rule of John Wingate, Jr. He

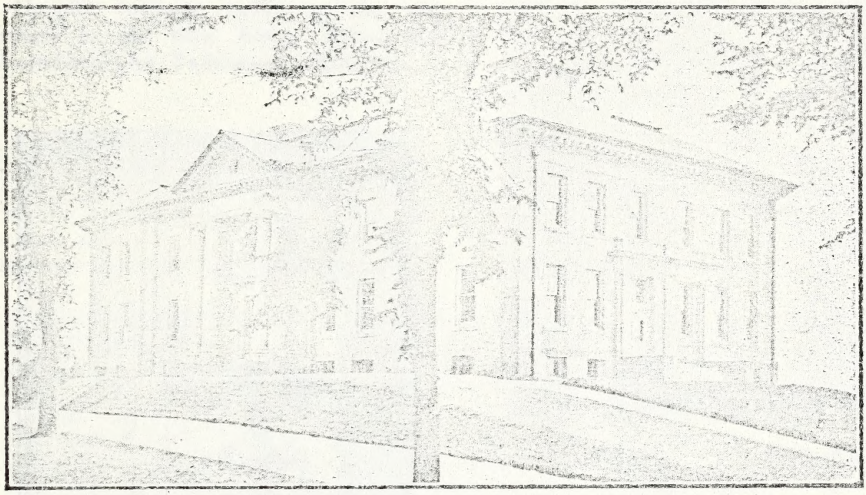
was a born teacher. At this time Miss Caroline Hall taught me Virgil.

In '66 the academy was leased to the Christian denomination, and the school was called the Christian Institute. Mr. Edwin F. Moulton took charge. I taught under him in '67. Mr. Larry, the next principal, was greatly beloved. He became a Congregationalist clergyman and was blind for many years before his death, which occurred quite recently. Next came the rule of Mr. Chase, followed by that of Mr. Symonds.

In '73 the Institute was removed to Andover, N. H., and became Proctor Academy. The following year the Wolfeboro Academy was again opened, and Mr. DeWitt C. Durgin became principal. In '78 the academy ended its existence, and the building was turned over to the town.

The limit of this paper does not allow mention of the many remarkable men and women who have attended the academy. Hundreds have scattered all over the United States and in foreign countries. Ann Eliza Avery Thompson, Fanny Beacham Newell and Lyford Ambrose have been missionaries. Caroline Orne and Clara Augusta Jones were authors. Among the clergy are George Allen, William and Edward S. Cotton, George Cate, Alva Morrill, Jonathan M. Brewster and John W. Haley. Among the doctors are Rufus King, Henry Parker, Charles Warren, John and Henry Warren, Sarah Jenness, Frank Whitten and Henry Libby. Dr. Libby has been a wonderful benefactor to the town in establishing his beautiful museum, filled with the flora and fauna of this locality.

Among the academy students in the Civil War were James and Burleigh Newell, John M. Cate, John Fogg, Charles S. Paris, Charles O. Doe, John Harris Beacham, Albert Hersey and Benjamin Thompson. The last named had a miraculous escape from Libby prison. The eminent teachers are almost numberless: Clara and Sarah Stanton, Abby and Mary Ann Nudd, Lucy Rogers and Edward J. Goodwin are only a few of many.



BREWSTER ACADEMY.

In the list of lawyers we find the names of Charles Edward Hill, Edward Cate, James A. Edgerly, John Calvin Bickford and William C. Fox. Probably William C. Fox was the most brilliant man that ever fitted for college here.

The name of no student arouses the enthusiasm of the people of Wolfeboro like that of John Brewster. The gift of Brewster Academy in value is beyond

calculation. The education received by him in the old academy doubtless aroused a love for learning and as a result he gave his fortune to help boys and girls struggling for an education. Today, celebrating the centennial of the academy, we all join heartily in honoring the name of John Brewster.

We little realize how much we owe to the sacrifice of the founders of the Academy. We cannot calculate the value of the ambition inspired by its teachers; the lessons learned not only from books but from the discipline of school life, and in many instances the help to a higher life.

Happily, lovingly, today we pay our tribute to our dear Alma Mater, the Wolfeboro and Tuftonboro Academy.

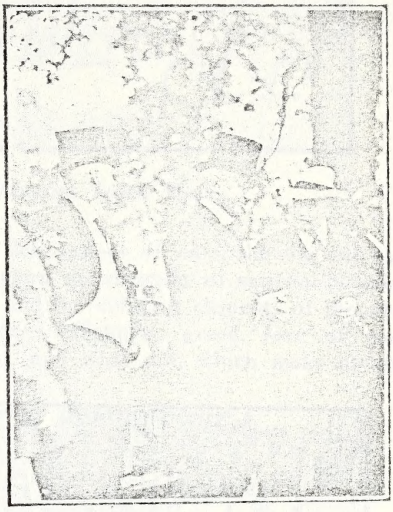


*Fred E. Clow, M. D.

The historical address by Hon. Sewall W. Abbott proved to be an able and scholarly document, interesting and entertaining throughout and follows in full:

Judge Abbott's Address

It is an unenviable task to attempt a history of such a time or event as this present celebration of Wolfeboro, its one

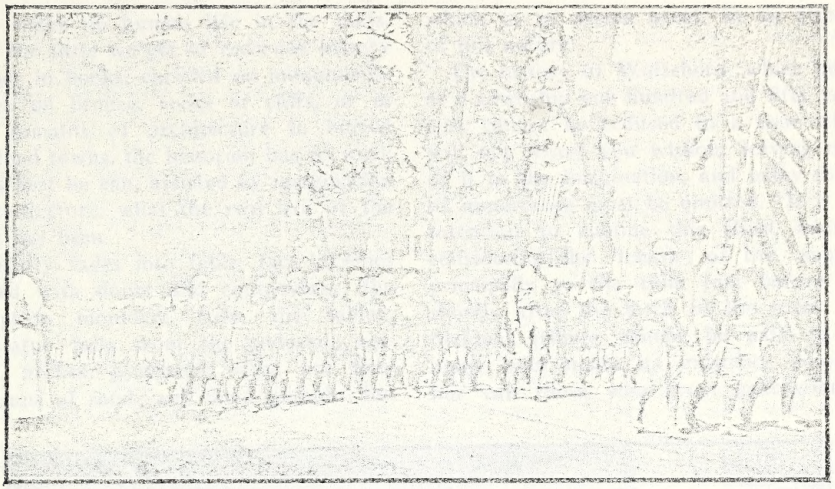


Councilor Clow, Gov. Bartlett, Judge Abbott

hundred and fiftieth birthday. It has about it much of dissatisfaction, something of pleasure. It is unsatisfactory because we know so little about the times and happenings, the labors, the real things accomplished in the days long gone by.

One hundred and fifty years is as nothing in the long distance from the beginning of history, traditional and written, to the present day. Knowledge cannot comprehend the centuries with their achievements which have hurried into the dark and clouded past. Human life on

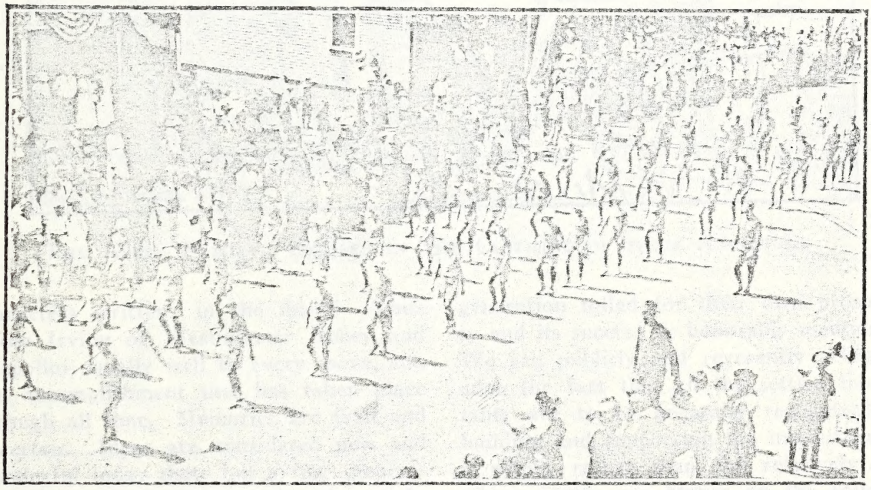
*Dr. Fred Ellsworth Clow, son of Councilor Stephen W. Clow, was born in Wolfeboro, October 25th, 1881, and is one of the leading physicians of the town. He received his education in the town school, Brewster Free Academy and graduated from Harvard Medical School in 1904. He is Commander of the Am. Legion and Capt. in the Medical Reserve Corps, a Trustee of the State Home for Consumptives at Glencliff, chairman of the State Board of Registration in Medicine and a Trustee of the Huggins Hospital. Dr. Clow has a large practice in Wolfeboro and surrounding towns. In his profession he has been exceptionally successful, and is always interested in the advancement of his native town.



COMPANY B, CAMP WYANOKE, PASSING TOWN HALL.

this globe is one great evolution in all that goes to make it what it is and what it will become, as it moves onward to its destined end.

History has been for the most part a record of such things as have happened in the course of the ages, which seemed to the historians to be of the most importance, concerning governments and peoples. These have been mostly records and descriptions of wars, the rise and fall of rulers, the changing of national boundaries and the different elements of thought, desires, selfishness, greed, love of conquest, and what not, which make up the life and character of governments. Too little is known, practically nothing in fact, of the lives of the people, their labors, their homes, their touch with public affairs; all those uncounted things which

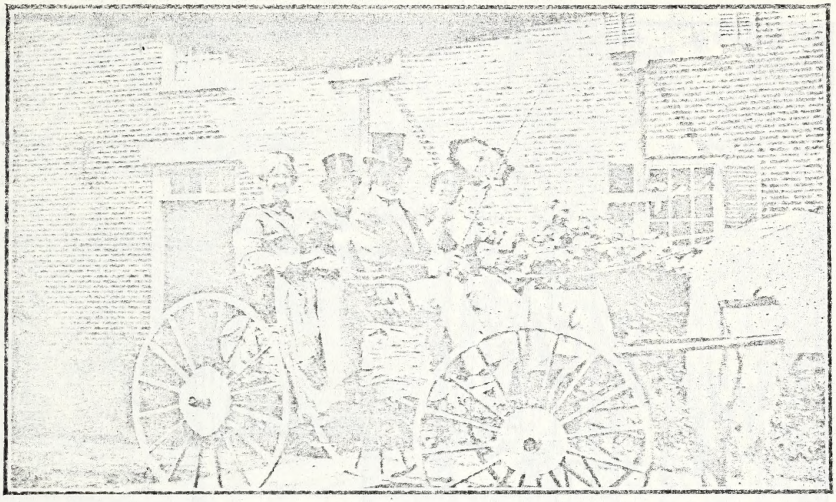


CAMP WINNIPESAUKEE BOYS IN PARADE.

go to make up human life in the mass. From the little we get of recorded history whether in books, chiseled on monuments, written on bronze, rocks or cliffs, or in what remains of architecture in buried or ruined towns, the historian has to work out as best he can, assisted by imagination and conjecture, what the real life of the world has been.

"History fades into fable, fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy, the inscription moulders from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal; columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand; and their epitaphs, but characters written in the dust." Thus wrote Irving of Westminster Abbey and it applies equally well to every move, act, and accomplishment that has taken place through all time. Memories are frail and uncertain. Ideas are considered new and wonderful today that but a few generations ago were experimented with, weighed, found wanting, and discarded. It is true we who are only one hundred and fifty years away from some certain time, from traditions, records, and those things which have survived decay, are not so badly handicapped, yet it is impossible to do justice, even at this distance in time, which to us seems great, in an attempt of this nature.

The history of Wolfeboro, which began as a township one hundred and fifty years ago, cannot be reduced to a time which will not weary you without leaving most of it to the imagination, and many things of importance must be omitted. It is our intention to confine this short address, considering the length of the subject, principally to the time just before and shortly after the birth of the town. Individual tribute cannot be paid to the many who made its existence possible; nor can those who from generation to generation toiled for their own prosperity and its success be honorably mentioned. We can publicly and reverently acknowledge the fact that all the settled inhabitants are to be generally recognized as building and supporting the institution, as a whole, rather than the relatively few whose names are higher on the rolls of local fame.



THE AVERY FAMILY. DRESSED IN THE CLOTHING OF THEIR ANCESTORS.

We cannot tell when, for what purpose or in what places in the town the first white men came. There is no record. The facts have been lost in the mysteries of the past. The Indians were wont to come to our lake shores for fish and game,

but no record of any tribe or village is found. Traditions indicate permanent settlements. It is said the first white man to make his mark here was named Smith: that he was a hunter or prospector for whom Lake Wentworth was formerly named, also this village, once known as Smith's Bridge Village, that name having been changed since 1860. The bridge built by him was made by felling trees across the river near where Main Street bridge is now.

That there were no settlers here prior to 1767 is not doubted. For a long time pioneers from the older towns and from across the sea, principally from England, had been going back farther and farther from the coast towns. Men of courage, ambition and perseverance were they who, braving the dangers and privations of the wilderness, made their way to this vicinity for the purpose of making for themselves homes. Let us not deceive ourselves with the romantic, sentimental idea that they were actuated by other motives than those of immediate personal advancement. Probably no thought of building for the future, no purpose relative to posterity, attracted them in the least. Animated by the desire to make homes for themselves and their families; to better their conditions; to lay permanent foundations for material progress, these were the things that urged them into the back woods, made them push farther and farther back the lines of the virgin forests, creating prosperous farms on hilltops and in valleys. Their work day was from sunrise to sunset; no working by the clock for them; no anxiety that they would do more than they were paid for. A mutual spirit of industry and helpfulness one toward another characterized their labors, without which our fertile fields and prosperous industries would today be wanting. They tell us the times have changed. There is no doubt about that. They have indeed. We have gained and we have lost. On which side the balance will be written is for future years to determine.

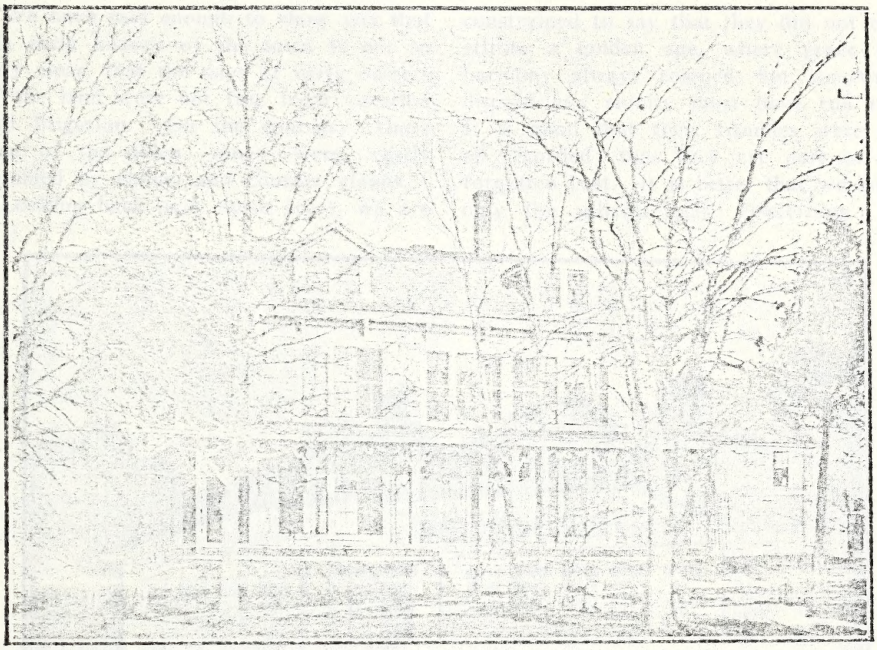


Wolfeboro National Bank Building.

In 1767 our neighbor to the south, New Durham, had more than one hundred and fifty inhabitants; Wolfeboro's territory, not one.

Large tracts of land in which our terri-

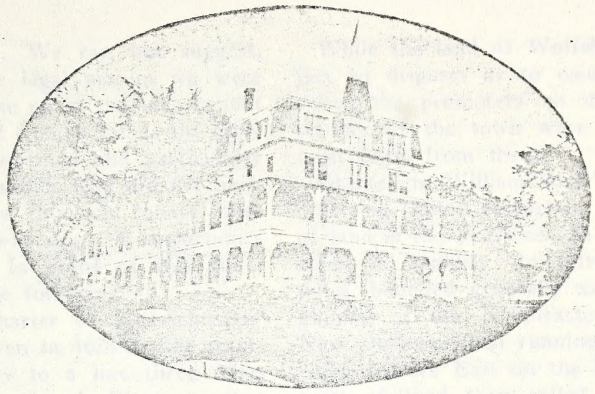
tory then lay were subject to several grants from the King of England; the English claiming, subject to the prior rights of the Indians, jurisdiction over all the region round us, and rightfully so. In 1620, this section passed into the control of a council of forty created by King James. Two years later two members of that council, Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Captain John Mason obtained a grant of all lands between Sagadahock River, now the Kennebec, in Maine, and the Merrimack, and running back as far as the great lakes and rivers of Canada.



Huggins Hospital.

In 1629 this same Mason obtained a patent from the Plymouth Council for the land from the middle of the Piscataqua River to the farthest head thereof and thence northwestward until sixty miles were finished; also through the Merrimack river to the farthest head thereof and so forward up into the land westward until sixty miles were finished; and from thence to cross over land to the end of sixty miles accounted from Piscataqua river with all islands within five leagues of the coast. You who are interested in ancient geography and its puzzles see if you can figure this tract out and map it out to your satisfaction, to say nothing of satisfying anyone else. The lines intended no doubt took in part of Wolfeboro.

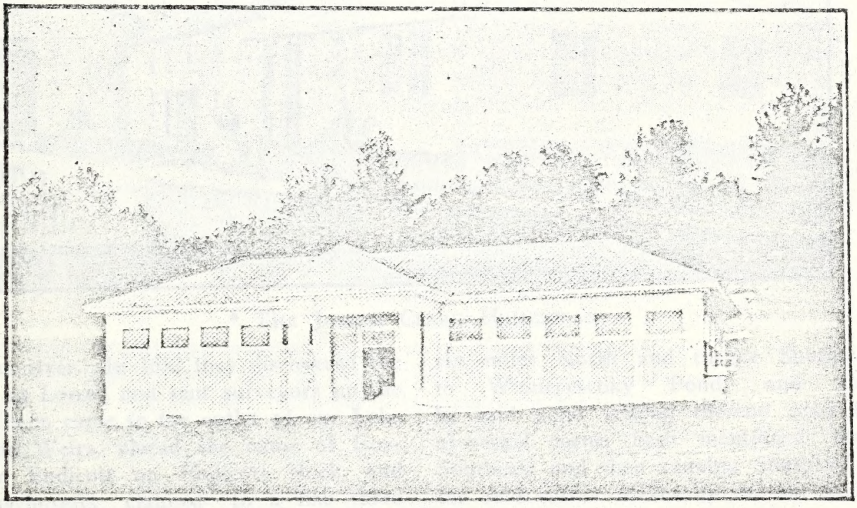
From 1629 to 1759 this territory had various owners or claimants, among them John and Robert Tufton and Samuel Allen, and then it came into the ownership, such as it was, of the Masonian Proprietors who sold to John Tufton Mason, and he, in turn, to the Proprietors of Mason's Patent. October 5th, 1759, William Earl Treadwell, Henry Apthrop, Ammi Ruhamah Cutter and David Sewall became the proprietors of Wolfeboro, and on October 26th, of the same year, they took into cotenancy, or partnership as it were, twenty associates. A portion of Wolfeboro had previously been included in a township called Kingswood, and hence the revival of that name in these days in various ways.



HOTEL ELMWOOD

We have said enough to show you that the early history of the town is not so very clear, that the days of early owners of the land were not free from vexation and litigation. On the contrary those men of the olden times were vastly troubled by claims and counter claims.

Looking back over those years, we are constrained to say that they did not constitute a golden age, where peace and harmony always reigned, but sometimes discord and enmity must have run riot. It is good that their troubles were not all recorded; that they are part of the forgotten past. It is better that we know only the salient facts concerning the



* LIBBY MUSEUM, WOLFEBORO, N. H.

*This museum, on the shore of Lake Winnipesaukee, near the Tuftonboro line, in one of the most romantic spots on the entire shore of this wonderful lake, was built, and is maintained by Dr. Henry Libby, a noted dentist, native of Tuftonboro, who commenced the study of his profession in Wolfeboro, continued at the Harvard Dental School, and won distinction in practice at 366 Commonwealth Ave., Boston. The museum building is unique in itself, architecturally perfect, and contains the largest and most complete collection of the fauna and flora of New Hampshire to be found in the state, to which constant additions are being made by Dr. Libby, who, retiring from active practice, makes his home in this delightful region, and devotes his attention to the study of natural history and its illustration in this manner. The museum is opened free to the public and is constantly visited and admired by large numbers of people, coming not only from Wolfeboro and surrounding towns, but from long distances for this purpose alone.

times and events. We can but suggest, however, that the legal maxim we were early taught to the effect that one cannot steal land was not true so far as the early colonists were concerned and particularly those of Massachusetts who did not hesitate to take several thousand square miles regardless of ownership if opportunity presented itself. In proof of this statement we offer the following:—

The original charter of Massachusetts' Bay Colonists given in 1628 or '29 granted land Northerly to a line three miles North of the Merrimack River, running thence Westward keeping to the contour of the river. In 1652 they discovered the bend at Lowell and sent surveyors up the river who came to the outlet of our Lake at the Weirs, placed the name of Governor Endicott on Endicott Rock, and Massachusetts claimed to a line three miles North of there running East and West to the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Not much of an attempted land steal was it? Had they not made a mistake at Franklin Falls and come to the Weirs they could just as well have gone up the Pemigewasset and claimed their line in the Franconia Mountains.

While the land of Wolfeboro was subject to disputes as to ownership as between the promoters no doubt the real settlers of the town were free, for the most part, from them.

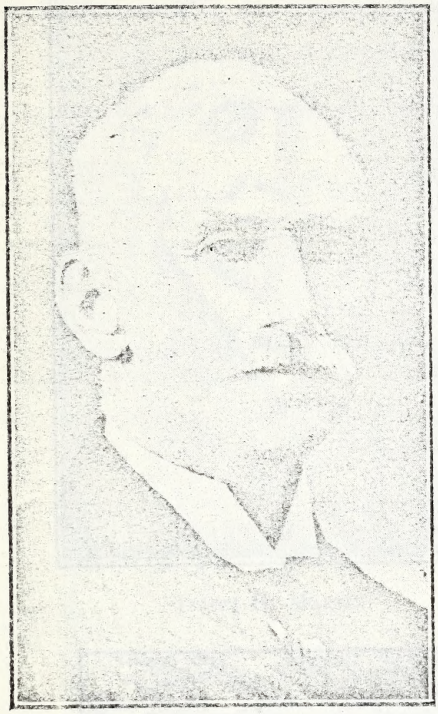
Granted to William Earl Treadwell and others in 1759, it comprised a certain tract of land in the Province (N. H.) aforesaid equal in quantity to thirty-six square miles, bounded generally as follows: Beginning at the Northeasterly corner of New Durham, then running North forty-eight degrees East on the head or upper tract of land then called Middleton so far as that a line running from thence six miles North and thence Southwest to Winnepescoky Pond, and then by said pond joining thereon until the aforesaid corner first mentioned bears Southeast and then running Southeast to the said corner makes up the six square miles. The above described lines bounded the original town of Wolfeboro three-fourths of which was surveyed in large lots or sections, twenty-four in number, and deeded by lot to Jotham Rindge, John Rindge, John Wentworth, John Long, Nathaniel P. Sargent, John Parker, Henry Rust, George King, Thomas Went-



* The Joseph Clark Homestead.

*One of the oldest houses in Wolfeboro, built about 1795 by Henry Alland, and occupied by Joseph Clark, March 17, 1817. It has been in the Clark family for 103 years.

worth, Daniel Rindge, Henry Apthorp, William E. Treadwell, Daniel Treadwell, Robert Odiorne, William Parker Jr., Joshua Brackett, David Sewall, Thomas Darling, Samuel Moffat, Isaac Rindge and A. R. Cutter. Two were conveyed to Paul March for settlement purposes.



* Greenleaf B. Clark.

The Masonian Proprietors' quarter was divided into eighteen lots and set off as follows: Lot nine for the ministry, John Wentworth, Joshua Pierce, George Jeffrey, Thomas Wallingford, the first minister, John Rindge, Solly & March, Meserve, Blanchard and Company, Tomlinson and Mason, Richard Wibird, Jotham Ordiorne, The School, Theodore Atkinson.

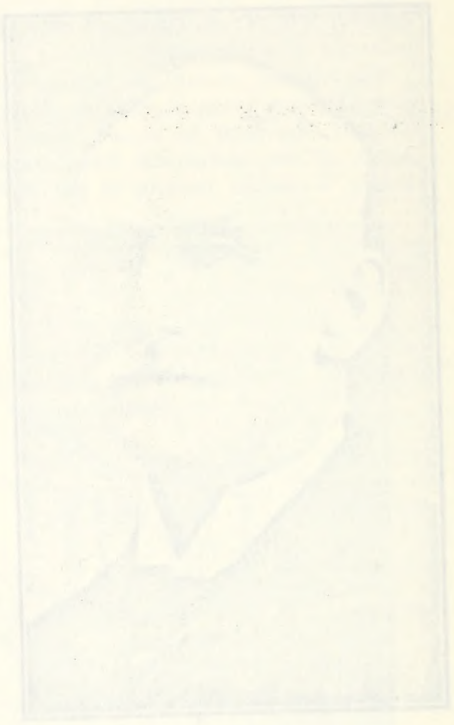
There was an addition of five lots, making forty-seven divisions of land in the town. When we have found this fact and considered the numerous subdivisions we need not speculate as to the uncertainties of these lot lines now, nor wonder at their uncertainty.

After one hundred fifty years of constantly changing ownership it would be greater cause for wonder had the old lines been kept intact. The town is in possession of plans and maps, however, that make these lot locations sufficiently plain for all practical purposes, to the original grantors.

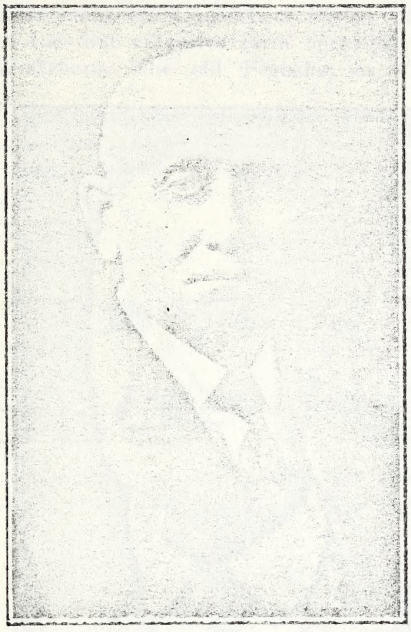
Wolfeboro received its name on the 14th day of November, 1759. It was adopted by the twenty-four proprietors and the record shows that "The township, in honor of the late renowned and illustrious General Wolfe, deceased, be called Wolfeborough." Thus there is no doubt as to the fact that in spite of the former incorrect spelling of the word which error was corrected by the Legislature in 1907, it was named for General Wolfe. The term Borough is of old English origin and means "an ancient town holden of the King or any other lord which sendeth burgesses to the Parliament," and in our case it means a Borough or town dedicated to and in honor of the achievements of General Wolfe who lost his life in the storming and taking of Quebec so long ago. It is a singular fact although the names of most towns in this country have been duplicated and even multiplied Wolfeboro's has not, and today it is the only town or post office of that name in the United States.

On August 1st, 1770, "George the Third by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc.," granted to the inhabitants of Wolfeboro a township by that name. The charter itself, so far as we know, is lost, but we hope that sometime it may be

*Greenleaf B. Clark, son of Enoch M. and Sarah (Hayes) Clark, was born November 30, 1845, and has always lived in the old Clark homestead. In his business career he has contributed materially to the development of his native town. He has built many houses and opened many streets and also built the large shoe factory whose payroll returns from $75,000 to $100,000 to its employees annually. He is ever ready to contribute to any cause for the promotion of the public good. His latest gift to the town is a beautiful plot of land on South Main Street, to be used for a public park or garden, embracing the old homestead front to be preserved as a relic of olden time.



discovered and turned over for safe keeping. It may be quietly reposing among papers thought to be of no account and for the same reason it may have been destroyed. A copy, however, appears on the first page of the first book of records of the town, which book ought to be copied and the original restored as nearly as possible and safely kept. It is growing in value to the town every year and it is in bad condition.

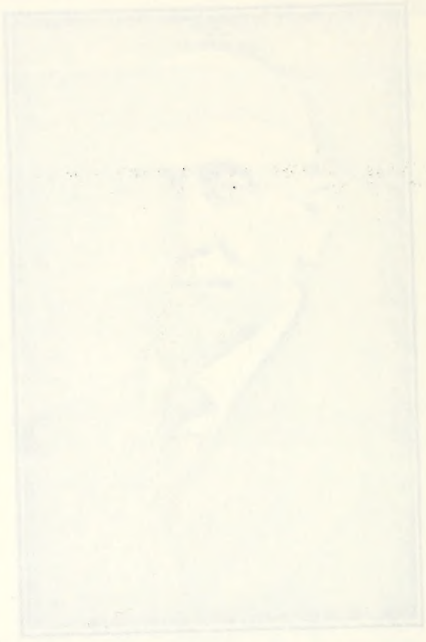


JAMES H. MARTIN

Here seems to be the proper place to pay a just tribute to the memory of one who probably was the most energetic of the first proprietors in the settlement of Wolfeboro, giving to it a force that no other man of New Hampshire at that time could have given. It is to JOHN WENTWORTH, the last colonial governor of the Province of New Hampshire we refer. Appointed to his important and honorable position at the age of about thirty years, he at once took up its duties and responsibilities, earnestly endeavoring to bring his domain to a high position in the Western world. He was not born to the purple. He was the son of a merchant of Portsmouth. He entered Harvard at the age of fourteen. In 1762 he was appointed one of the first committee on settling this township. In 1763 he went to England remaining there four years. Such were his abilities, charm of manner and unselfish interest in the new

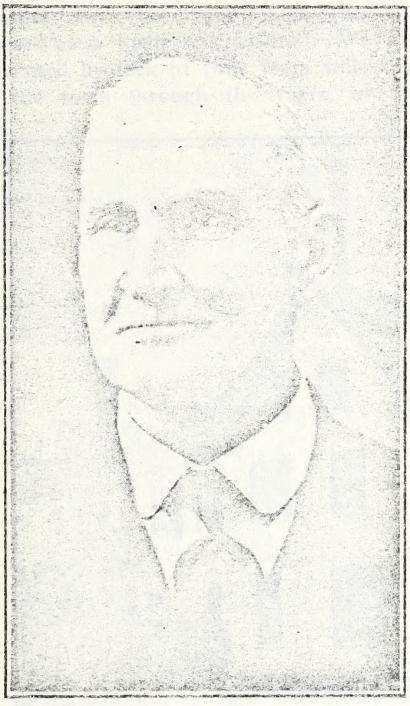


RESIDENCE OF JAMES H. MARTIN.





world, that in 1766 he was appointed "GOVERNOR of New Hampshire Province and surveyor of the King's woods in North America." He was an advocate and promoter of good roads; chartered Dartmouth College in the then wild woodlands along the Connecticut River; started the first extensive farm operations in Wolfeboro. The old Pequaket or Con-



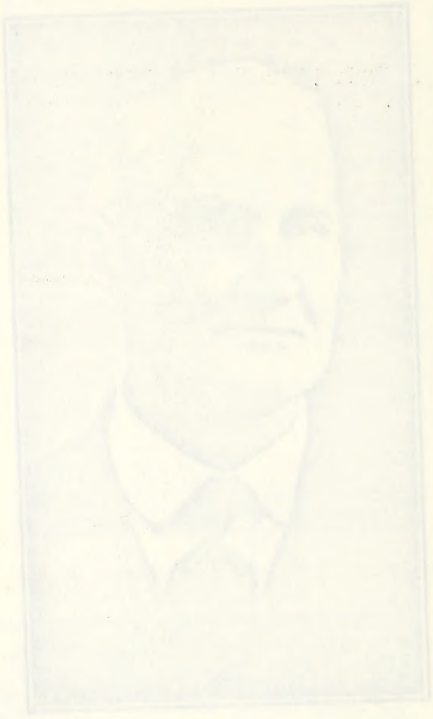
* Hon. Stephen W. Clow

way road from Wolfeboro to the Saco in Conway, and the Dartmouth College road from the Governor's house on the Easterly shore of the lake that now appropriately bears his name to Hanover, were instituted by him, enterprises in that day equalling, if not surpassing, the building of the highways now being constructed and developed across the continent. The Dartmouth road formed a continuous highway from Portsmouth through Wolfeboro to its end and much of the original layout can now be traced. Incidentally he caused Wolfeboro to be the first summer resort in New Hampshire and no doubt intended it to be the most noted town in the state—the first and best then as it is one of the first and best now. The house which he built, in part at least, was standing until 1820, in which year it was destroyed by fire. The cellar is now to be seen in ruins, to be sure, and three giant elms have grown up from it—fitting monuments to its memory. A portion of the road to it is plainly to be seen by those who care to look for it, and its condition justifies us in saying that a study of it might be a good thing for those who today have an idea that they know all about building country roads. In that as in many other things one may learn that it is profitable to study the works of the past. We are not so far ahead of them in practical matters as we think and as we are wont to boast. Only a few of his plans and deeds for the betterment of this region have been cited. Time forbids to comment upon all.

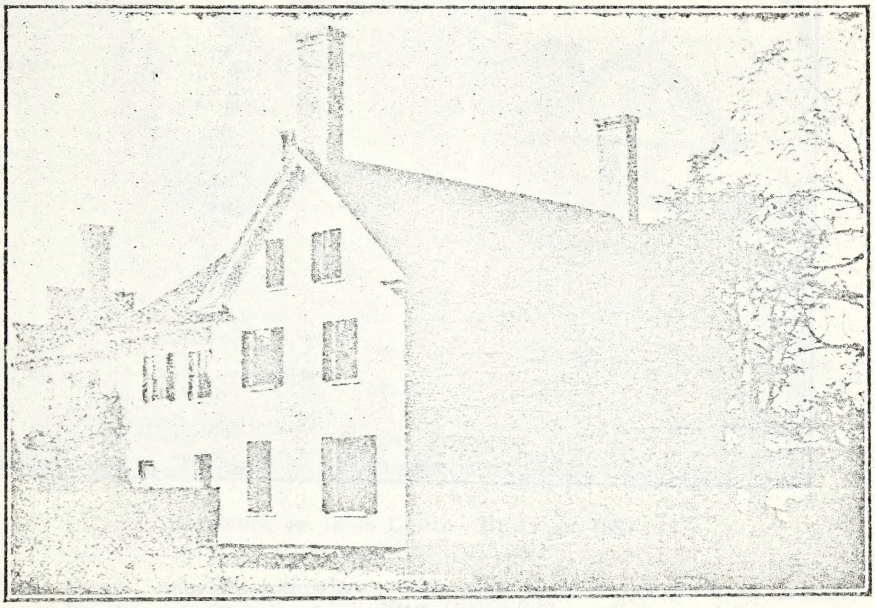
John Wentworth was loyal to the crown as would be expected, and to that loyalty sacrificed all that he held near and dear. At the commencement of hostilities between King and people he left for Portsmouth and from there escaped to a safe refuge. In 1792 he was appointed Governor of Nova Scotia and there he remained until his death April 8th, 1820. Then passed from earth one who but for the Revoluton might have been numbered among America's great, self-made men. His name is indelibly written upon the history of Wolfeboro which owes so much to him. All honor to his memory.

With the advent of Governor Went-

*Stephen W. Clow, pressent member of the N. H. Exec. Council, and one of Wolfeboro's most substantial citizens, was born in that town April 2, 1855 and educated in the public schools and Wolfeboro and Tuftonboro Academy. He has served the town as selectman more years than any other man, was a member of the House of Representatives in 1893, a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1902, and a Commissioner for Carroll County for six years. He is extensively engaged in farming and lumbering and owns and operates the box and saw mill at Wolfeboro, doing a general mill business. He has taken a deep interest in the development of the town, especially along the line of its summer business in whose success he takes just pride. He is active in the Masonic order, a member of Morning Star Lodge, No. 17, and of the Eastern Star.



worth came nine other pioneers who set up their homes somewhere near us: Henry Rust, Reuben Libbey, James Lucas, Samuel Tibbetts, Joseph Lary, Thomas Piper, Thomas Taylor, Benjamin Blake, and William Fullerton. You will recognize many of these names among our citizens of today who are descendants of those valiant yeomen. In six years thirty families were here and from then its success as a town was assured. We are prevented by lack of time from following up the town through the years, of the coming and passing of those sturdy men who hewed out of the wilderness places for their family altars and their firesides and thus laid the foundations of our splendid heritage.



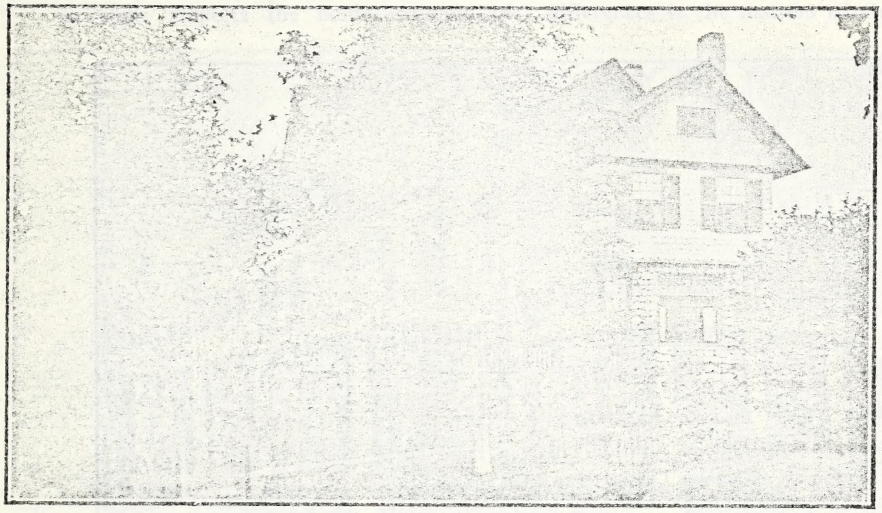
AVERY HOMESTEAD, WOLFEBORO, N. H.

It was not accomplished wholly by the few but was the result of the work of all. Our old records afford a mine of interesting information for those who are willing to search them. They were not for the most part men of education; probably many of them could neither read nor write. For that reason, maybe, they put more time into useful work. We know they were men of knowledge, gleaned from that great instructor, nature, wisest and best of teachers for those who are faithful to her instructions. Their books were the hills and valleys, the woods and streams, the sunrises and the sunsets, the bursting buds of spring and the harvests in their season—in fact nature in all her moods; and from them they gained much knowledge of value and transmitted a heritage to their children greater than we can appreciate. "They rest from their labors," but their works survive them. They sleep in lonely graves on the hillsides and in the vales, many unmarked and forgotten, their mission faithfully performed, their course well run. When we stand by those lowly mounds we can but think that;

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.
Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood."

soldiers accredited to Wolfeboro. We have every reason to believe they served the cause fearlessly and well, but owing to defective records the belief and faith that they followed the flag bravely and did their full share in the ranks must be our tribute and their monument. We can thus speak because we know of what virile, sturdy, fearless mould were they in body and in mind. As in every other war the records show that those who remained at home, men and women too, did their part supporting and encouraging



RESIDENCE OF JESSE GOULD. BUILT IN 1883.

Wolfeboro, always, since its somewhat belated start has been in the forefront in times of the country's stress, and danger. In 1775, four men enlisted in the Continental Army before the battle of Bunker Hill—Jeremiah Gould, James Lucas, Ichabod Tibbetts and Moses Tibbetts—in Capt. Benjamin Pitman's Company in Col. Enoch Poor's Regiment. In 1776, a company or train band was formed, John Sinkler captain, Andrew Lucas, first, and Jonathan Lary, second, Lieutenants, Reuben Libby, ensign, and thirty-six men, five under eighteen years of age, a splendid showing for the town and its few scattered inhabitants.

In that war there were at least thirty

those who were in the fields of action. Who among them is entitled to the greatest honor? They stand equal in all things where duty called. The citizens gave of their substance and made themselves poor. They suffered from the high cost of living as we have suffered and no doubt profiteers then existed and carried on their brigand-like practices as today. Government took control of prices for a time we know and no other reason could be found for that. This being an essay on a time centering around the early days of the town, we cannot cover fully the part played by Wolfeboro in all the wars in which the nation has been engaged. The war of 1812 and the Mexican war were

no more popular here than elsewhere in the north. In the Civil and Spanish Wars the then inhabitants of the town were abreast of the times especially from 1861 to 1865, valiantly battling for the preservation of the constitution, the freedom of the lowly and the enslaved. The town's work in the last great world's holocaust and ruin must be left to other hands. Those who were in it and of it cannot write its history correctly, but you all know Wolfeboro's part was gallantly carried out, equalling if not surpassing in some respects the noble example of



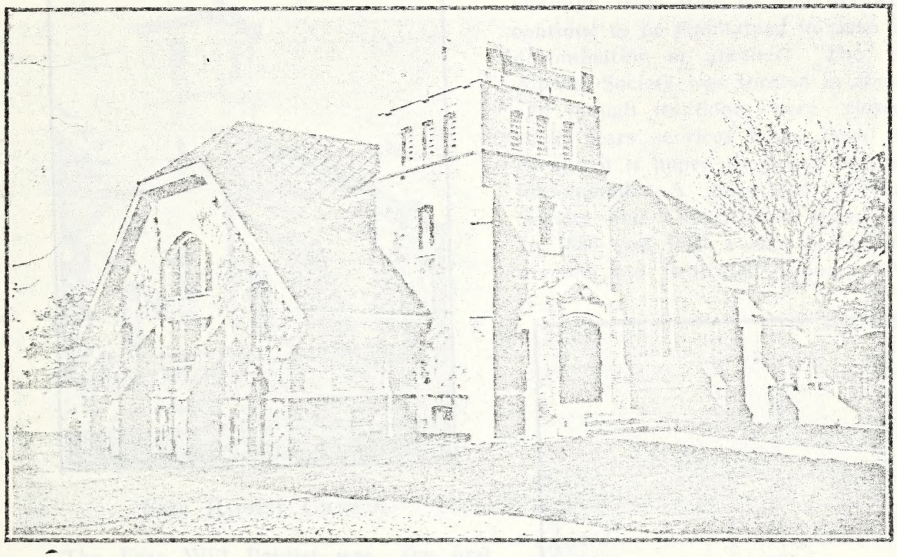
Rev. A. Edwin Keigwin, D. D., Summer Residence at Wolfeboro, N. H.

those men of by-gone days. The men of our time were just as brave, ready, and willing to submit to the supreme sacrifice if need be as any who have ever lived, dared and suffered for the country and its common good.

Sporadic attempts were made to obtain a minister from 1774 to 1781 but without success, owing to the scarcity of settlers and the lack of means. In 1781, however, one Andrew Collins contracted with the Selectmen to "Preach and keep school" for one year at the salary of eight dollars per month and his board. The school room and fittings furnished him cost three dollars and two cents. His board at Mr. Meader's doubtless where the Meader home, or formerly such, now stands, cost one dollar per week, and we do not doubt but that he lived better than he could now at ten times that sum. School teachers and ministers had their troubles then as now for Mr. Collins soon left town. The exact reason does not appear to be recorded and if it were it would be needless to inquire into it. Human nature was the same then as now and even we of this forward generation are not without our radical differences in the matters of churches and schools. In 1783 Rev. John Allen visited Wolfeboro and "preached some." He attempted to return but it is said he was prevented by the snows of Winter and it is also said that he remained in Pittsfield where he was snowbound. At the expense of the town the Rev. Mr. Thompson prached four Sabbaths in the fall of 1791. Isaac Townsend, a convert of Rev. Benjamin Randall, the founder of the Free Will Baptist Society, who believed and advocated that the people should not be taxed to support the church, came to town in 1791 and held services at different houses among the settlers, advocating

the then new departure in theory in the colonies that the churches should not be supported by general taxation. He died in the town, honored and respected, and now rests in the city on the hill.

Between 1780 and 1790, several Quaker families moved to town, the old custom of persecuting them, tying them to cart tails, dragging and flogging them through the streets and cutting off their ears, formerly practiced by their opponents in theology, having been long before abandoned. They proved to be good, useful citizens and added much to the prosperity of the town having an Association of their own and a small building for worship on North Main St., and near Friend Street, whence the name of Friend Street orginated. Some of their descendants are with us now, though they have ostensibly shaken off the faith of their fathers, of whom they have every reason to be proud.

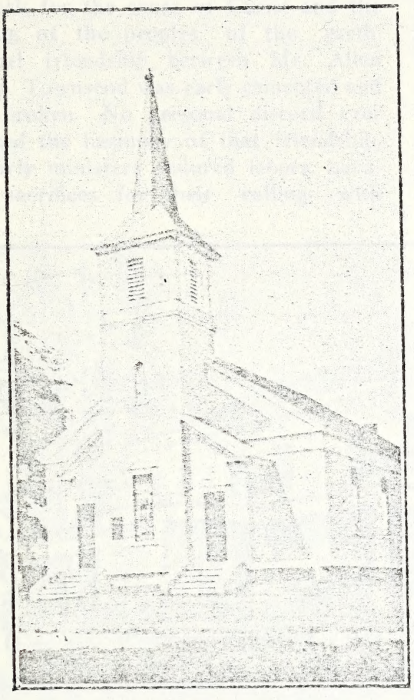


CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

The first minister settled by the town was Rev. Ebenezer Allen, October 16, 1792. He was given a lot of land awarded to the ministry by lot and lived at or near the Franklin B. Kenney homestead, just northerly of the old townhouse site. His call to Wolfeboro however was not harmonious and a vigorous opposition was put forth. Mr. Townsend and Mr. Allen were ordained the same day, October 25, 1792, the former in the forenoon and the latter in the afternoon; and in passing it may be interesting to know that the town paid for entertainment, among many other things for three and one-half gallons of rum. Division on religious matters thus began early and was kept up for many years. We draw the veil over all the unpleasant controversies of those days. They were honestly entered into and earnestly maintained and who are we to criticize their good faith? The zealous religionists of those days were acting according to their beliefs and were living up to what they considered best for all, and how much farther advanced are we that we can comment too adversely upon their conduct or say that from their differences even as from their co-operation good did not ultimately result? Compulsory support of the church was abandoned in 1806 and no doubt ended at the death of Mr. Allen who passed away in that year.

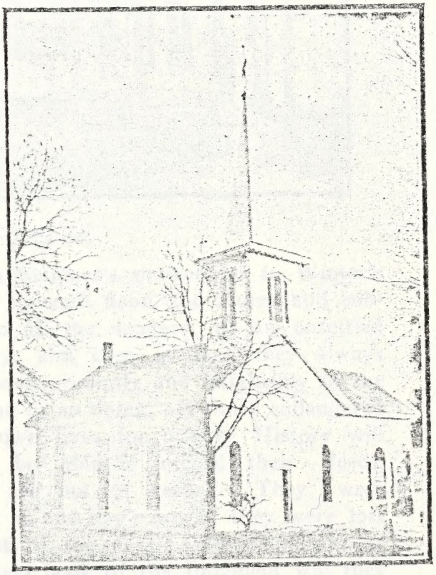
Happily the true religion of Christ now

prevails more and more and theological discussions are fast falling into disuse. The slogan of all denominations will be in the future, let us hope "One for all and all for one.'



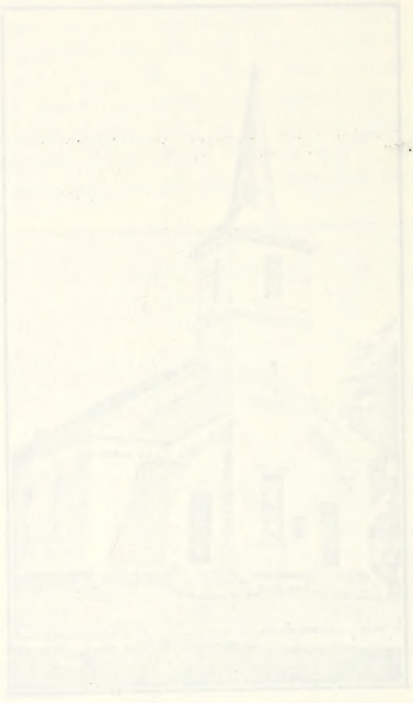
FREE BAPTIST CHURCH

The Free Will Baptist was the first church established in the town, dating back to October 19, 1792. There was a Congregational Society organized October 25, 1792, only six days later, but after the death of Mr. Allen in 1806 there appears to be no record of preaching by Congregationalists until 1820, although doubtless such services were held from time to time during these years. The Baptists and Methodists early united in building a meeting house at or near where the Cotton Meeting House now stands. It is not understood that they merged their theological ideas but they occupied the building amicably dividing the time between the two. The first Christian Church was organized January 3, 1812, Elder Mark Fernald of Kittery, Me., a minister of that denomination, having come to town in 1811, which church has been continued from year to year and is today in a flourishing condition. In June, 1834, a Congregational Church of twelve members was organized and this Society has always been active and prosperous and its present home is the handsome church building but a stone's throw from where we are assembled. Other churches at North Wolfeboro, Wolfeboro Center and South Wolfeboro, were organized, but the societies which kept them alive seem to have lapsed into disintgration and decay, although from time to time services still continue to be maintained in them by one denomination or another. The present Advent Society was formed in about 1886 and though its doors were closed for some years services have been resumed and it is hoped they may continue uninterrupted. A move for a Unitarian Society and Church was begun in 1882. In 1886 and 1887 a church building was erected and dedicated January 7, 1888.



CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Its members were few and gradually services were abandoned and now the society is practically disbanded. A Catholic



Chapel was erected in 1898 and there has been a church of that denomination ever since, with the present location on Sewall Road. Our churches have seen many changes but the standard of Christianity has been advanced all along the line and they now as then are doing splendid work for the cause of Christ and the uplifting of the peoples of the earth. Personal friendship between Mr. Allen and Mr. Townsend was early cemented and never broken. No personal discord ever disturbed the harmony of that friendship. The early ministers endured labors, hardships, sacrifices for their calling with



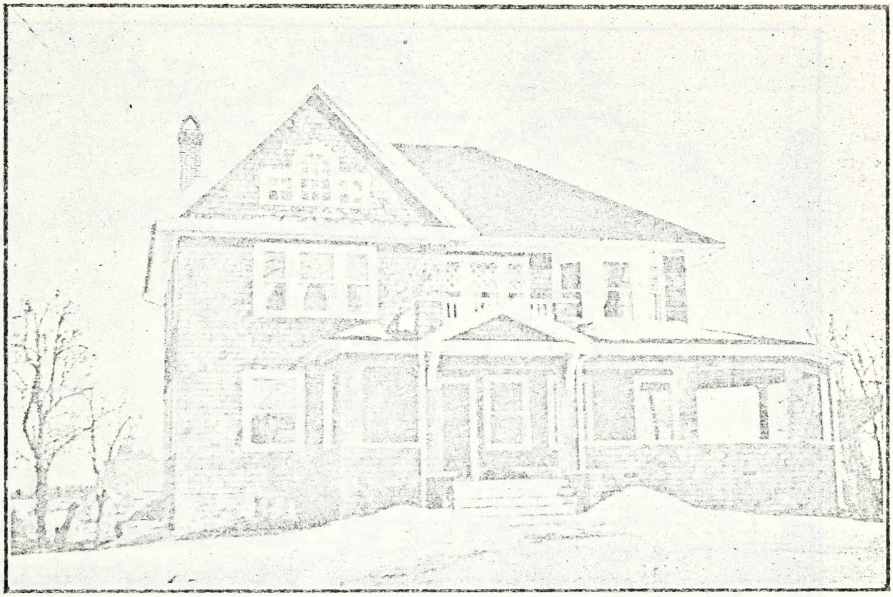
RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH T. MEADER.

fearless spirits truly born of God and they assisted in firmly planting churches and schools in which the teachings of the Saviour, honest citizenship and love of country were taught, preparing the young for the duties of life and of helpful citizenship. To the churches and the schools of those early days the present generation owes more than it can now comprehend, more than it ever can or will appreciate by passing them along to coming generations, those benefits received, with the interest and improvements that ought to be added.

The medical profession was ably represented from the first days, Dr. Ammi Rumah Cutter being the first, though he only came from his Portsmouth home when called. The first settled physicians were Dr. Asa Adams, 1798, and Dr. Moses Hoyt, 1810. Previous to that the housewife's simple remedies and a reliance on nature to cure when possible, as is always its tendency, were all upon which the people could rely. Since that time we believe there have been but short periods if any when there was no physician upon whom they could call. Then and during all years since the physicians played their part nobly and well. Constantly then as now they were called by night and by day in Summer's showers or in Winter's snows through flood and storm and subject to all the dangers of an unsettled country, and then as now they always responded promptly and unselfishly to the call and by so doing, oft times endangered their own lives for others. History will never be able to record their deeds. They are not of record. They were found in one day's work; they were lost in that of the next. Only from out of the great book of the Judgment will they be revealed. Their names are of record and they deserve a lasting monument to their memories.

According to a popular idea of today the

legal profession is not a necessity but a luxury, and yet to whom do men and women fly in times of business and domestic trouble but to the lawyer? Wolfeboro has had less lawyers by far than it has had clergymen and physicians. This speaks well for the good sense and the law abiding disposition of those early times. Zachariah Batchelder was doubtless the first, who probably came here some years after he became of age in 1816. That he was a good lawyer in every sense of the word we know, having seen many specimens of his work. That he was educated we know. Old Dartmouth has his name upon its roll. Common sense advice was his forte and his counsel was always strong for peace. William C. Fox comes next, a sound adviser, honest in his practice as in everything else and withal a poet of no small ability. Others have come and gone, some have found success in other fields. Of them we can only say they had their parts in the great drama of the town's life and they played them honorably and well. Lawyers of the early years were men of few books and consequently had to rely upon the reason and the justice of causes as best they could and became men of sound logic and great ability, capable of determining by analysis of facts what the outcome of an action should and most likely would be. They went at their work as a good student applies himself to his theorems in geometry and the consequences were that the old cases, for citing of which we are accused of clinging to the mouldy and outgrown past, contain the sound reasons for the determination of nearly all litigation today. The lawyers are suffering from too much pre-digested law. The profession is too apt to run to a law dictionary for authority rather than to take the trouble to reason for themselves. If the attorneys of the olden time were better than now here may be found the reason. They tell us business of today is traveling at a speed too great to permit of the patient study and demonstrations of other times. It may be so and we sometimes regret our danger-



Residence of Dr. F. C. Tobey

ous speed. And worst of all lawyers and laymen alike are groaning under the burden, heavy and useless, of too many statutes; too many machine-made laws. Less laws and better should be advocated. We are coming to believe in the old saying "That country is the best governed which is the least governed." This may be treason to so-called progressive modern ideas of proper government, but if it is you must make the most of it.

Mills, grist mills particularly, were vitally necessary to the settlers. They could prepare the flaxen thread and wool for weaving and weave them. They could raise fruits, vegetables and grains necessary for sustaining life, but to manufacture the grains into meal and flour was almost beyond them and so many a brook and stream were harnessed and grist mills erected upon the banks.

The difficulties of transportation were great, roads were poorly constructed, sometimes only bridle paths, and the nearer a mill to the patron the better, though it were small; and now if in fishing along any of our small brooks you see what appears to be the remains of a mill-dam where you would not expect one ever could have been, no doubt there at some distant day was heard the song of water falling from the wheel and the hum and rattle of machinery grinding the golden grain. There is not a water grist mill in town today. The necessity for them has passed. The first one, and best known, was on Smith's River near where the Hutchins mill now stands. Others were scattered over the town, having long since disappeared. They were but a necessary part of the peoples' simple needs, and as those needs were otherwise and better supplied they ceased to be of use. Only two water privileges were especially developed, those at Wolfeboro Falls and South Wolfeboro being grist mills, saw mills and woolen mills. These are privileges of value to the communities.

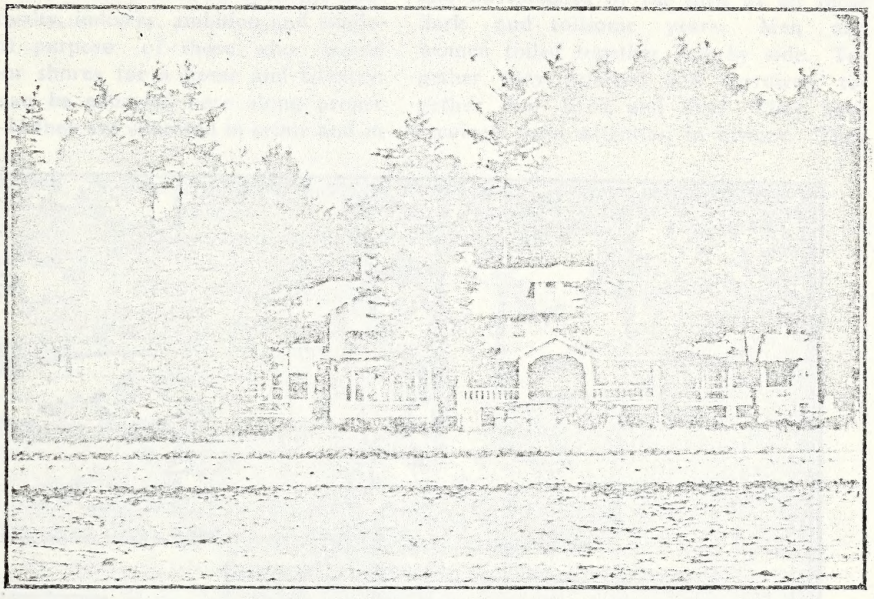


RESIDENCE OF MRS. G. C. KIMBALL

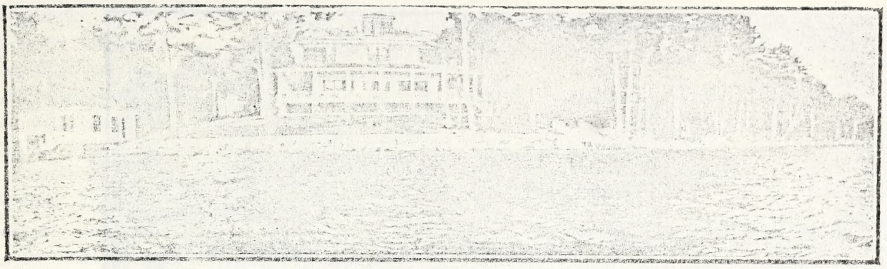
The honor and credit for the sound growth and material prosperity of Wolfe-

boro rests as in the case of all towns upon the farmers, those battling tillers of the soil. It was not the promoters of the town, the traders, millers, ministers, doctors and lawyers who made the town a success, necessary and honorable as was the calling of each; yet acting by themselves, following their own pursuits, the settlement would have been a failure. Underneath all were the farmers and upon their success or failure depended the fate of the settlement. It rested upon the farming industry. The men who labored in the great out of doors while making a living for themselves and families were at the same time causing the wild, wooded hills and valleys to blossom with homes upon which the material prosperity and usefulness of the township rested; and upon which all classes must depend. What Herculean labors were theirs to cut away the forests, dispose of trees and stumps, remove stones and even boulders, plant and cultivate the land; protect their crops and stock from the perils that laid in wait. Their efforts were successful. We cannot name them, only as a class. They have been too numerous. Their individual successes and failures are as the leaves upon the trees. They lived, toiled, rejoiced, suffered and died, unhonored and unsung and yet they entered into every progressive move. To them more than all others we owe our beautiful, successful, modern, much to be praised and desired town of today. Uneducated, as the town's records show, in that knowledge which comes from books, then as at the present time the learned in books and trades clung to the cities and larger towns.

Those who started Wolfeboro on its way, largely as a matter of speculation, were educated, to be sure; those who fashioned it and kept it a going concern were not. Had the immigration laws of today been in force then, most of them could not have passed Ellis Island or entered Boston Harbor, and Wolfeboro would have been a century behind, maybe, the Indians would still be claiming it, or perhaps it would be inhabited still by wild animals. This is not a plea for ignorance but a statement of the truth; that we may learn from it the prosperity



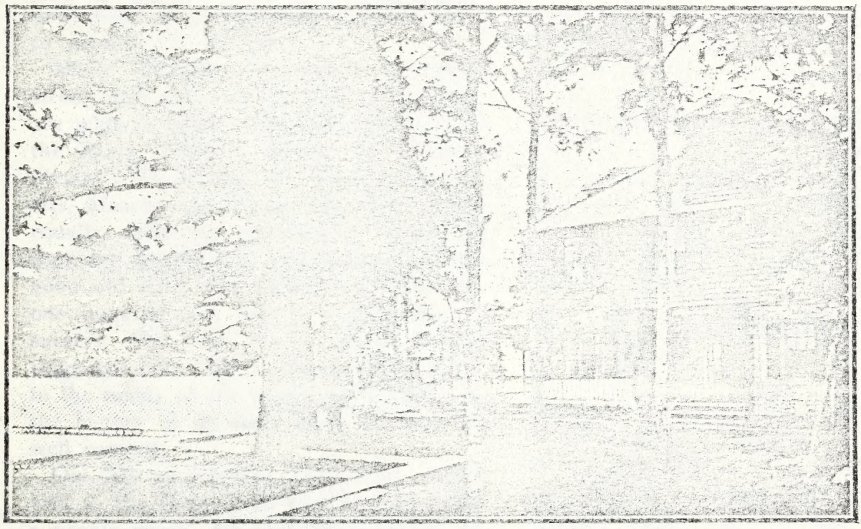
Summer Home of Frank Hopewell.



SUMMER HOME OF MR. O. S. RICHARDS

and advancement of our industries and farms which go hand in hand with the greatest progress of the nation does not depend so much on merely being able to read and write a little as upon the honesty, loyalty, industry, ambition and singleness of purpose of those who would seek our shores for a home and country. They can be educated here along proper lines. If they are educated in crime and in wrong ideas of government before they come, they are already educated in their own belief and imagine they are coming here to educate us. The little learning of our old timers is to be preferred to perverted ideas taught in this or foreign lands and used to our detriment.

Last, but not because of less value to our town, let us not forget the noble women, the wives, mothers and daughters who shared in the labors, the fortunes, and misfortunes of the men of all those dark and toilsome years. Men and women toiled together side by side. Together they rejoiced and sorrowed, together they lived and died. They have received scant attention in history. They hardly ever appear upon our records. Yet but for them and their lives, sometimes sacrificed, Wolfeboro would not be on the map of our State and neither would any other town for that matter. A few instances of their courage and steadfastness have been written. A knowledge of



SUMMER RESIDENCE OF HENRY D. BREWSTER, LAKE WENTWORTH.



SUMMER RESIDENCE OF MRS. ROBERT CRABBE.

their countless deeds, attainments, and sacrifices has disappeared with themselves. Let us think of what they did, and see if we can figure out what they are capable of doing, if they will. When we consider the past we cannot but be willing to welcome them into broader and strenuous fields of action, whenever they wish to assume the burdens.

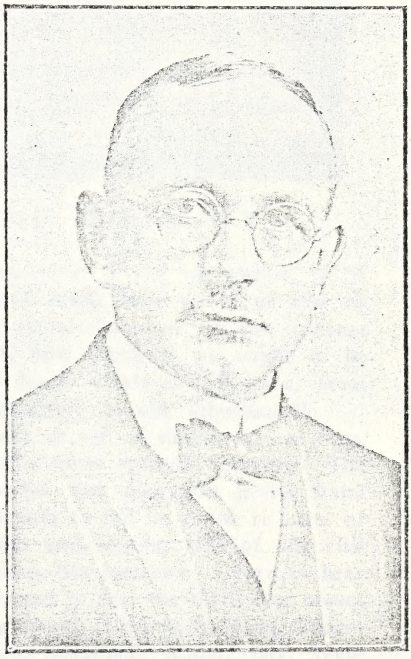
Many of the descendants of those strong men and women of the olden times are with us today, sons and daughters of the Rusts, Tibbetts, Blakes, the Libbeys, Meaders, Fullertons, the Parkers, Brackets, Masons and Pipers and many other equally deserving of mention, doing all they can do for the best interest of the good old town and helping to make this one hundred and fiftieth celebration a success. Our story now is ended. If anything has been said to arouse any interest in the minds of the young, particularly, in the history of its early days, we shall be well content.

On this anniversary Wolfeboro stands well to the front in all that goes to make a people great. Its high flung banner of success is gleaming in the sunshine, streaming proudly in the winds that blow o'er its hills and vales and over the waters of our unsurpassed lake—in the Indian language "the beautiful water of the highlands." He who "watching over Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps" will ever keep watch and ward over our town and people as the centuries come and the centuries go.

Governor Bartlett when introduced captured the audience at once by his happily chosen words. He said, in part:

GOV. BARTLETT'S ADDRESS

The historical coincidence of a Governor coming to Wolfeboro from Portsmouth, one hundred and fifty years ago, to found this beautiful town, and another



GOV. JOHN H. BARTLETT



Governor coming here today from that city to celebrate such founding, lends peculiar color to the appropriateness of our gathering. To make this milestone of history even more conspicuous I have asked the members of my official council to accompany me here, where we are to hold a meeting and transact the necessary weekly business of the state.

How happily do events like these generate a greater love for our state, and beget a keener appreciation of the value of our inheritance. That inheritance consists of qualities of manhood which have been preserved in our blood since the first sturdy men fought the Indians and the bear in order to establish a new place in America for a new kind of liberty where they might have "self determination," and a right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences.

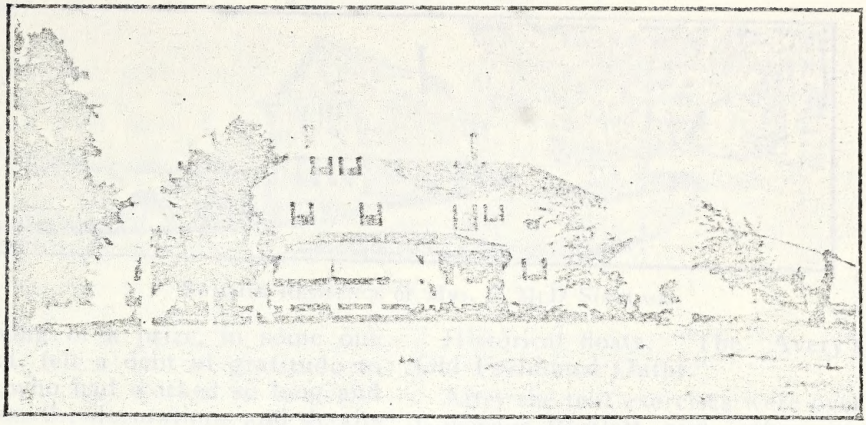
The quality of men consists in the rugged determination of their unalloyed character. The embellishments of men have changed, and do change, almost like fashions, from year to year and from generation to generation. These are not our inheritances. What is left of the old type of blood, what of doggedness in peril, what of cheerfulness in sacrifice, what of genuineness and sincerity, what of determination to go onward, what of faith—these are the testing points of the things we have inherited.

We speak of progress, and rightly so, along many lines of human achievement, but this does not mean that we have better inherent qualities of mind, heart, or faith, than our ancestors. It means that we are going forward as they went forward. Whether we are going forward as well as they would go forward if they were now living in the wonderful light of the present is the basis for comparison. But comparison is not my theme. It is rather how much have we in us now of the real sound character of our fathers; and also, how thankful we ought to be that we have, whatever we have, from their characters as our inheritance!



"The Ledge"—James H. Mason, Charles Point, Wolfeboro, N. H.

No state, or soil of similar size as ours, can boast a more splendid ancestry. The great names like mountain peaks stand out in history to tell us of the richness of the valleys and sloping hills of our citizenry which lies between. I love to hear repeated, and to feel the thrill that comes from the names of Stark, Sullivan, Thornton, Poor, Scammell, Miller, Dix, Webster, Cass, Chase, Greeley, Hale, Pierce,



SUMMER RESIDENCE OF MRS. ALICE T. STEPHENS, SOUTH MAIN STREET.

and others of New Hampshire fame. And then I like to feel that the same kind of blood and character is now coursing healthily in the veins of the newer men for whom history has not found, as yet, a permanent place.

Such celebrations as these are blessings, because they force this introspection upon us, and compel us to take a longer view of men and things. They inspire the youth to purpose, the active man to endeavor, and the old folks to be proud and patient.

I congratulate your ideal town on its proud achievements.

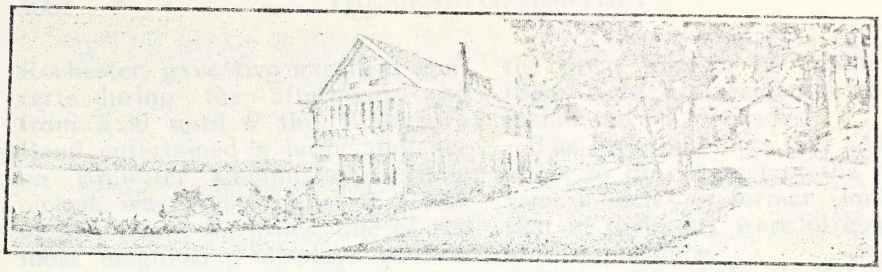
The tent exercises closed with the singing of "America," led by Mr. Carter in his inimitable style. While the exercises were going on in the tent, foot races by both boys and girls were going on at the other end of the campus. The mile run was won by Hunter of Hill



RESIDENCE OF W. L. SMART.

School.

To induce people to enter decorated automobiles in the parade, two prizes were given, one for the most beautiful car and one for the most original car. Everybody who saw those entries, each and every one



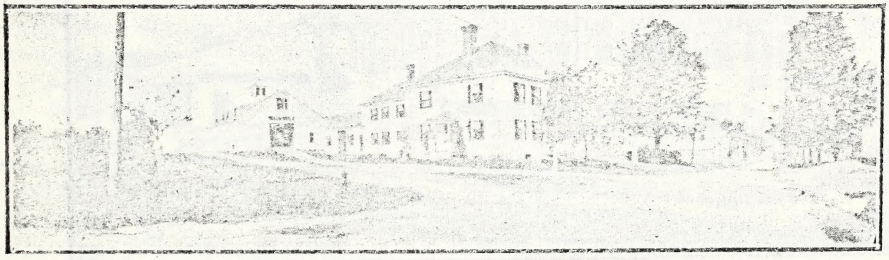
SUMMER RESIDENCE OF MRS. F. McD SINCLAIR.

deserving of a prize, in some one respect, felt a debt of gratitude to those who had worked so long and hard on the decorations and details of beauty, and historical interest. The procession of flower decked cars, and floats with gay streamers, filled with the youth and beauty of Wolfeboro, made her residents thrill with pride; while the floats and carriages, representing old days, old buildings, styles, and implements, aroused many fond recollections and memories.

Historical floats, "The Avery's Old Fashioned Outfit."

After the tent exercises were over Governor Bartlett, and other invited guests, were conducted to Masonic Temple where a fine banquet had been prepared by "Bill" Alexander. After the banquet, the Governor and Councilors were given use of the Temple parlor where they held their regular weekly meeting.

At three o'clock came the ball game between the American Legion



PINKHAM FARM, RESIDENCE OF E. W. PRESCOTT.

The judges awarded the prizes as follows: 1st prize for most beautiful car: "Golden Glow," Mrs. Maestris; honorable mention, "Harvest" car, yellow and white, Mr. Keigwin.

"Butterfly" coach, Dr. Clow.

"Purple and Gold" car, Miss Clow.

"Golden Glow," Mr. Hobbs.

First prize for most original car: "Indian Wigwam," Mrs. Crabbe.

Honorable mention, "Navy Yard" float, Mr. Goodhue.

boys and Meredith. Lots of rivalry had existed between these two teams all the season. A scrappy game was looked for, and sure enough, it was some contest. Meredith made one run in the first inning, on an excusable error by Wolfeboro, and this proved to be the only and winning run of the game. At the conclusion of the ball game aquatic sports, canoe and swimming races, were in order and greatly enjoyed.

The Hanson American Band of

Rochester, gave two excellent concerts during the afternoon, and from 7:30 until 9 the Wolfeboro Band entertained a large audience on Brewster Campus. At nine o'clock was given, under direction of Mr. Harry L. Miles, one of the most magnificent displays of fireworks ever seen in New Hampshire. The crowd then returned to Railroad Avenue, where with a full band at each end of the Avenue, dancing was indulged in until midnight.

The avenue was gorgeously decorated with bunting and flags, and hundreds of electric lights and Japanese lanterns added to the charm and gave the town a real carnival atmosphere.

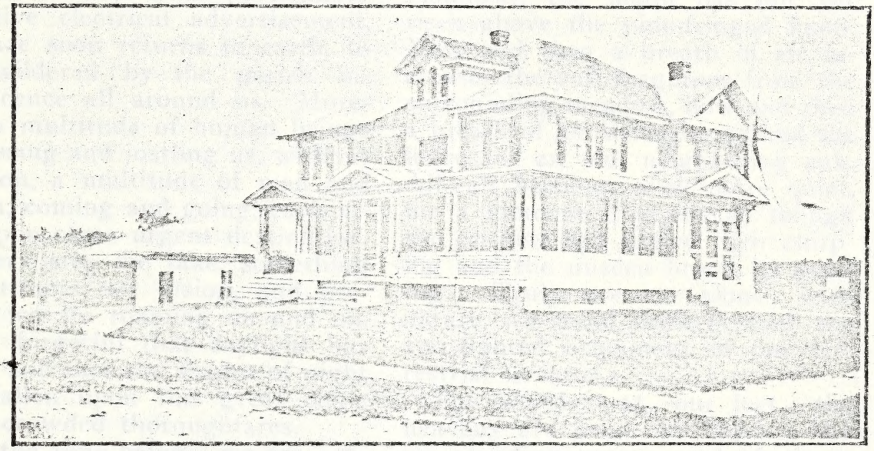
Thus drew to its close the reddest of red letter days for Wolfeboro. It may have been the greatest day in the town's history; certainly the good old town never entertained more guests, and there was a very evident feeling that Wolfeboro had done herself proud.

In closing too much cannot be said in praise of the police management under officer Thompson, assisted by a detail of boys from the American Legion; notwithstanding the great number of automobiles, there were no accidents, no confusion and no blockades.

The little buildings that added so much to the interest of the parade were models of former buildings that in their day were of considerable importance.

The replica of the Wolfeboro and Tuftonboro Academy was furnished by the Alumni of that institution. As it has been out of existence as such for about 50 years, it can readily be seen that most if not all, the alumni have reached years of maturity.

The other two buildings are the



Residence of Mr. A. A. Horne

property of the town. The "Little Red School" house is still in existence, but has long ceased to function as an institution of learning. It is 21 by 20 feet, outside measurement, and at one time accommodated over 30 students.

The model of the Wentworth Mansion was constructed from a description given in the History of Wolfeboro.

It is hoped that all these models will be cared for, as 50 or 100 years from now they will be of considerable value.

BENEATH AUTUMNAL STARLIT SKIES

By Charles Nevers Holmes

When we wander after nightfall amidst the glare and glitter of noisy, crowded streets, we cannot behold the starlit firmament. Indeed, for the moment we have forgotten that it exists. Around us there gleam the brilliant allurements of city artificiality—artificial, it is true, yet at the same time very pleasing to our senses,—and these thousands of brilliant allurements draw our eyes downward to terrestial things, to earthly matters.

Although, occasionally, we glance upwards towards some particularly attractive electrical advertisement, our gaze soon returns to earth, to be bewildered by the garish incandescence all around us. Moreover, a multitude of human beings are passing and jostling us, without cessation, a multitude of men and women, coming and going, each intent upon some urgent destination. At every step we take, something new attracts our vision, and presently we are roaming on and on, wholly forgetful that daylight has passed and that the shades of night have fallen upon this great city's noisy, crowded thoroughfares.

For the time being, we are entirely under the spell of this city's brilliant artificiality. We are, as it were, in a sort of trance, in a kind of dreamland. However, when we have left the city, when its allurements are left far behind, then we can compare its glare and glitter at their true worth. We leave the city far, far behind, we pass through the nearest and furthest suburbs, and finally reach the darkness and quietude of a country town. Here a feeling of rest and relaxation soothes us, a sense of discontentment with the recent garish city allurements steals over us. Here, in the midst of some fragrant meadow, where the crickets are chirping and some unseen brook is purling, we are alone, far away from electric lights and from surging throngs. All around us there is deep darkness, all above us there are the sparkling stars of night. No human voice is heard, no human habitation is to be seen.

We are alone in the midst of some fragrant meadow, ere the first frost has slightly withered its autumnal verdure. It is a perfect night in early fall. The sky is clear and cloudless, the moon has not yet risen above the pine-fringed knoll. Now and then a breath of air increases the soft fragrance from the surrounding meadow, now and then a breath of air whispers amidst the leaves of an old, neighboring oak. All, all becomes even more quiet, for a moment it seems as though the crickets had ceased their chirping and the unseen brook its purling. Truly, we are alone with nature, we stand alone beneath the star-lighted firmament of our terrestrial Creator.

The world is at our feet, the heavens are over our head. We are standing upon a sort of planetary ship, sailing thereon amid an ocean of illimitable Ether. We gaze upwards. At first we do not see very clearly, a wide, firmamental field of sparkling stars confuses our sight. Then, one by one, these many sparkling stars become separated and well defined. In the northwest we behold the glittering, gigantic sun of night, Arcturus, about to set, its constellation Boötes extending eastwardly towards the dim and winding constellation Draco. Northward from Draco, there sparkle the well-known starry outlines of the Dipper in Ursa Major; westward from the triangular "jaws" of

Draco, there glimmers the dim and distant constellation of Hercules. Between Hercules and Boötes we behold the small, ring-like constellation Corona, the brightest of whose jewels, Alphecca, glitters like a tiny solitaire sky-diamond.

In the west and southwest, there scintillate, respectively, the first magnitude stars, Vega and Altair. Of these stars, Vega is much brighter than Altair, indeed she is even more brilliant than glittering Arcturus, now almost setting in the northwest. Blue and beautiful Vega is situated in the constellation Lyra, yellowish and less beautiful Altair in the constellation Aquila. Eastward from Vega and Altair we behold the Northern Cross in Cygnus, a five-starred, well-defined outline. This Northern Cross lies across the Milky Way, and northeastward from it, northeastward from its brightest star, Arided, there sparkle, respectively, the dim constellation of Cepheus, the well-remembered outline of Cassiopeia, the K-shaped form of Perseus, and the constellation Auriga, with its brilliant sun Capella, rising above the horizon.

Southeastward from the glimmering girdle of the so-called Milky Way, we behold the four-starred "Square of Pegasus," with the constellation of Andromeda extending like a handle towards the northeast. Near the end of Andromeda, we see again the K-shaped constellation Perseus, and eastward from Andromeda the inconspicuous constellations of Aries and Pisces. The famous Pleiades are already rising just below Perseus, and it may be that we shall catch a glimpse of the ruddy sun Aldebaran, close to the horizon. Also close to the horizon, in the southeast, there glimmers the long constellation of Cetus, and, westward from Cetus, in the south, there sparkle Aquarius and Capricornus, and the first magnitude, reddish sun Fomalhaut, near the southern horizon, under the constellation of Aquarius.

Including the well-known Northstar in the constellation of Ursa Minor, we have now beheld the chief suns and constellations which adorn the starlit skies of autumn. Such are the "fixed" stars, and, respecting the "wandering" planets, Venus is an Evening star amidst the constellations Scorpio and Libra, Mars an Evening star amidst the constellation Sagittarius, Jupiter a Morning star amid Leo-Virgo, and Saturn a Morning star amidst the constellations of Leo and Virgo. Thus, it is evident that as we are standing beneath the starlit skies of early fall, during the early evening, we are able to behold only white Venus and ruddy Mars, and these two planets for a comparatively short time.

How beautiful, how glorious, are the stars and constellations of God's firmament! How remote yet how near they seem. Trillions and trillions of miles distant, they appear to be only hundreds of miles. Each season has its astronomical season, its different suns and constellations. Winter's astronomical season is the most brilliant and beautiful of the four seasons, yet Vega, Arcturus and Altair, and Cygnus, Pegasus and Corona, are well worthy of our study and admiration. We leave the fragrant and restful meadow, we no longer look upwards but watch our steps past the oak where a breath of wind whispers occasionally. Then, as we are climbing over the bars to reach the long road which will conduct us to the town center, we hear the clock of the old church near that town center announcing amidst the country quietude the hour of *ten* p. m.

EDITORIAL

Two tributes to the memory and accomplishments of the late Benjamin A. Kimball, by men who knew him well and appreciated him fully, were received by the editor of the Granite Monthly, last month, too late to be included, as planned, in the article upon Mr. Kimball's life and works published in the September issue of the magazine, and are printed here as contemporary verdicts, too valuable not to be recorded, upon the worth of his services in two of his manfold lines of activity, as a railroad executive and a college trustee.

President James H. Hustis of the Boston and Maine Railroad writes:

"My acquaintance with Mr. Kimball dates only from 1914, when I came to this property, so that I do not feel qualified to meet your request to write upon 'his life work as a railroad executive.'

"However, it was apparent to me —and I believe also to those who have been associated with him during this later period of his life— that he was a man of unusual executive ability.

"Had his energies during the last half century been applied to the transportation development of the growing west instead of New England, he might easily have become a national figure, like Hill or Harriman, in the transportation world.

"His judgment and sagacity in dealing with men and measures is attested in the things that he accomplished.

"While he seemed to stand out alone as a representative of a type of the past, yet he was constantly looking into and planning for the future, and very rarely discussed the past, so that he was usually abreast of the times in recognizing changing conditions.

"He was of course a unique figure both physically and in his methods of accomplishment.

"Always a gentleman, his absence will be missed and long felt by those who knew him, and they were legion."

President Ernest M. Hopkins of Dartmouth College writes: "The loss to an educational institution of such service as that which Mr. Kimball gave to Dartmouth is beyond calculation.

"He was a conspicuous member of that small group, the election of which to the board of trustees, in the early nineties, gave an increment of vitality and wisely directed energy to the college policies and adequately supported the reconstruction program which President Tucker was inaugurating. Mr. Kimball's interest never lagged. His wise counsel and high-minded aspiration for the college were always available and helpful, and this was as true in regard to educational as to material affairs. He accepted the theory that the search for truth was a great function of the college and that such procedure must be adopted as best contributed to this end. His whole service was one of whole-hearted love and tender solicitude for this cause to which he had committed himself.

"I should be unwilling, however, to leave this comment without one further word, bespeaking as well the affection which Mr. Kimball inspired and held among other members of the group. Oldest in years, he was as young in spirit and courage as any man among us. All Dartmouth men have cause to bemoan his loss as a trustee. To those of us who knew him more intimately, there is added deep sorrow at the loss of a venerated associate and a valued friend."

EDITORIAL

TREES IN AUTUMN

By Alice M. Shepard

When Summer's sun with fervent heat
Has ripened corn, and oats, and wheat;
When yellow pumpkins dot the fields,
And fragrance tells of apple yields;
When tardy blooms give way to seed
Of garden flower, and roadside weed;
Then Autumn's alchemists appear
To pay gold for the vanished year.

They touch a branchlet here and there,
And sombre leaves begin to flare;
A torch is thrown from tree to tree,
And red fire flashes, wild and free;
The lowly bushes catch the blaze,
And burn with blue flame in the haze;
Whole groves are shining with the glint
Of coins, just taken from the mint.

The country road and city street
Form a procession, fit to greet
Return of hero or of king;
Then at a touch the leaves take wing,
The fields are spread with cloth of gold,
A crimson carpet, fold on fold,
Lines gutter, hollow, gap and hole;
Yet every errant breeze takes toll.

And, as they dance, and whirl, and fly,
Their hue is caught up to the sky,
Where all the sunsets give it back,—
A vivid, gorgeous zodiac.
Against the glow the naked bough
Reveals an unknown fairness now,
And grace of line is seen to be
The innate beauty of the tree.

A BOOK OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

YOUTH IN HARLEY. By Gordon Hall Gerould. Pp., 409. Cloth, $2. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Because he was born, bred and schooled among us, we of New Hampshire are interested in all that Professor Gordon Hall Gerould of Princeton writes. The feeling is deepened in the case of his new story, named above, because its scenes are laid, frankly, in this state, and its people are old friends to those of us who have reached middle age among the granite hills and known the life of their men and women.

Those who like to label literary landmarks will identify Merrimac—did you forget, Professor, that New Hampshire always spells it with a "k?"—Junction as Nashua Junction; and from that point it is not difficult to trace back the trail and to locate Hadley in that beautiful border town which the late Arthur Gilman claimed as "My Cranford" and which has another even more famous association with letters and books.

It is not probable that Professor Gerould knew the originals of all, if any, of the characters in his story, during his own youth in the town which is the prototype of "Harley." Perhaps that town may not be pleased, in all respects, with his pictures of its life; but surely it must appreciate, with the rest of us, the truth and beauty of his sketches of winter and spring in the New Hampshire fruit belt, where "First the peach trees bloomed, splashing the landscape with clouds of pink, and after them the great apple orchards belted the whole countryside with zones of color and fragrance. In the warm sunshine there were a thousand enchanting odors, blown about by leisurely winds and lingering when the breezes sank to rest."

His picture of the great February blizzard is equally well phrased and he has set down for posterity studies made with veracity and vivacity of the town meeting, the town fair, the last days of the torchlight parade in political campaigning, and those decorous amusements of Yankee youth, the "promenade," the "straw ride," "sliding down hill" and "going Mayflowering." It is all very true to life, as every New Hampshire reader will testify.

His character sketches, too, are not only keen, clever and amusing, but they also deal justly with the New England temperament and show the gold that often is found within the granite, in the anthropology, if not the geology, of Yankee land.

The theme of Professor Gerould's story is quite in the literary fashion of the day. Like our best selling Tarkington, Merwin and Fitzgerald, and like Ervine and the rest over across, he devotes himself to a study of a boy becoming a man, with the essential aid of a girl who is developing simultaneously into a woman. Both take the process rather seriously, so much so that Hadley smiles, in kindly fashion, behind their backs; but in the end of the story the course of true love begins to runs smoothly, the hero has a chance to make some money and the heroine decides that she prefers getting married to being a missionary.

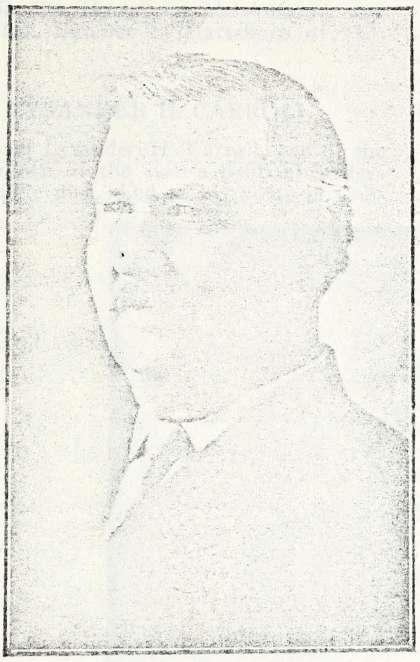
"Youth in Hadley" is very different from "Youth in Greenwich Village," for instance, but it has a pale gray charm of its own which Professor Gerould skilfully suggests.

A BOOK OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

CHARLES W. SCRIBNER

The funeral of Charles W. Scribner was held on August 10 at the farm home in Raymond where he was born August 23, 1848, and where he died. The largely at-

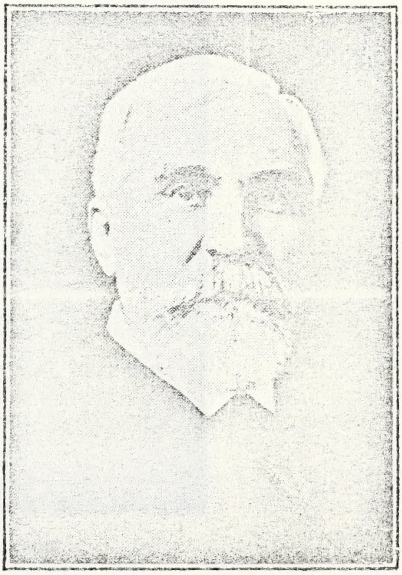


THE LATE C. W. SCRIBNER

tended services were conducted by Rev. Evarts W. Pond of the Congregational church and Rev. Edwin B. Young of the Methodist church, the burial rites of the Masonic order being performed by Candia lodge, Charles W. Phillips, worshipful master. Mr. Scribner was the son of Daniel and Annie (Langford) Scribner and married Martha G. Parker of Bedford, who died many years ago. To them two children were born; Avon, who died in infancy and Dr. Frederick P. (Dartmouth, 1906) a practising physician of Manchester. Mr. Scribner was a highly respected citizen and had held numerous town offices, tax collector, supervisor, auditor, etc., many years. He was a member of the State House of Representatives of 1911, serving on the standing Committee on Labor. Mr. Scribner was an accomplished musician, the possessor of a powerful and pleasing bass voice, which he cultivated by study at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston and which he used among other ways as a member of the quartette choirs in leading churches of Manchester and Concord. He was a member of the Masonic order. Mr. Scribner's favorite recreation was the game of checkers and to it he devoted himself with characteristic thoroughness, becoming one of the acknowledged authorities upon the subject in New England and being the author of numerous ingenious checker problems.

WILLIAM N. HARTSHORN

The late William N. Hartshorn, of world-wide fame as a Sunday School worker, was born in Greenville, October 28, 1843, the son of George and Mary A. (Putnam) Hartshorn. His father, an enterprising farmer, made the first shipment of milk from New Hampshire to the Boston market. The son was educated in the public schools of Milford and at Appleton Academy, New Ipswich. While employed on the Youth's Companion in Boston, he married Ella S. Ford, daugh-



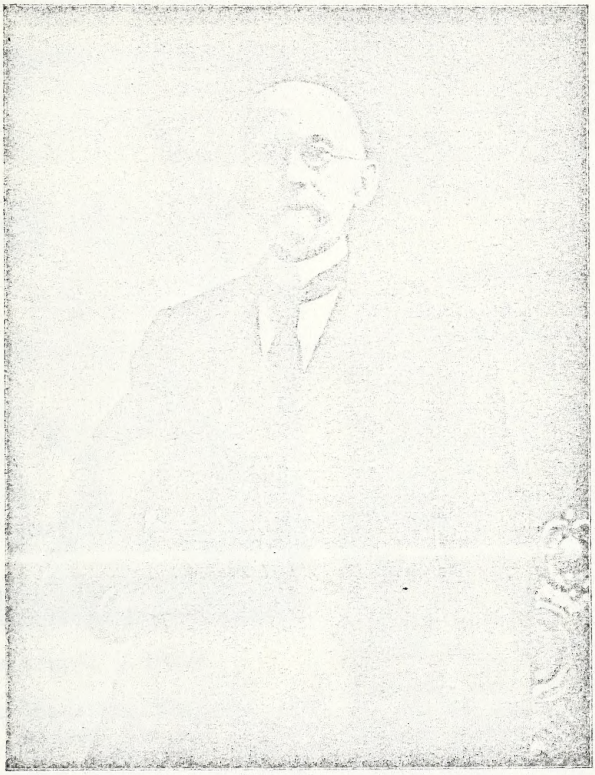
THE LATE W. N. HARTSHORN

ter of Daniel Sharp Ford, then owner of that publication, with which Mr. Hartshorn soon severed his connection to become president of the Priscilla Publishing Company. A millonaire business man,

he was even better known as a lay leader of the Baptist denomination and as president of the International Sunday School Association. Some years after the death of his first wife, he married in 1916, Mrs. Elizabeth Hinckley Burnham, preceptress of the Massachusetts Normal Art School. He is survived by her, by two adopted daughters, Ida Upham Hartshorn and Mrs. Bertha Hartshorn MacAusland, and a brother, Sumner S. Hartshorn of Milford.

LYSANDER H. CARROLL

Colonel Lysander H. Carroll, one of the best known of the state's political leaders and public men, died at his home in Concord, September 3. Born in Croydon, October 8, 1835, he was educated in the public schools, earned his own living from youth, and as soon as he attained his majority engaged in business successfully on his own account. Since 1865 he had resided in Concord, and in 1879 was appointed by President Hayes, postmaster of the city, serving two terms and inaugurating the free mail delivery system. For a time he was connected with the banking house of E. H. Rollins and Sons. In 1899 he was appointed labor commissioner of the state of New Hampshire and so served until 1911. He also served in the Legislature; was an aide-de-camp on the staff of Governor Person C. Cheney; and was the messenger to convey the electorial vote of the state of New Hampshire to Washington in 1876. At the time of his death Colonel Carroll was the oldest member of the Masonic lodge at Bradford and the Knight Templar commandery at Concord. He was a member of the South Congregational church and was much interested in philanthropic work to which in his later years he gave much time and the benefit of his financial ability. Colonel Carroll is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Edward M. Nason of Concord and Mrs. Horace J. Davis of Contoocook; and one son, Conductor C. Herbert Carroll of the Boston and Maine Railroad. No man of his day took more interest in, or had a

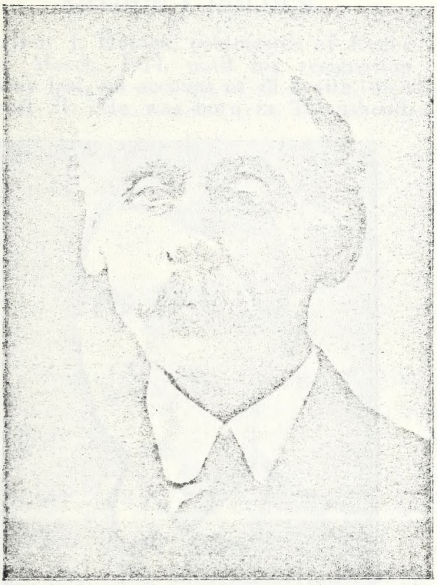


THE LATE COL. L. H. CARROLL

more intimate acquaintance with, New Hampshire politics, than Colonel Carroll. He was the trusted lieutenant of such leaders as Senator Rollins, Governor Rollins and Senator Gallinger and had an influential part in many nominations and elections to high offices.

CARLOS C. DAVIS

The funeral of Judge Carlos C. Davis, leading citizen of Winchester, was held there August 28. Born in Northfield, Vt., December 8, 1851, he graduated from Dartmouth College in 1879 and was the permanent secretary of his class. For many years he taught in the high schools



THE LATE C. C. DAVIS

of Northfield, Waterbury, Vergennes and White River Junction, Vt., and Bedford and Lincoln, Mass. Since 1900 he had resided in Winchester, where he was a member of the Congregational church, the Masons, Knights Templars and Patrons of Husbandry. A Republican in politics, he was a delegate to the constitutional convention of 1902 and a member of the House of Representatives in 1911, besides serving as judge of the local court for eight years and holding other offices. He is survived by his widow, who was Miss Grace H. Coxeter of Winchester, and by five children.

ROBERT A. RAY

Robert Allen Ray, judge of probate for Cheshire County since 1906, died in Keene, August 25. Judge Ray was born in Palmer, Mass., April 7, 1851, the son of Alexander Hamilton and Sarah Jane (Maynard) Ray, and was educated at Burr and Burton Seminary, Kimball Union Academy and Dartmouth College, class of 1877. Studying law, he was admitted to the bar in 1879, and practised in Concord until 1889 in company with Hon. Reuben E. Walker, now judge of the supreme court of the state, with whom he compiled, edited and published a volume of New Hampshire Citations. During this period Mr. Ray served as a member of the legislature. Turning to educational pursuits, he was principal of high schools at Hinsdale and Keene, holding the latter position for 11 years. Judge Ray married March 18, 1881, Harriet A. Ballou, who died in 1900. He was married again, in May, 1907, to Clara Adell Ireton, who survives him. He also leaves a daughter by his first marriage, Mrs. Agnes H. Robbins of Philadelphia, Pa.

ALPHEUS H. SNOW

Alpheus Henry Snow of Washington, D. C., an authority on international law, died in New York, August 19, after a lingering illness. Mr. Snow was a member of the board of trustees of George Washington university, the executive council of the American society of international law, the American bar association, the American Society for the judicial settlement of international disputes and the American historical association. Mr. Snow was born at Claremont, November 8, 1859, the son of Alpheus Franklin and Sarah Maria (Dean) Snow. He was educated at Trinity college and at Yale and Harvard. He practised law at Hartford, Ct., from 1883 until 1887 and at Indianapolis, Ind., for the next eight years. He was the author of many articles and books on political science and international law. In 1910 he went to the Hague as a United States delegate to the international conference on social insurance. A widow, who was Miss Margaret Maynard Butler of Indianapolis, survives him.

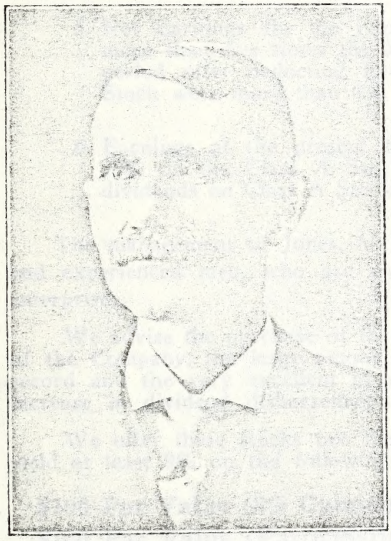
WILLIAM A. BECKFORD

Captain William A. Beckford of Bristol who died August 26, was born in Salem, May 15, 1843, the son of

Henry S. and Mary Ann Beckford. He served through the Civil War in which he was several times wounded, had been department commander of the G. A. R, and died while visiting the Soldiers' Home at Tilton, of which he was a trustee. After the war he engaged in woolen manufacturing at Bristol; represented that town in the legislature and constitutional convention and was its postmaster for a number of years. For a time he was doorkeeper in the national House of Representatives at Washington and later in the United States Senate. His nearest surviving relatives are a brother, Judge Frank M. Beckford of Laconia, and grandson, William A. Southard of Bristol.

ARTHUR J. HOLDEN

Arthur J. Holden, postmaster of Keene from March, 1914, until his resignation in May last, on account of ill health, died August 21. He was born in Townshend,



THE LATE A. J. HOLDEN

Vt., November 22, 1863, the son of Hollis J. and Ardilla (Puffer) Holden, and was educated in the seminaries at Townshend and Brattleboro, Vt., and at the Albany, N. Y., Harvard and West Virginia law schools. He was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in 1896 and had practiced in Keene since that time. A Democrat in politics he was twice the candidate of his party for mayor and had served as county auditor. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, the Patrons of Husbandry and the Baptist church. He married, October 9, 1895, Mrs. Stella M. (Bemis) Martin of Athens, Vt., by whom he is survived, and by one sister, Mrs. C. E. Wellman of Chester, Vt.

AUGUSTUS J. HOITT

Captain Augustus J. Hoitt dropped dead, August 25, at The Weirs, where he was attending the veterans' encampment. He was born in Northwood, December 18, 1845, the son of Joshua and Theodate B. (Pillsbury) Hoitt, and served in Company A, Fifth New Hampshire Volunteers, from September 26, 1861 to June 28, 1865, being present at the surrender of General Lee. After the war he settled in Lynn, Mass., was postmaster of the city under President Harrison and served many years as pension agent for Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. He was a close friend of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, who served as one of the bearers at his funeral. Captain Hoitt is survived by his wife, who was Augusta Howard of North Bennington, Vermont.

JOHN M. PARKER

John McClary Parker, born in Kingston, September 17, 1836, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Amos A. Parker, died in Fitzwilliam, August 11. He conducted there a general store from 1865 until about 20 years ago, when he turned it over to his son, Frank. He was president of the Ashuelot National bank and savings bank, both of Keene. A Republican in politics, he was town moderator for 40 years, had served in both branches of the state legislature and had been town treasurer, auditor, school board member and library and trust funds trustee. He served through the Civil War, having the rank of captain at its close, and was a member of the G. A. R. and the Loyal Legion. He is survived by his son and a daughter, Helen.

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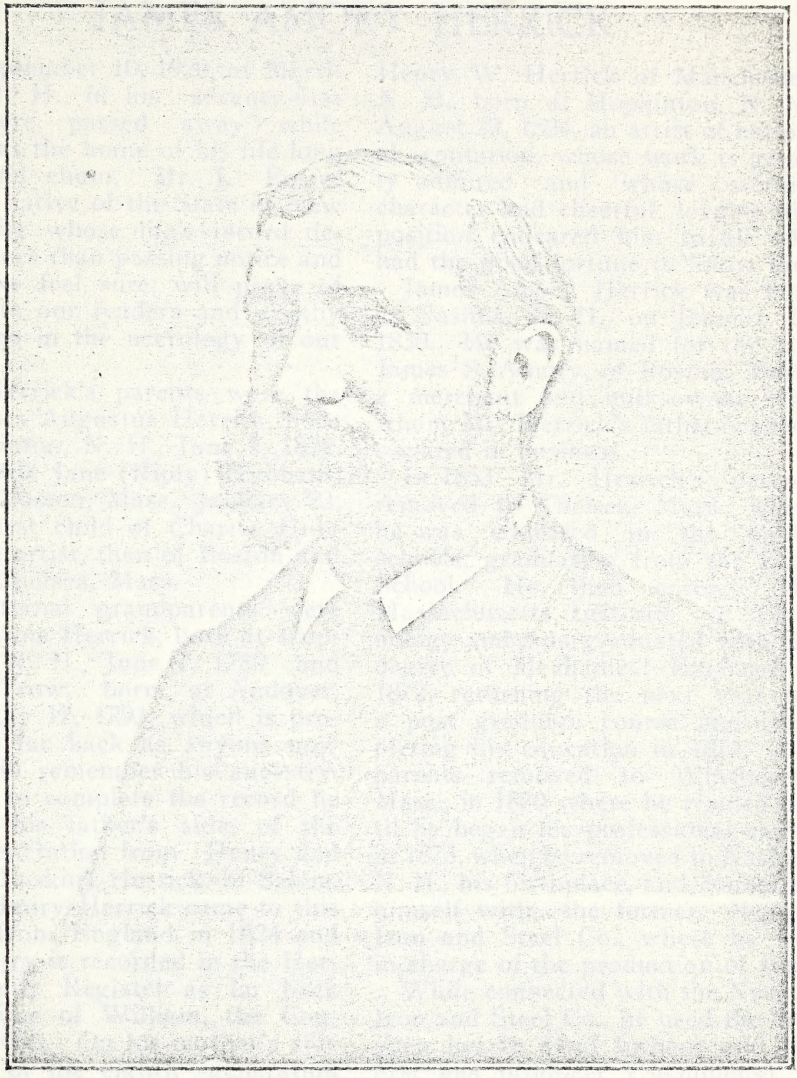
THE PROVINCE ROAD

By George B. Upham

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CONCORD, N. H.

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The late James Amory Herrick.



THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LII. NOVEMBER, 1920 No. 11

JAMES AMORY HERRICK

On September 10, 1920, at Merrimack, N. H., in his seventy-first year, there passed away while visiting at the home of his life long friend and chum, Mr. J. Foster Cross, a native of the State of New Hampshire whose life's record deserves more than passing notice and which, we feel sure, will prove of interest to our readers and worthy of a place in the necrology of our State.

Mr. Herrick's parents were the late Moses Augustus Herrick, born at Hopkinton, N. H., June 1, 1822, and the late Jane (Ripley) Hubbard, born at Boston, Mass., January 23, 1827, eldest child of Charles Hubbard, the artist, then of Boston and later of Chelsea, Mass.

His paternal grandparents were Israel Evans Herrick, born at Hopkinton, N. H., June 1, 1789 and Martha Trow, born at Andover, Mass., July 17, 1793, which is probably as far back as anyone now living will remember his ancestry, however to complete the record he was, on his father's side, of the eighth generation from Henry and Editha (Laskin) Herrick, of Salem, Mass. Henry Herrick came to this country from England in 1624 and his ancestry is recorded in the Herrick Family Register as far back as the time of William, the Conqueror, 1066. On his mother's side he was of the eighth generation from John and Priscilla (Molines) Alden, passengers on the "Mayflower," who landed at Plymouth, Mass., in 1620.

Many of our readers will remember Mr. Herrick's uncle, the late Henry W. Herrick of Manchester, N. H., born at Hopkinton, N. H., August 23, 1824, an artist of national reputation, whose work is greatly admired and whose sterling character and cheerful, lovable disposition endeared him to all who had the good fortune to know him.

James Amory Herrick was born at Nashua, N. H., on January 17, 1850. He was named for the late James S. Amory, of Boston, Mass., a merchant and mill owner with whom Mr. Herrick's father was associated in business.

In 1853 Mr. Herrick's parents removed to Chelsea, Mass., where he was educated in the public schools, graduating from the High School. He then entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and was graduated with the degree of Mechanical Engineer in 1872, returning the next year for a post graduate course and completing his education in 1873. His parents removed to Winchester, Mass., in 1870 where he resided until he began his professional career in 1873, when he removed to Nashua, N. H., his birthplace, and connected himself with the former Nashua Iron and Steel Co., where he was in charge of the production of steel.

While connected with the Nashua Iron and Steel Co., he used the first open hearth steel furnace and the first gas producer (Siemmens) in this country, both imported from England by his father, then treasurer of the company, employing the principle of the direct gasification of low grade coal for fuel to melt the steel.

JAMES AMORY HERRICK

On September 10, 1920, at Merrimack, N. H., in his seventy-first year, there passed away while visiting at the home of his life long friend and chum, Mr. J. Foster Cross, a native of the State of New Hampshire whose life's record deserve more than passing notice and which, we feel sure, will prove of interest to our readers and worthy of a place in the necrology of our State.

Mr. Herrick's parents were the late Moses Augustus Herrick, born at Hopkinton, N. H., June 1, 1822, and the late Jane (Ripley) Hubbard, born at Boston, Mass., January 23, 1827, eldest child of Charles Hubbard, the artist, then of Boston and later of Chelsea, Mass.

His paternal grandparents were Israel Evans Herrick, born at Hopkinton, N. H., June 1, 1789 and Martha Trow, born at Andover, Mass., July 17, 1793, which is probably as far back as anyone now living will remember his ancestry, however to complete the record he was, on his father's side, of the eighth generation from Henry and Editha (Laskin) Herrick, of Salem, Mass. Henry Herrick came to this country from England in 1624 and his ancestry is recorded in the Herrick Family Register as far back as the time of William, the Conqueror, 1066. On his mother's side he was of the eighth generation from John and Priscilla (Mullens) Alden, passengers on the "Mayflower," who landed at Plymouth, Mass., in 1620.

Many of our readers will remember Mr. Herrick's uncle, the late

In 1880 he removed to Thurlow, Pa., and engaged in similar lines of endeavour in the steel industries in that part of the country. He had become interested in the possibilities of gas, made direct from coal, for fuel purposes and in 1884 engaged in this business on his own account, thereby establishing a new profession of a very important specialty in the engineering world which has since assumed very large proportions.

He was a prolific inventor in his specialty having taken out about forty United States Patents, many of which covered basic principles, and also many foreign patents. He was rated as the dean of the producer gas design and business in this country and was very successful in his consulting and constructing engineering, having installed many important fuel and power plants using producer gas for fuel.

Mr. Herrick retired from active business about two years ago, his health having failed, and submitted, at Boston, Mass., in October, 1919, to two serious surgical operations in the hope and expectation of a permanent improvement in his health. His weakened condition, however, did not permit of the realization of his hopes of improved health, his death occurring from apoplexy almost a year subsequent to the operations.

His passing is a distinct loss to the engineering profession in his chosen specialty where he will always be well and favorably remembered. In person he was kind, genial, and of an especially lovable disposition which made many true friends for him and whom he retained throughout his life.

He was a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and of the Knights Templar. In religion he was an Episcopalian and in politics a Republican.

Mr. Herrick leaves no immediate family, his wife, Mary Ada (Davis) formerly of Lakeport, N. H., to whom he was married July 19, 1877, having died December 23, 1918, also his two sons, Edward A. and Cecil, having passed away many years ago.

Funeral services were conducted at Goodwin's Chapel, Manchester, N. H., by the Rev. John W. Wright of Merrimack, N. H., on September twelfth at 2 o'clock, while later on the same day, a commitment service was said by the same minister, at the cemetery.

Interment was made at Bayside cemetery, Lakeport, N. H., in his family lot beside his wife and sons.

A sister, Mrs. Amelia (Herrick) Pond, and three brothers, William H. Herrick, Rufus F. Herrick and Charles H. Herrick, all residing at Winchester, Mass., survive him.

HIS THOUGHTS SHALL NEVER DIE

By Leighton Rollins

I keep before his picture,
Flowers that he loved
Through the year.
Each flower is a sweet and poignant memory
That blooms and glows again,
As in successive months
The daisies and plumy feathered
Goldenrod appear.

THE SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL AT FREMONT

In the town of Fremont, Rockingham county, there was unveiled and dedicated on Saturday, September 25, 1920, a soldiers' memorial in the form of a combined monument and tablet, which is a handsome, dignified, adequate and appropriate expression of gratitude to, and honor for, the war heroes of the town, past and present.

The gift to the town of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen A. Frost, the memorial embodies one more instance of their timely, generous and practical interest so often manifested in the past, in the good-name and welfare of Fremont.

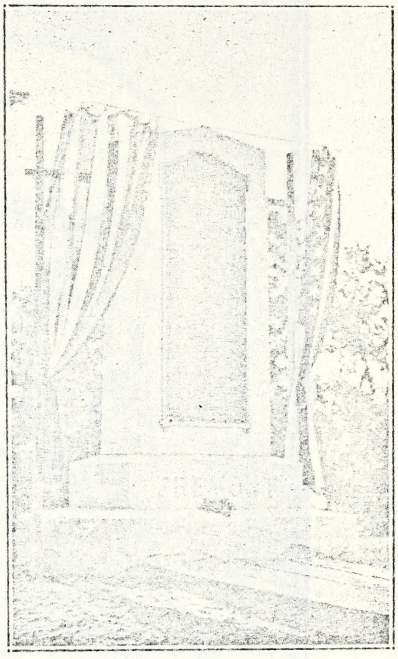
The monument, a beautiful and substantial structure of fine cut New Hampshire granite is located directly in front of the town hall, with cement walks on either side to the hall. It stands ten feet high above a rough base, four by six feet.

Set in the die of the monument is a bronze tablet, two and a half feet by six feet in dimensions, upon which appear in raised letters, the names of 114 men from Fremont who have served the nation's cause in our various wars for freedom.

The day of the dedication was perfect as to weather and the exercises, which began at one o'clock in the afternoon, were enjoyed by one of the largest gatherings in the history of the town. Rev. Paul Hayes acted as master of ceremonies and the addresses on the program were interspersed with band music and singing by the school children.

In a few well chosen words, Mr. Frost, in behalf of himself and his wife, presented the memorial to the town; and Selectman George A. Basset, himself an overseas veteran of the World War, accepted the gift, gracefully and appreciatively, in behalf of the people of Fremont.

After these exercises at the monument, adjournment was taken to the town hall, where the program was completed under the direction of Rev. Mr. Hayes, who made appropriate opening remarks and introduced as the first speaker Hon. Huntley N. Spaulding.



THE MEMORIAL.

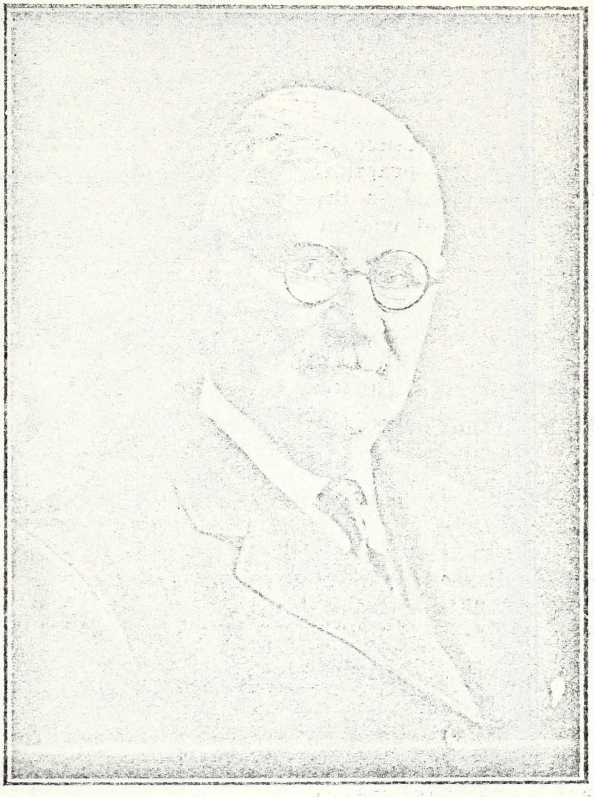
Mr. Spaulding told of the tender spot which he has in his heart for Fremont because of the fact that some of the happiest days of his youth were spent there, when the end of the school term always was welcome because vacation meant for him a visit to this good old town. He always was glad, he said, of a chance to come back to Fremont now, and one thing that gave him especial pleasure was to find in the employ of the Spaulding and Frost Company at the present time,

so many of the men who were his friends and fellow workers in the shop thirty-five years ago.

Through the names on the memorial tablet, Mr. Spaulding linked Fremont and its people with the great drama of the World War and drew a stirring picture of America answering the call to save the world and sending the flower of her manhood over seas by the hundred thousand just in time to turn the tide of German success into defeat and bring about the final overthrow of despotism.

Fremont regards Mr. Spaulding almost as one of her own sons and his presence at and participation in the exercises were highly appreciated.

The longer and more formal addresses of the afternoon were given by Hon. Sherman E. Burroughs of Manchester, Member of Congress from the First New Hampshire District, and Hon. Charles W. Tobey of Temple, Speaker of the New Hampshire House of Representatives. Both orations were eloquent, inspiring and well-fitted to the occasion.



Hon. Stephen A. Frost.

Seated upon the platform, in addition to the speakers and the donors of the memorial, were the

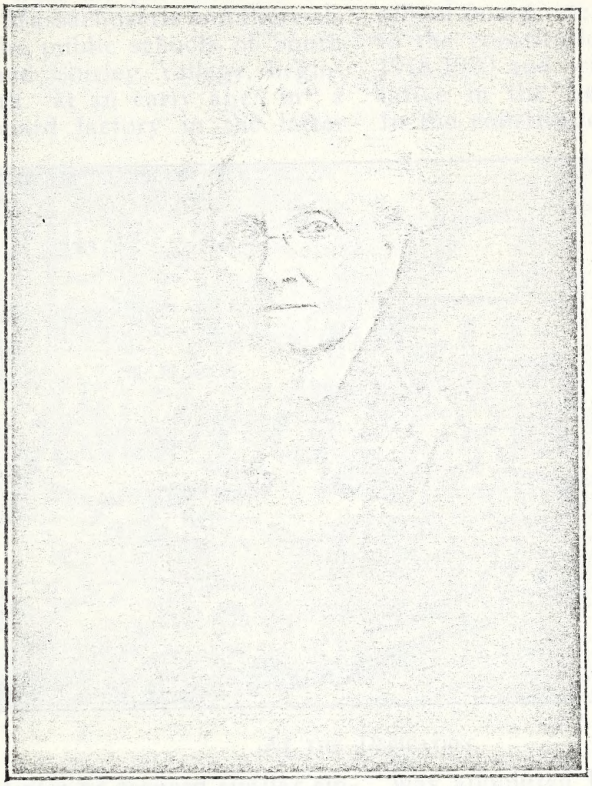
town's selectmen and two of its three surviving Civil War veterans, John Carr and William H. Gibson. Present during the day was another old soldier, Elijah Sanborn of Raymond, hale and hearty in his 102nd year.

After the exercises at the hall the crowd moved to the baseball field and enjoyed the victory of the Fremont team over the visiting Newton nine by a score of 12 to 1.

The committee in charge of the arrangements for the day was composed of James W. Wilkinson, Harold Jones and Alden F. Sanborn, and they certainly are to be congratulated upon the success with which every feature of the admirable program was carried out.

It was a great day in the history of Fremont and the occasion as a whole was the most notable addition which has been made to that history since the good old town celebrated its 150th anniversary in 1914, and had its story told in the Granite Monthly for June of that year, under the title "Fremont—the Ancient Poplin."

Then and now the town's leading citizen was and is Hon. Stephen A. Frost, mentioned above as the donor, with Mrs. Frost, of the



MRS. CATHERINE G. FROST.



memorial with whose dedication this article has been concerned.

Mr. Frost, who is one of Rockingham county's best known business men and political leaders, was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, January 15, 1862, the son of John Lewis and Mary Ann (Winters) Frost. He removed with his parents in childhood to Massachusetts and there attended the public schools of South Natick and Shirley Village, beginning work at an early age in a leather-board factory in the latter town. Later he secured similar employment with the late Jonas Spaulding at Townsend Harbor, Mass., and thus began a connection with that gentleman and his sons which has continued through many years to the mutual benefit of all concerned.

Since 1893, Mr. Frost has been clerk, treasurer and manager of the Spaulding and Frost Company, which has at Fremont one of the largest cooperage plants in the East. He is a 32nd degree Mason, Odd Fellow and Patron of Husbandry; a Universalist in religious belief; and a Republican in politics, being a member of the state committee of the party. He has served his town in various capacities, as auditor, trustee of town trust funds, library trustee, member of the school board, etc.; was its delegate to the constitutional convention of 1918-1920 and will be its representative in the Legislature of 1921. In the constitutional convention he was appointed by President Albert O. Brown to serve on the important standing committee on Bill of Rights and Executive Department.



At the Dedication.

Mr. Frost married, June 13, 1885, Catherine G. Fertig of Cleveland, Ohio. To them four daughters were born, of whom two, Lillian E. and Lizzie J., survive. The Granite Monthly article of June, 1914, characterized Mrs. Frost, truthfully, as "a woman of strong intelligence, who has been a faithful helpmate

and a leading spirit in the social and charitable activities of the community." Her cordial co-operation with her husband in prompt support of all good works is well typified by her share with him in the gift to the town of the soldiers' memorial.

EARLY MORNING

By Helen Adams Parker

As on my narrow bed I lie,
I watch the dawn come creeping, stealing,
Through the window in the wall.
It is too late to see the moon,
It is too soon to see the sun.
The big elm trees are rocking, dancing,
Waving gently to and fro;
Their bare branches twist so lacily,
They form pictures, oh! so daintily.
In one I see my mother's face.

THE PROVINCE ROAD

By George B. Upham.

The first road built across New Hampshire from the Connecticut to the Merrimack was marked out by order of Sir Jeffrey Amherst, Commander in Chief of His Majesty's Forces in North America.

General James Wolfe who commanded at Quebec, and with his brave antagonist gave his life in a decisive battle of the world on the Plains of Abraham, will be remembered longer than his superior officer. But Amherst had conducted with great ability the second siege of Louisburg; and his careful, ceaseless preparation was a decisive factor in the triumph of the English which swept the French off the continent, except near the mouth of the Mississippi.

By careful planning and adequate preparation, menacing the French at various places, Amherst prevented concentration at Quebec of sufficient forces to repel Wolfe's attack. Road building was an important part of Amherst's preparations.

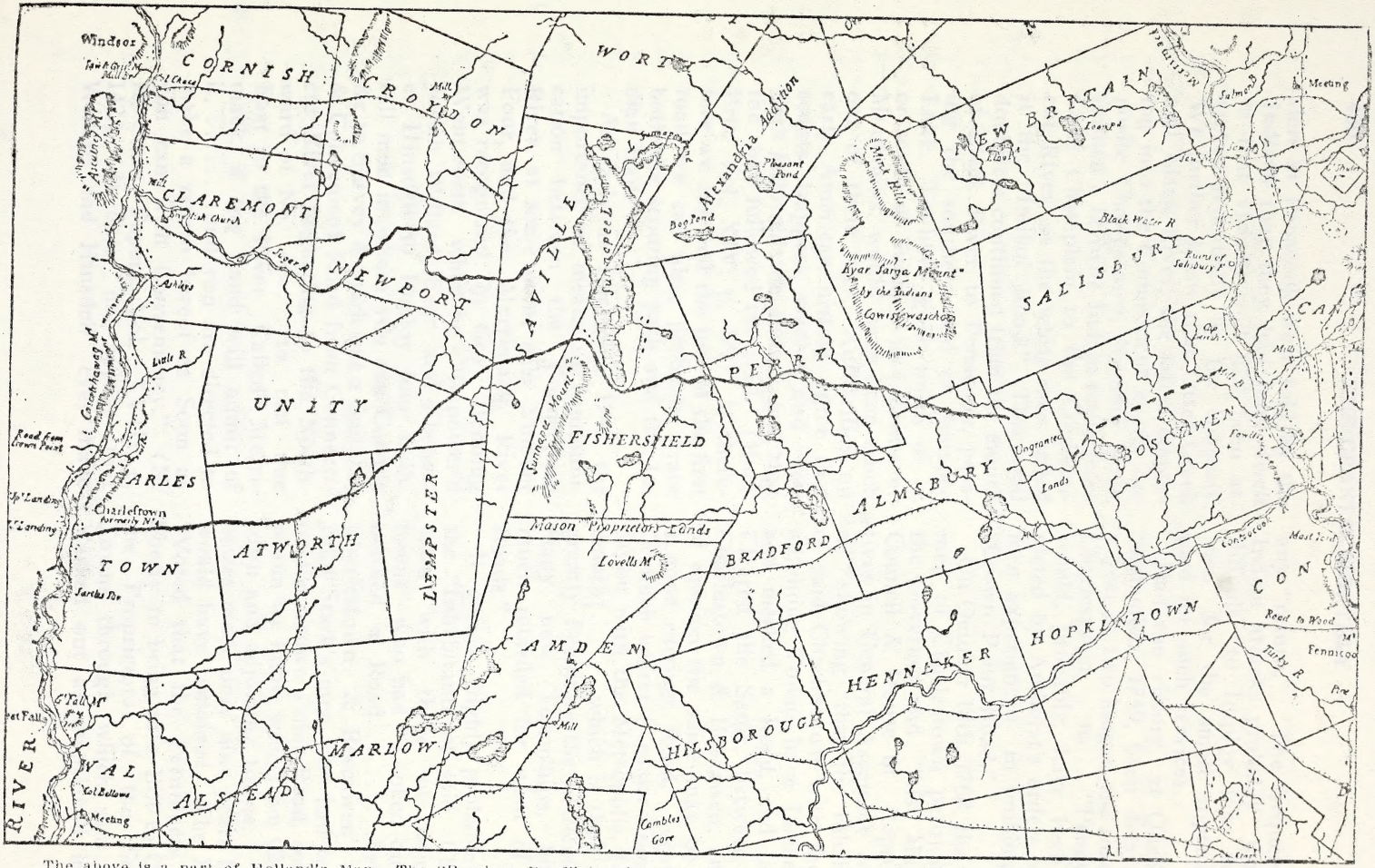
Before 1759 the route for the movement of troops and transport of supplies between Charlestown Number Four, and Crown Point was the long way around by Fort Dummer and Albany. In that and the succeeding year by Amherst's orders a direct road was built by New Hampshire men. This was the "Crown Point Road" leading over the Green Mountains from Number Four to Chimney Point, opposite Crown Point on Lake Champlain. It reduced the distance to about one third of that by way of Albany.

On August 13, 1759, General Amherst wrote from his "Camp at Crown Point" to Governor Wentworth, sending by the same messenger substantially the same letter to the Governor of Massachusetts Bay, saying, "For the Easier Communication of Your two provinces with this Post, I have Already for Some Days past had a Number of men in the Woods, that Are Employed In Cutting a Road between this & No. 4, which will be finished before You Receive this; to Compleat it quite up to Pennycook which must be Still of Greater Advantage to Your province, Whom I doubt not will Very Gladly Improve so favorable & promising An Opportunity, the Rangers Who Are busy on the Road to No. 4 are Ordered to Mark the Trees In the proper direction, So that your people will have only to Cutt them to make the Communication open between Pennycook & No. 4. Which I Would have You to Recommend to them to Set about without delay." [Note 1.] Capt. John Stark, who with a force of two hundred rangers had been detailed to build the Crown Point Road, (Stark's Memoir, p. 27.) would naturally select men whose homes were in Charlestown and adjoining towns to look out the road to "Pennycook," and they, familiar with the old scouting path, would naturally follow that for the line of the road when they marked trees "in the proper direction."

But what had fixed the line of the scouting path? We know that Champlain, in 1609, found the Iroquois on the lake which bears his name. We know that the early set-

[Note 1] See N. H. State Papers, Vol. XVIII, p. 497, 498. Pennycook, now spelled Penacook, comprised the region of the present Concord and Boscawen.

THE PROVINCE ROAD



The above is a part of Holland's Map. The "Province Road" has been made darker than on the original, and in Boscawen has been indicated by dashes. Note "Ruins of Salisbury F" near Merrimack River.



tlers at Penacook were told by the Indians that they had long dwelt in that vicinity and had been attacked repeatedly by the Iroquois. We further know that Otter Creek and Black River, the latter emptying into the Connecticut nearly opposite Charlestown, Number Four, formed a favorite Indian route from Lake Champlain to the Connecticut River, so the white men called it the "Indian Road." This trail doubtless continued from the mouth of Black River to Penacook, passing the southern end of Sunapee Lake. To have gone north of it, or south of Sunapee and Lempster Mountains, would have been much out of their way. Authorities on early American history agree that scouts, trappers, traders and settlers followed the Indian, and that the road followed the trail. (Encl. Brit. Vol. XIV, p. 475) If therefore we can find the line of the first road we can also, probably, trace both the scouting path and the Indian trail.

As early as December 1742, the importance of means of communication between the Connecticut River, at some point near Number Four, and the Merrimack River was recognized by Gov. Benning Wentworth when he "Impower'd Josiah Willard, Esqr. and Ebenezer Hinsdell to Imploy four faithfull men in whom you can Confide &c to Survey & mark out a Suitable & Convenient Road from Connecticut River beginning to the Northward of No. 4.....to run due East to the River Called Merrimack, if the Land will admit of it, ...and you are directed to make a return hereof as Soon as you can with Conveniency." (N. H. State Papers, Vol. XVIII, p. 142.) It does not appear that Willard and Hinsdell ever made any "return." The frequency of Indian attacks probably made it diffcult "to Imploy four faithfull men" for the small stipend then paid for such services.

Had the victory at Quebec in September, 1759, been delayed for a year or two longer, the road from Charlestown to "Pennycook" would, probably, have been completed by Amherst's orders and by men experienced in building the "Crown Point Road."

On October 18th, 1768, the selectmen of Charlestown petitioned to the Governor and "his Majesty's Council & House of Representatives in General Assembly convened" showing "that the Inhabitants of said Charlestown with those of adjoining Towns have Looked out and marked a Road, and in part Cleared the Same, between said Charlestown & Boscawen, and are of opinion the same may be made a good carriage Road," providing "a much nearer & easier Communication with the Metropolis, [Portsmouth]..... which is tho't would greatly Fecilitate the Settlement of many new Townships, hitherto much retarded for want of good Roads."

It seems highly probable that the "Inhabitants of said Charlestown with those of adjoining towns" who had "Looked out and marked a Road.....between Charlestown & Boscawen" were John Stark's men who had worked on the Crown Point Road, some of whom we know were from Charlestown and adjoining towns. Their blazes made only nine years before would have remained. The House "Voted that the Petitioners have liberty to bring in a Bill to Oblige the Proprietors of the Several Towns through which said Road Marked out as mentioned in the

Petition passes, to Clear and make Said Road Passable." (N. H. State Papers, Vol. IX, pps. 98, 99.)

Such a bill appears in the Journal of the House for October 29, 1768. A sharp divergence of views then developed between the executive and the House respecting the propriety of exempting holdings of influential non-resident land owners from taxes required to build the road. The Governor and Council recommended their exemption. The House refused to include the exempting clause in the bill. Immediately thereafter, and while the House was deliberating upon other details of the same bill, it received a message from the Governor proroguing the session. [Note 2.]

At the next session on March 16, 1769, "9 George III," the bill with the exempting clause was passed and signed by the Governor. Supervision of building the road was entrusted to three persons, named in the Act, who were required to submit their account to the General Assembly for approval "previous to the sale of Any land to discharge said account." [Note 3.] It was doubtless owing to these provisions and the proceedings under them, that this highway became known as the "Province Road." The name was appropriate, for this was the only carriage road in western New Hampshire built under provincial legislation of this character. The act provided for a "High Way Suitable for a Carriage Road from The Said Town of Charles Town to Boscawen.....as The Same is now laid out and partly Cleared." The words "Carriage Road" should be noted, for then, and thirty years or more thereafter, the usual mode of travel was on horseback. Outside the village settlements a bridle path was considered and called a road. Most of the "roads" shown on Holland's map were mere bridle paths.

The "Province Road" was built in considerable part in 1769 or 1770, as is shown by several early town plans. A plan of Newport accompanying the renewal of its charter on February 2, 1769, and probably prepared some months earlier, shows crossing the southeasterly corner of that town a road designated "New Road from Charlestown to Boscawen," (N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXV, p. 383).

The plan of Saville, (Sunapee) dated November 10, 1768, shows a "mark'd Road" extending from Newport into Saville. The latter town, as may be seen by the plan, also by Holland's Map, then extended in a sharp pointed gore terminating on the Mason Curve nearly ten miles south of the present southern boundary of Sunapee. The whole of the eastern boundary of Saville, then about twenty miles in length, was determined by and coincided with the Mason Curve. (N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXV, p. 561). All the parts of Newport and Sunapee through which the "Province Road" passed were taken from those towns in the making of Goshen in 1791.

A study of the above mentioned town plans, also of Holland's map and the plan of Fisherfield (Newbury), supplemented by an examina-

[Note 2] See N. H. State Papers, Vol. VII pp. 196, 197, 301. This session was held at Portsmouth. Concord did not become the capital until 1816, although forty-two sessions of the General Court had been held there previously, the first in 1782.

[Note 3] For the full text of this act, see Original Acts, Vol. 6, p. 25; Recorded Acts, Vol. 3, p. 102; Laws of New Hampshire, Vol. 3, Province period 1745-1774, pp. 520-1.

The Committee in charge of building the road consisted of Col. Edward Goldstone Lutwyche of Merrimack, Capt. John Church and Lieut. William Haywood (should be Heywood), both of Charlestown.

tion of the ground, shows that the "Province Road" crossed the South Branch of Sugar River at the place now occupied by Mill Village in Goshen, from which, beginning just north of the little Library Building, it may easily be traced east up the hill and through the pastures for about three quarters of a mile to the fork in the now travelled road. Holland's map and the plan of Fisherfield, both showing Rand Pond, indicate quite clearly that from that fork the "Province Road" is the now much washed and little used highway leading northeasterly between Dodge Hill and Rand Pond. The oldest graveyard in Goshen is just over the stonewall on the south side of this road, and further on a burying ground more than a century old may be seen on the south side opposite a road branching to the south. From this burying ground the "Province Road" continues easterly over an outpost or shoulder of Sunapee Mountain joining what is now the main travelled road at a point a little east of Edgemont Station. It may be noted that for a quarter of a mile the road above described is on the great Mason Curve where it now forms the boundary between Goshen and Newbury, also a part of the eastern boundary of Sullivan County. Gen. John Sullivan for whom the county was named, in 1827, would be interested could he again travel over this road on a visit to Charlestown.

Letters written in 1770 indicate that the "Province Road" was built through Hereford, (later called Fisherfield ,now Newbury,) in 1770 or 1771. It is shown on an undated plan of Fisherfield drawn from surveys made, probably, in 1772 or 1773, though the names of those drawing the lots were apparently added in 1774. The same road is shown on a later plan of that town, from a survey of 1809, whereon it is designated "Province Road" for the first time on any known plan. (N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXVIII, pp. 89-95.) These plans show the road continuing from the present location of Edgemont Station to a place marked "Landing," on "Great Bay" (the earlier plan calls it "Lilly Bay") about half a mile south of the mouth of the brook which flows out of Spectacle Pond, thence along or near the lake shore to Newbury village, thence easterly to the Sutton line. The road originally led over the shoulder of the hill almost directly east from the south end of the lake. It has been abandoned for the distance of about three quarters of a mile on this hill, now curving in a half circle southerly to avoid the heaviest grades. The plan of 1809 shows both the old and new roads up this hill, it also depicts a meeting house at what the U. S, Geological contour survey, "Sunapee Quadrangle Edition of 1907," shows to be the top of the grade; here an abandoned but clearly traceable road branches to the north.

It seems worth while to stop for a moment in tracing the line of the "Province Road" to note that here, a century or more ago, was a now vanished village. Of the dozen or more cellar holes only one has any of the old timbers leaning over it. The meeting house is gone, only the stonewalled graveyard and the immediately adjoining stonewalled village pound are in a recognizable state of preservation. Parts of the huge, old-growth, pine timbers which formed the gateway of the pound lie on the ground, still showing the strokes of the axe where they were hewn. The little churchyard is now overgrown with low-

bush blueberries; men who fought in the War of the Revolution lie buried there. One thinks of the many sad processions that have left that little, hilltop graveyard in years long past, of their descendants who have gone out into the great world, beyond the outline of the mountains blue in the distance, and forgotten whence they came. Only one house still lived in is to be found on this hill, and that distant about a mile. As we climbed the steep, grass-grown road, the branches brushing the sides and top of the powerful automobile, we congratulated ourselves that we were not likely to meet another car. At the very top, on the site of the vanished village, we encountered one. Inquiring whether automobiles were common on that road, instantly came the answer—"Traffic cop on the next corner, be careful about speeding." They were amateur beehunters with all the paraphernalia of the craft, but willingly abandoned business to join in historical research. [Note 4]

A plan of Perry's Town, now Sutton, dated July 26, 1771 shows the "Province Road," not so designated, but traced through the town and a little beyond its boundaries by a double dotted line. Where it enters Newbury are the words "Road to Charles Town," where it enters Kearsarge Gore, now a part of Warner, are the words "Great Road to Boscawen &c." From Sutton's west line the road runs east for about two miles, then curves to the north crossing Lane's River to South Sutton village, continuing easterly it enters Kearsarge Gore where "Kearsarge River," now called Stevens Brook, flows across Sutton's east line and into the Gore. The old road has apparently been abandoned for a short distance near this crossing. (N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXVIII, opposite p. 316).

We have thus far traced the "Province Road," as it exists and is used today, except for a few abandoned stretches, from Mill Village in Goshen to and into Kearsarge Gore, where a short break occurs which the writer is unable to fill. Early plans of Warner do not help us. Holland's map, 1773, 1774, shows this road extending over a corner of the Gore, across the northeast corner of Almsbury, (Warner), and ending in "Ungranted Lands" where we are left in the woods about a mile and a half west of the western boundary of Boscawen which is now the western line of Webster, set off from Boscawen in 1860. [Note 5.]

One John Brown, Surveyor, made a plan of Contoocook, now Boscawen, years before the "Province Road" was thought of. About a mile and a half from its northern boundary he drew on the plan, between the lots, a straight road extending from east to west, nearly the width of the town. (N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXVII, p. 115.) This afterwards became known as the "upper road," also as "Long Street." Charles Carleton Coffin in his "History of Boscawen," (p. 103), describing events in the year 1770, says "The Proprietors held a meeting, and voted to clear a road to 'No. 4' & that the northern or upper road so called shall be cleared for the public road leading to 'No. 4.' This road was Long Street, as laid out in the first survey by John

[Note 4] The writer regrets to say it is reported that maintenance of the "Province Road" over this hill and for some distance beyond has been abandoned recently by the town of Newbury.

[Note 5] Holland seems to have been mistaken in thinking there was a strip of "Ungranted Lands" between Almsbury (Warner) and Boscawen. See N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXVIII, pp. 367-383.

Brown. 'No. 4' was Charlestown on the Connecticut.....This great highway was opened under the direction of the province, and known as the Province Road." The "History of Boscawen" elsewhere describes Long Street as "the highway leading from High Street in Boscawen to Corser Hill and from thence by White Plain to Warner." [Note 6]

If, therefore, we could get over our difficulties in Kearsarge Gore, we could complete the road to Boscawen. A letter from Col. Lutwyche, one of the road committee of three representing the Province, dated Sept. 23, 1771, shows that we are not the first to have difficulty in that Gore. It was written to Theodore Atkinson, Esqr., Moderator of the Mason Proprietors Meetings, and, with some omissions, reads as follows: "There is a piece of land belonging to the Mason Proprietors, lying between Parrystown [Sutton] & Almsbury [Warner], commonly called the Gore, through which the road from Boscawen to Charlestown passes.....I have taken the liberty of applying to you to inform that the Com'tee appointed to see that road compleated, employed people last Fall to cut Trees out of that way, that Horses & Sleds might pass, & it must be compleated very soon, all the rest of the road, except through Hereford [Newbury], (wch Mr. Fisher engages shall be done immediately) is fit for Teams to pass. It would be a great hardship.....that those people who at great expense, have made a good Road thirty or forty miles, should be deprived of the benefit of it, thro the want of abo't a mile & an half, it being not more than that thro' the Gore. We have tried several persons & their price is near Eighteen pound L money per mile, this may appear an extravagant demand but the difficulties that attend making a Road there, owing to its being very Rocky, uneven & so soft in many places as to require Causeying, & several bridges to build, must necessarily make it expensive..... If the proprietors can do it cheaper, we shal rejoice at it & be glad to be eased of the trouble." In a letter written about two months later Col. Lutwyche, referring to the completion of the road says "The Com'tee have no Authority to Lay out a road, but were to see one made where it was mark'd; Yet we have alter'd it, in several places, & should have done the same in the Gore, if we could have seen any advantage that would have resulted from it." (N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXVIII, pp. 319-321.) [Note 7]

Despite the difficulties it seems probable that the mile and a half through the Gore was completed at least in a rough way as originally planned, but abandoned early, perhaps owing to the rotting logs where it was "causeyed" over soft ground, though more likely because of the diversion of travel further south toward Concord. The growing importance of Concord as compared with Boscawen must have contributed to this result. Holland's map shows a road branching southeasterly from the "Province Road" in Perry (Sutton), continuing through Almsbury (Warner) and "Hopkintown" to Concord, designated between the latter towns as "Road to Wood." This early be-

came and is now the main road through Warner, Contoocook and Hopkinton villages, leading to Concord, and is a part of State Aid (No. 7) "Central" Road, marked by a white band between black bands. That part of this "Central" Road which is between Newbury village and Edgemont Station is a part of the "Province Road."

For a distance of fifteen miles from the western end of the "Province Road" the early plans of Charlestown, Acworth, Lempster and Unity, through which it passes, show no roads, nor do the histories of those town contribute any information. In fact, with the exception of that of Boscawen, no history of a town through which the "Province Road" passes makes any mention of it.

West of that part of Goshen which was formerly Newport, our earliest and at present only documentary source of information is Holland's map, prepared for publication in 1773 and 1774. This shows a road, unquestionably the "Province Road," leading nearly due east from "Charlestown, formerly No. 4," to a point a little north of the center of "Atworth," where a road joins it from the south, coming from Keene, Surry and Alstead. Near this junction a Meeting House is shown. The "Province Road" here bears northeasterly, passes a little south of Cold Pond, crosses the northwesterly corner of Lempster and eastern Unity, entering Newport at the place shown on the previously mentioned plan of February 2nd, 1769. It should, however, be remembered that the eastern end of Unity, a triangle off Newport and the south part of Saville (Sunapee) were incorporated as Goshen in 1791, so that this road now crosses only the southeasterly corner of Unity and nowhere enters Newport or Sunapee.

The three sparsely settled farming towns, Acworth, Lempster and

[Note 7] A panhandle, six miles long and a mile wide at its narrowest, extends north from the rectangular principal area of the town of Warner, as a glance at any good map of New Hampshire will show. This tract, called "Kearsarge Gore," was long overlooked by the Mason Proprietors, who probably considered it worthless although it originally extended much further north, including all of Kearsarge Mountain except some of its lower slopes.

In 1781 this area was divided by lot among the score or so of Mason Proprietors from whom the first settlers who came in 1788 purchased their land. For thirty years they remained unincorporated, unattached, and, until 1811, unrecognized by the state.

Thus the Gore was, politically, a no-man's-land, but no one suffered injury by that circumstance; for the settlers, with natural good sense, took matters in hand, held their meetings "leagerly called," elected officers, built roads, established schools, and except for greater economy, managed their affairs just as if the Gore were an incorporated town. It was called a town in their records. For example, in 1795 they "Voted $10 to defray town charges, and $25 to repair highways to be laid out in labor." In 1796 they were more extravagant, for the record reads, "Raised $32 to defray town charges. Voted to raise $40 for school." In 1803, among other matters determined it was "Voted to Doe nothing about polley Simpson." In 1818, at the last "town meeting" held in the Gore, the community had become so prodigal that it was found necessary "to raise $75 to defray town charges." In that year by legislative action the Gore was annexed to Warner; but previously, in 1807, Wilmot had been incorporated, taking as part of it the north half of the Gore and leaving in it only the six mile panhandle above described. In 1811 the Gore was "classed" with Wilmot, that is, together they were entitled to elect a representative to the General Court.

As early as 1813 the local leaders appear to have grasped some of the principles of "practical politics." The election in that year was to be held in the Gore. When the Wilmoters were seen in the distance coming down the mountain the clock was set ahead, the representative elected, the meeting adjourned. The successful candidate, in his capacity of town clerk, promptly certified to his own election as "Representative to gineral Cort." The Wilmoters, arriving in an hilarious mood, treated the previous proceedings as a nullity, elected their candidate—a wealthy and generous innkeeper—whose election was not contested. It is interesting to note that at the next election, which was held in Wilmot, the non-contesting Goreite of the previous year was elected representative although not a man from the Gore was present to cast a ballot. Was this the result of an early political deal, or was it because that seemed to the electorate of Wilmot the fair thing to do?

For the story of Kearsarge Gore, see Harriman's "History of Warner," Chapter XXX. N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXVIII, pp. 385-393, where an interesting plan of the Gore, made in 1780 or 1781, may be seen.

Unity, have within their limits a maze of public highways, probably as many miles of road in proportion to population and area as any rural towns in New England. [Note 8] It is therefore difficult to decide which of the many roads west of Goshen, formed the "Province Road" as shown on Holland's map. In some places in these towns this old road has been abandoned.

Aside from the plan of Fisherfield (Newbury) the earliest publication that has been found mentioning this highway as the "Province Road" is the "Chronological Register of Boscawen" by Ebenezer Price, M. A., published by Jacob Moore, Concord, 1823, wherein it is stated that "The Province Road, laid out by Governor John Wentworth, in a direction from Portsmouth to No. 4, or Charlestown, and opened in 1770, is not improved except for a short distance." "Improved" is a very indefinite term, especially when applied to early roads. A thorough search in early newspapers might be rewarded by finding some reference to the "Province Road," for by such name it was commonly called for many years.

It has been stated that this was the first road built across New Hampshire from the Connecticut to the Merrimack. By this is meant the first road passable for wheeled vehicles. Even thus qualified this statement may be questioned. A trail or bridle path from Keene to the Connecticut River at Westmoreland, (a continuation of the "Boston Road") [Note 9] and from Keene through Dublin, Peterborough, Temple, Wilton, Milford and Amherst—using present names—to the Merrimack was in use before the "Province Road" was built. But no convincing evidence has as yet been found proving the existence of any earlier road passable for wheeled vehicles between the Connecticut and the Merrimack.

The author of the "History of Lyndeborough," formerly Salem-Canada, would have us believe that a road was built from the Ashuelots through to Salem-Canada in 1741 before there were any permanent inhabitants there or nearer than the few in Upper Ashuelot, now Keene, twenty-five miles over the mountains to the westward. The basis for this belief seems to have been that in 1741 Capt. John Fowle was paid £4, or 80 shillings, for work on the part of such road that was in Salem-Canada. In the same book, p. 36, it appears that in the depreciated currency of the period the wage of a common laborer was at that time fifteen shillings per day. The probabilities are that Capt. Fowle, a couple of axemen with him, searched out for a couple of days a trail as far as the supposed town boundaries and marked the trees; but even this would have called for more than the eighty shillings paid.

In a statement appended to a petition for incorporation made by three inhabitants of a "Tract of Land.....Commonly Called and Known by the Name of Peter-

[Note 8] See Walling's Map of Sullivan County, 1860. Judging solely from the writer's observations there are more miles of passable public roads in rural New Engand, excepting the White Mountains and the woods of Maine, than in any other equal rural area. They are not, generally speaking, good roads, but are passable at least in summer.

In Europe they have far fewer miles of roads for any equal rural area, but those in western Europe are almost invariably good roads; before the war they were generally kept in the condition of our best park roads. Their secondary roads, leading off from the main roads, soon degenerate into mere cart tracks often ending abruptly in field or forest.

[Note 9] The "Boston Road" led from Keene through Marlborough, Jaffrey, New Ipswich, and Townsend, Mass. No record has been found of the time when this became pasable for wheeled vehicles; but if the statement made on pages 38 and 39 of the "History of Keene" is correct, it was later than 1787.

borough," dated Octr. 3d, 1759, the petitioners say "The only Road from Portsmouth thro' this Province to number four is thro' said Township of Peterborough." This after-thought appears somewhat inconsistent with a statement in the body of the petition, viz: that without incorporation "we Cannot hold any Propri'rs meeting at all to pass any Vote or Votes that will be Sufficient to Oblige any person to do any part towards.....Clearing and Repairing Roads" which would be "a Great Benefit to the People Travelling to Connecticut river and those Towns settling beyond us." (N. H. State Papers, Vol. IX. pp. 665, 666). There were at that time but few settlers living in Peterborough. Neither the "History of Peterborough" nor the recently published "History of Dublin" tell us anything of the existence of such a road. Moreover, as late as May 13, 1773, a petition was made to the Governor, Council and House of Representatives praying for the construction of a road from Charlestown through Peterborough. and Lyndeborough to Amherst, which indicates that there was not then any direct road from Charlestown to Peterborough. (Ibid p. 21).

The author of the "History of Keene" writes, "In the spring of 1760 New Hampshire raised another regiment of 800 men under the veteran Col. John Goffe. Its rendezvous was at Litchfield, whence it marched through Milford, Peterboro and Keene to No. 4. They found only a bridle path from Merrimac to Keene, *but they made it a comfortable road.* Col. Goffe with his regiment passed through Keene about the 1st of June." The author cites no authority for his statement here placed in italics. The facts demonstrate that to have made such a road on this hurried march was a physical impossibility. Col. Goffe's written orders show that the regiment left Monson, now Milford, on May 29th, 1760, probably not early on that day for we read that 185 axes were to be sharpened before the start. Arriving in Keene on June 1st, would leave less than four days for the march of thirty-three miles as the crow flies, or considerably over forty miles with the windings among the mountains. [Note 10] The "History of Keene" further tells us that Col. Goffe "marched from Keene by the way of Great Meadows [Westmoreland] to No. 4. Throwing his regiment across the Connecticut at Wentworth's ferry, two miles above the fort, he set his men to the work of opening a road to the west to meet the one cut the year before by Lt. Col. Hawks. It cost them forty-four days' time to clear a road over those twenty-six miles." These facts are well authenticated. How then could it have been possible for the same men to have built "a comfortable road," nearly twice as long and across a country equally mountainous, in less than four days? (See "History of Keene," pp. 132, 133.)

The author of this history writes quite specifically of early roads in Keene, telling with commendable particularity just where they ran, but, other than in the above quotation, says nothing of the road claimed to have been built by Col. Goffe's men. In fact on pages 38 and 39 he says, "It was more than fifty years after this time [he was then writing of 1737] that the roads were sufficient for anything lighter than oxcarts for vehicles."

The "History of Marlborough"

[Note 10] See "History of Temple," pp. 73, 74. Much if not all of the "South Side," No. 4, Brown band road from Nashua to Keene is on or very near the line of this trail.

tells us that in 1763 it was voted "to lay out and clear a Road from Dooblin to Keen.". We are told the numbers of the lots on the original survey through which the "road" passed. This looks promising, but upon further examination it is found that this vote was taken at a meeting of the Proprietors held in Marlborough, Massachusetts, and that it was more than a year thereafter when the first settler came to stay, finding the forest trail north from Winchendon by marked trees. Two years later there were only five men living in the town; and only twenty-six when the Province census was taken in September 1767. [Note 11] Probably a majority of these lived at a considerable distance south of the supposed road, and in that part of the town since set off and incorporated as Troy. In any event we may imagine these few settlers engaged in various ways other than in building a little needed carriage road through the forest from west to east across the town. It is one thing to "lay out" a road but quite another to build it. The author of the town history seems to have suspected this; for without fixing the vaguely mentioned "up to this time" he writes, this road "when completed was little more than a bridle path for up to this time the township was an unbroken forest with a small clearing on what is now 'West Hill' in Troy." The "road" mentioned in the town history, and shown on an early plan of Marlborough, was probably the trail left by Goffe's regiment in the spring of 1760.

North of the "Province Road" no road passable for wheeled vehicles was built from the Connecticut to the Merrimack or Pemigewasset until after the revolution. In 1768 a road was "laid out & marked" from Plymouth, on the Pemigewasset, up Baker's River to Warren, thence past Tarleton Pond, through the northeasterly corner of Piermont to the "Oliverian Mills in Haverhill." But nothing has been found to show that any road, other than a bridle path, was built until long afterwards. It was not until four years after the work was done that the men who "looked out" the way and marked the trees were paid for their services. (N. H. State Papers, Vol. XVIII, p. 584, Vol. VII, p. 308). Grant Powers who, about 1824, talked with every surviving early settler in and near Haverhill, and interviewed all who had talked with those who were dead, writes: "Roads direct from Haverhill to Boston were not opened until after the revolution..... ..Heavy articles which were not brought up from Charlestown on the ice, in winter, were brought on pack-horses from Concord through the woods, and ten bushels of wheat would have been exchanged for one of salt." Indeed, according to Powers, in 1772 and for some years later, the trail from Plymouth to Haverhill was not easily passable even on horseback. (Powers' Coos Country, pp. 73, 112-117.)

[Note 11] The following figures giving the total population in the towns on the routes before mentioned are from the Province Census of 1775—Charlestown, 594. Acworth, no return made, in 1772 contained 14 houses. Lempster, 128. Unity, 146. Newport, 157. Saville, now Sunapee, 65. Fisherfield, now Newbury, 130. Perry's Town, now Sutton, 130. Warner, 262. Boscawen, 585. Portsmouth, "the Metropolis," 4590. Amherst, no return, by census of 1767, 858. Monson, now Milford, no return, by census of 1767, 293. Wilton, 623. Temple, 491. Peterborough, 549. Dublin, 305. Monadnock No. 5, now Marlborough, 324. Keene, 756. Westmoreland, 758. Walpole, 658. In all the more populous towns the large percentage of women and children, as shown by the census, is surprising. (See N. H. State Papers, Vol. VII, pp. 168-170, 724-781.)

Had not considerations other than population determined the route, the first carriage road across western New Hampshire would have been built from Westmoreland through Keene, Marlborough, Dublin, Peterborough, Temple, Wilton, Milford, Amherst and thence to the Merrimack River.

tells us that in 1753 it was voted "to lay out and clear a Road from Dunbin to Keene." We are told the numbers of the lots on the original survey through which the "road" passed. This looks promising, but upon further examination it is found that this vote was taken at a meeting of the Proprietors held in Marlborough, Massachusetts, and that it was more than a year thereafter when the first settler came to Keene. Outline the travel trail (Orig. from Winchendon by marked trees. Two years later there were only five men living in the town, and only twenty-six when the Province census was taken in September 1767. [Note 11]. Probably a majority of these lived at a considerable distance south of the supposed road, and in that part of the town since set off and incorporated as Troy. In any event we may imagine these few settlers engaged in various ways other than in building a little needed carriage road through the forest from west to east across the town. It is one thing to "lay out" a road but quite another to build it. The author of the town history seems to have suspected this, for without fixing the vaguely mentioned "up to this time" he writes, this road "when completed was little more than a bridle path for up to this time the township was an unbroken forest with a small clearing on what is now 'West Hill' in Troy." The "road" mentioned in the town history, and shown on an early plan of Marlborough, was

A road was "laid out and Marked" from Plymouth to Dartmouth College in 1771. This was to be a part of the "Governors Road" from Gov. John Wentworth's house in Wolfeborough to the College in Hanover. It had not been built in 1774 when it was reported by the committee in charge that "Notification was given for the Several Towns to clear out the road, for Passing and Repassing agreeable to s'd Act. But None of said Towns or their Proprietors took any Notice thereof." (N. H. State Papers, Vol. VII, pp. 283, 284, Vol. XVIII, pp. 605, 652, 653). No such road is shown on Holland's map except about nine miles of what was doubtless a bridle path extending through Plymouth into Cockermouth, now Groton, and stopping short a mile or two east of Kimball Hill. Had a road, or a much used bridle path, existed over this route in 1774 Holland, who lived in Portsmouth and held a grant of several thousand acres adjoining Plymouth, would have known of it. That a trail between Wolfeborough and Dartmouth College was marked by blazed trees as early as 1771 or 1772 cannot be questioned. According to Chase's "History of Dartmouth College" (Vol. I, pp. 230, 231,) Governor John Wentworth, when he travelled from his palatial summer residence in Wolfeborough to attend the first commencement at Dartmouth in August 1771, went to Plymouth—this must have been over the mere blazed trail—thence to Haverhill and down the river to Hanover. Whatever the route it was an interesting procession on that almost royal progress through the woods, the sixty aristocrats of Portsmouth on horseback, led by that charming, dashing gentleman, the last, the most cultured and accomplished of our several provincial governors; equally at his ease in a fashionable London drawing room, with college dons at Oxford, among the Councillors of the King, or when camping in the wilderness. They move slowly through the shades of the forest, searching out the trail, followed by servants, and pack-horses laden with the necessary impedimenta, including that celebrated silver punch-bowl and the fragrant, liquid refreshments to be dispensed therefrom.

On August 17, 1772, shortly before the second commencement, Gov. John Wentworth wrote from "Wentworth House" in his characteristically graceful way to the Rev. Dr. Wheelock, President of Dartmouth College. The words pertinent to our inquiry are as follows, "I propose to set out from this place the first fair day after the 20th instant.....At Plymouth we shall make due inquiry, & if tolerably practicable prefer the College road lately laid out by authority." This time accompanied by about twenty gentlemen of distinction, the Governor travelled, it is generally believed in Hanover, by the direct trail over the shoulder of Moose Mountain, about one-third the distance of his route of the year previous through Haverhill,and probably with few more difficult places per mile. The Governor would not be deterred by difficulties. This is shown by the fact that on his return from Hanover he went "up the river to the 45th degree of latitude, [the Canadian line, on the west side of the river] and thence [in the discharge of his duty as royal surveyor of forests] by an easterly direction through the pathless wilderness

down to the sea-coast." [Note 12]

The Wolfeborough-Plymouth-Hanover route was sometimes called the "Governors road," sometimes the "College road;" but a careful search has failed to reveal any contemporaneous documents tending to show that it had become anything that would now be called a road before the close of the revolution. [Note 13]

Respecting the "roads" from Plymouth to Haverhill, and, from Plymouth direct to Dartmouth College, an examination of the 1775 census returns from the towns traversed [Note 14] shows that without aid from or supervision by the province the building of carriage roads through such a wilderness was a financial impossibility. Had the province aided or supervised the work some record of it would have been preserved.

While, then, there were across western New Hampshire several bridle paths, which were the roads of the period, the "Province Road" was the only one passable for wheeled vehicles. It is not contended that this was a good road, but that it was so passable, doubtless requiring very careful driving in some places. In a report made to Governor John Wentworth on May 18th 1772 respecting conditions in Acworth it is stated that, "about four miles of the main Road leading from Charlestown to Boscawen, at ye westerly End [are] made passable for Carriage and ye Remainder of ye same Road [is] Cut about one Rod wide and so leveled that Carriages might pass with Difficulty." (N. H. State Papers, Vol. IX, pp. 1, 2, 4.)

The building of the "Province Road" was an unusual undertaking for the period. During the fourteen years of peace following the close of the last French and Indian war the settlers of northern New England were occupied in building shelters, making clearings and supplying themselves locally with food and clothing. They had no time left in which to build little needed carriage roads. They were content to do their necessary travelling in the saddle, and to transport the few supplies that had to be brought from a distance, by water, packhorses or the two wheeled oxcarts capable of going almost anywhere

[Note 12] See Gov. Wentworth's letter to the Admiralty, Jan. 13, 1773, from his manuscript letter-book, a copy of which is in the office of the Secretary of State at Concord. See also Chase's "History of Dartmouth College" Vol. I, p. 252. Gov. Wentworth was also present at the third Dartmouth Commencement in 1773. On August 4th, he wrote from Portsmouth to Dr. Wheelock saying; "If I can be with you I at present purpose to come thro Plymouth." It is therefore probable that he again travelled the "Governor's road." Ibid. pp. 254, 255.

[Note 13] The courses and distances as reported by the committee of three that "laid out and Marked" this trail, for which it was allowed "10 pounds in full," (see N. H. State Papers Vol. XVIII, p. 605. Vol. VII, 283, 284, 318.) do not coincide, except in a few places, with any now existing road. It would be an interesting undertaking, if it has never been done, for the students of surveying at Dartmouth to calculate the then variation of the compass, for which most likely no allowance was made, estimate the probable deduction for "swag," sag of the chain, and indicate with piles of stones, or better, stone markers, the line of this interesting provincial trail as it was when originally marked out and when Gov. Wentworth travelled over it. The point of beginning at the eastern end, "David Webster's by s'd Pemigewasset river" is shown on Holland's map. Some Dartmouth alumnus, who is a member of the Grafton County bar, could contribute materially by determining the location of David Nevin's, Silas Brown's and Widow Snow's, all probably within the present limits of Plymouth, Sam'l Hazelton's and James Gould's in Hebron and Ebenezer Melvin's in Groton. If the locations of these houses is unknown, the information could be obtained by tracing the titles down to the present owners. Perhaps on running the courses and distances the cellar holes could be found "The spot appointed for a Meeting House in Hanover .....W. 3 degrees S. 4 miles and half to the College" is probably known. A plan of this "road," dated October 30, 1771 and on a scale of one inch to a mile, is in the office of the Secretary of State at Concord.

[Note 14] From the census of 1775—Plymouth, 382; Rumney, 237; Wentworth, no return made there were 27 voters in 1783; Warren, no return made, there were 26 voters in 1783; Piermont, 168; Haverhill, 365; Cockermouth, now Groton, 118; Canaan no return made, only seven families there in 1777; Hanover, 434.

not too swampy or precipitous, if the trees were cut through the woods. During the revolution the able bodied men left at home were busily occupied in providing bare necessities! In the eight or ten years following the treaty of peace the state, counties and towns were almost bankrupt; so it was as late as 1790, or later, before much was done in the making of carriage roads. Had we complete records of the facts we should be surprised to find how few roads in New England back from the seaport towns, and especially in northern New England, were passable for carriages before 1790 or 1800.

Charlestown held a commanding position as the northernmost fortified settlement in the Connecticut River valley. It was the place from which the settlements further north obtained nearly all of the supplies that could not be produced at home. A probably passable carriage road existed from "the Metropolis," which was Portsmouth, to Boscawen in 1770. These facts together with the desire to tie the settlements of the Connecticut River valley and the intervening wilderness more closely to the province accounts for its interest in this "Great Road." The importance of the route had been recognized and the way prepared for it by the use of the old Indian trail as a scouting path during the French and Indian Wars. It was this combination of circumstances that led to the early building of the "Province Road."

The attempt herein made to describe the line of this historic highway is incomplete, especially the westernmost fifteen miles from Goshen to Charlestown. Much investigation must be made locally, by residents keenly interested in preserving the facts of local history. It seems worth some effort to trace the line of the old scouting path over which soldiers of the last French and Indian War marched to fight at Lake George, Ticonderoga and Quebec, later the road many of John Stark's men tramped over on their hurried way to meet at Charlestown, thence to go over the Green Mountains to fight the battle of Bennington, and afterwards to block Burgoyne in his attempt to retreat from Saratoga.

This old road, impassable or barely traceable in places through woods and overgrown pastures, has more than sentimental interest when we think of the men who marched over it to fight battles with the French that made the continent English, and later with the English that made most of it American. [Note 15]

To the Descendants of Col. William Heywood of Charlestown, N. H., born in Rutland, Mass., July 28 1728, died in Charlestown February 4, 1803.

William Heywood; a soldier of two Colonial wars, present at the taking of Ticonderoga in 1759; a member of the Committee of Safety, and a delegate to the Provincial Congress holden at Exeter in 1775; a soldier of the Revolution; a combatant at Bennington; selectman thirty-eight years; town clerk forty years; town treasurer; representative to the General Court; a self-taught but capable surveyor; "the principal surveyor of this region"; one of the committee of three representing the province to supervise the building of the "Province Road."

[Note 15.] Since this article was written many miles of motoring and several days of hard tramping have sufficed to trace all but about four miles of the "Province Road" between Mill Village and Charlestown. The still missing link is in northeastern Acworth. This investigation would have been practically impossible without the assistance of Dr. Samuel R. Upham of Claremont, Walter R. Nelson and C. G. Bennett of Goshen, John F. Wheeler and Walter G. Wheeler of Lempster, Dr. Charles E. Woodbury of Acworth, and Samuel S. Webber of Charlestown.

The interest has been not merely in tracing this historic road largely through woods and pastures, but in observing its unmistakable characteristics, especially in places abandoned for a century or more, where the culverts and ditching remain unchanged, and the grading has been preserved by grasses and other growths. The writer hopes sometime to complete this work and to write another article about the "Province Road." The use made of it during the revolution has been thus far barely touched upon.

Heywood lived most all of his long life in Charlestown. He left many descendants one of them, Hon. William Heywood of Lancaster. He kept a journal covering his experiences as a scout, soldier, official and surveyor. In 1875 and 1876 this journal was in the possession, probably temporarily, of Henry H. Saunderson, author of the "History of Charlestown," see page 402. Mr. Saunderson made considerable use of it in matters "essentially connected with the history of Charlestown"; but unfortunately he did not consider the "Province Road," or any other roads, as coming within that category.

Judging by the fragments quoted in the "History of Charlestown" the publication of this journal would be a valuable contribution to the history of western New Hampshire, and might shed much light on the building of the "Province Road." If the journal can be found the writer of the foregoing would esteem it a privilege to be permitted to bear the expense of having a careful copy made to be presented to the New Hampshire Historical Society. He would also be glad to arrange to have parts or the whole of the journal printed. Anyone who can aid in tracing this journal please address George B. Upham, West Claremont, N. H., after November, 233 Bay State Road, Boston.

THE MINUTES

By Mary H. Wheeler

Time, O time drives a tandem team
Circling the earth by stages.
Fleet, so fleet, while the wee minutes seem
Heralding the hours as pages.

Never abreast but always in line,
Minute after minute advancing,
In the clear day or when the stars shine
Tripping and springing and glancing.

Sixty go by and along comes an hour,
Never a moment delaying.
So go the hours and the days without power
Either for speeding or staying.

Months and the years pass along like a dream
Marking the swift-coming stages.
So go the minutes in tandem team,
Time driving on through the ages.

WINTER AND MIRACLES

By Katharine Upham Hunter.

With the falling leaves we, who live in the real country, set the world apart. Our summer friends have gone with the summer birds and we are alone, with our land and the elements, in the cloisters of winter. Then it is that miracles are vouchsafed us; out of the elements they come, soft, feathered, songful, and our hearts turn to them as yearningly as ever did St. Francis'; for these miracles, descended out of the storm-laden sky, are the winter birds. Frail, wonderful creatures! Their very presence transforms the frozen acreage; for these rough-weather comrades are living links in the chain of friendship and without them the drift might freeze our hearts.

Brave "little Brothers" of the Air! As we walk through the cold splendor of the woods we see them, tiny beings, high in the snow-powdered tree-tops songfully hunting their subsistence, or down on the forest floor as cheerfully supping where sparsely-seeded weeds poke their crowns above the snow. Nuthatches, Chickadees, Woodpeckers, Jays and Sparrows—they are our friends, unfashionable, enduring.

To me these birds of the winter solitude are invested with personality. They evoke in me certain emotions—just as my human friends arouse keener realization of the highlights and shadows of this amazing world. Year after year the winter is mine to know them, and winter after winter they enter my magic circle.

The Nuthatches sociably come with the first cold weather to wind head-down and head-up the tree holes and then, having done their duty by the orchard, they convene in my pear tree and regale themselves with sunflower seeds and suet; these they eat from wooden trenchers, they improvise in crevices of the bark. Their tea parties reveal them prosaic married folk; the Master, after stuffing himself to capacity, retires to an upper branch and ruminates, unannoyed by feminine tattle; while the lady, a strong-minded Feminist, wastes not one minute feeling hurt and flies away to business. Siesta over, her mate rejoins her and they police chestnuts, elms and apple trees for wood-boring beetles, scale insects, eggs, larvae and other noxious mites. Eating topsy-turvy, spreading their feet wide apart as they scurry around the trunk, what pest can escape them? Look for them in late afternoon and you will not find them—they have crept into some crevice for night shelter. Though their tempers are friable, these Nuthatches have an excellent working partnership—one which circumvents boredom and preserves individuality.

No matter how dark and stormy the days the Nuthatches are always at the pear tree, their nasal "yank, yank" announcing them when the snowflakes, showering down, hide the carefully groomed little figures. They always explore and eat as cheerfully as though it were the finest of days: I think in their philosophy it is, and I wonder why mortals are strangely upset by Nature's sterner moods.

Sometimes I like to forget that my Nuthatches have personality; then, as I stare out at them, they express line, curving and irresistible, within whose confine, as though washed on by a brush, lie

balancing areas of cool greys, blues and blacks. How delightfully decorative they would be on a vase! Had my Nuthatches lived 3500 years ago in Crete some Minoan potter-naturalist would have imprisoned them under the glaze of his immortal jar and I, centuries later poking about in the palace excavations of Knossos or Phaestos, would chance upon a shard banded by little grey, bluish and black birds—bewitching in their unfaded loveliness.

The fire purs in my Franklin fireplace; outside the snow is sleeting down. Suddenly there is a rattle of claws on the window-glass; a Nuthatch has alighted on the slight ridge of the sash and slides down the pane to the sill. What new secret for birdmen is in this novel arresting of flight? The aviator is my Lady; with deliberation she is choosing a sunflower seed when there is another rattle on the glass and her spouse toboggans down whereupon my Lady meekly surrenders the seeds and her place. But after he has gone she shoots herself from the chestnut tree and in one fierce foreshortenment of her trimness to black eyes, black bill and claws she strikes the sash and drops to the larder. Later she is pecking at suet in the chestnut when a churl of a Downy Woodpecker drives her from branch to branch and away; he will not tolerate her in the tree.

Into my magic circle come also the Chickadees—though "come" is a tame verb for the entrances of will-o'-the-wisps, yet I shall leave it for I cannot say they have "whisked" into my heart—and in my heart they surely are. For Chickadees are like pansies always brave and gay indeed. They are my winter pansies, blooming blithely in all kinds of weather!

When the November days come and the battle lines are being drawn up for that royal contest of the elements which will bring us snow, I snap down the cover and turn the key on that uncomfortable part of the mind which insists that my tasks are undone, and answer the call of the Chickadees. They lure me afield and up a road of delight. It is a ribboned road; two rows of grasses—brown now—stripe its length, and it bands a half-wild pasture hillside. The sun beats pleasantly upon my head as I follow the black maned sprites, and the air, full of sparkling zest, like cider of discreet age, makes my feet fly over the ground. Once I stop in a clearing overgrown with golden rod to watch a Downy Woodpecker; he is bending a stalk nearly double with his drilling. Treasure in a weed-stalk? Impossible, my black and white, scarlet tufted Friend! But when I see the golden rod galls neatly punctured by tiny holes I learn what I never suspected, that Downy is an epicure with a taste for *caviare*. The Chickadees flit into a thicket of hemlocks. Surely they would have me rest on that lichened stone, ringed by a colony of shield ferns, which the hemlocks shelter. So I sit there and bask like a lizard in the grateful sunshine. I can see the river below babbling over large flat stones and beyond it the brown stubble of harvested fields framed by grey, steely hills. Behind the hills the clouds are marshalling their forces in vast array for the battle of Winter—occasionally a cloud separates itself and tilts forth, like a warrior armed *cap a pie*. Then foolish little clouds scud away to the south. They made me think of my neighbors hurrying away to Florida or California. My thoughts go back to our New England forbears. Could

you imagine those sturdy realists who greeted the bleak wilderness as "Providence" (to their tossed souls it was "God's loving care") seeking with the first snowflakes lost youth in Florida or "growing old" in California? To try would put imagination on crutches! How much we should miss out of experience if we had to forego Winter! How Winter puts us to the test—or opens our eyes, which is it? Summer with its hot riot of colour and beauty and friends dulls the edge of sensibility by its very lavishness and sets us nodding whether we will or no; but Winter, frosty Winter, sends the blood a-tingling through the veins, and we realize the gradations of tint from grey values. Note with your winter eye sky to snow-bound swamp against whose whiteness yellow and red stalks of willow and alder paint themselves more vividly than any red and yellow poppy of last summer's flowering. Note those friends who brave the icy fangs of the North Wind mile after mile to sit at your hearth; how their every word, how even the expression of their faces, lighted by the dancing flames, linger with you long after their sleigh bells have tinkled into silence.....

My Chickadees peer, with inquisitive bead eyes, from out the spicy hemlocks. "Will you come and have window tea with me this winter?" I ask them and they answer merrily, "Dee-dee-dee (lighted!)" and they are as good as their word, flying straight from the woods to my window, and after their "tea," mounting to tall maple, thence to launch themselves through the quarter-mile of air to their woodland.

As I watch on a January morning, the black-maned Sprites of grey, buff and white choose grey and white striped sunflower seeds from the window ledge and then, holding the seed firmly between two claws, hack off the envelope and eat the kernel in dainty beak-ers, between snatches of bird conversation. Thus watching, I learn secrets which until now the tall, hushed hemlocks and the quivering birches of the woodland had hidden. And I tame my little wild horses till they come at my whistle for food, and take it with rebellious little jerks from my fingers.

It is at this time of year, when the moon tip-toes over the wooded hill, a shining, inquisitive disc, that the silence of the night is broken by a sepulchral, awesome "hoo-o-hoo-hoo-hoo." The great hunting Owl is moving, with foul intent, like the ghost of an ogre through the Chickadee's sleeping rooms.

Late in February, when the sky is the azure of a saint's mantle and the snow is dazzling in its purity, a fine, sleek brigand slips like a grey-barred cock robin into the bushes, flirts his head and tail and then, dropping his mask, out-huns the Hun. For he cuts a chickadee out of the company of happy Black Caps and pursues him up, up into the air where the little bird's shrieks are lost as he twists and zig-zags, just evading that powerful hooked beak. Up above the wine-glass elms they go, twisting and turning, the hunter and the hunted. No merry chirps from the bushes now; the other Chickadees are little frozen statues. And so they "freeze" through the February days whenever the Northern Shrike would be a-butchering. It is all a very old drama; when the curtain rang up on Adam and Eve, and all seemed Paradise, the play was in full swing, and it will be playing as long as

there is a stage on which the hunters can stalk the hunted—yet I sometimes ponder, do the fittest always survive?

When the driving snow is wrapping the country in soft white wool, and Dame Nature in penitential mood silently tells her beads—a would-be nun—great whirling clouds of feathers drift with the snow through the air. Now they alight in the fields and again, like capricious thistle-down, are off. These whirling clouds intrigue me and I follow them on skiis, wishing I were Puck. I scour the countryside in vain, they will not reveal themselves. Later when I am enjoying the warm hearthside, a multitude of soft chirps cozen me to the window—there in birth and bushes are the sky riders. Backs sharply penciled by black and snow-white wing feathers, a snowiness of breast and a sparrowiness of bill tell me what my long tramp did not—they are Snowflakes from the Arctic zone and they are in the trees by the hundred, these birds who will prefer a roof to a tree-dotted lawn.

Sometimes, over night as it were, the maple trees, globular skeletons till now—blossom forth as great rosy hollyhocks. Next all these double rosy hollyhocks arise from the branches and soar into the air. Then, as though out of the Mahabarata, "again there showered flowers down out of the sky upon them"—but this time we see they are mere birds that have transformed our maples into trees of Paradise. Pine Grosbeaks from the Coniferous forests of the North. We peer at them through the frosted panes; plump as Robins, they glean the maple keys and lisp to each other, moving sedately from branch to branch until with fine disregard for the law of gravity they are eating the keys on twigs and hanging there like unseasonable carmine-tinted fruit. I follow them to the apple orchard where they nibble the dried apples "a-top on the topmost twig" and as they lisp in concert, a great, antlered stag bounds by us onto the meadows. Ah, we who live in the country in winter and have eyes to see and ears to hear shall have indeed wonders sent us!

While the supply of keys last, the gentle and flawless Grosbeaks stay with me; they seem an angelic visitation—as though Fra Angelica's angels, garbed in their blush pink and greenish tinted robes, had slipped out of their panels in far off Florence and stolen across sea and ocean to me. Many a day after their visitation, in the snow-blanketed fields by the river I find bits of the maple envelopes—tokens of these blush-coloured "messengers" who have winged their mysterious way hence to other groves.

The Pine Grosbeaks have cousins on the North Pacific Coast who in intervals of years fly across the continent to surprise us New Englanders. They must like us, for the last eight years they have come in scattered bands each winter. How different from the twittering Grosbeaks are these material gentlemen who sit phlegmatically in the pines by the highway and appraise me. They might be stout, rich Hollanders in their counting house, home from the Indies and still attired in the gorgeous fabrics of the East. When the wood-sleds have jangled by on their way to market and only I remain in the snow-drifted road below, they vol-plane lightly to the ground where the sun has slanted its rays of afternoons and uncovered the pine needles. There on the brown bank in their clear yellows and blacks, their burnt orange and pipings of white, they waddle

solemnly up and down, scratching up seeds for supper. Then enter their wives demure and Dutch, in blacks and greys and whites, and they with the unemotional burghers waddle on scratching the earth and pausing to shell the seeds. They whistle cheerfully, or chatter, very decorously, but they never tell why they have crossed from the Pacific to the Atlantic. They are gone now, of course, but whenever we climb that hill I see under the pines a little scene in the *genre*.

A gentleman in a Quakerish, barred brown coat and an unquakerish scimeter bill and piratical eye, is travelling up the trunk of the pear tree. He is busy with the bark, and yet, when seemingly most interested, spreads his wings and drops to the base of the tree, only to climb up again. This Excelsior of feathers is Brown Creeper, a bird of the woodlands high above us. A Jay comes for suet and my heart beats quickly at his beauty and colour, and my fingers ache for a pencil. Such beauty is its own excuse for being—what do I care for stolen corn and even darker deeds when a bird can look like that?

Now the ground is covered with sleek, slatish birds who must have been resting in a snowdrift when the Creator painted them for the slate-colour sharply meets the white of their bellies and then spreads darkly over head, back, wings and tail, lacking only where the snow brushed against the outer quill feathers. The Juncoes tell me they have come by the ringing of a million tiny bells. It hardly seems bird music! Were it spring I might play elves were ringing the lilies of the valley, for the thin, silvery *carillions* are pitched for more intimate ears than mine. This music of the Juncoes makes me vaguely sad, but it is better to be blithe when snow covers the ground. So I turn to the Tree Sparrows who are flocking with the Juncoes. They are saucy and jocund. I note their bright chestnut caps, striking wings and black dot over the heart, as though their breast feathers were a fencer's plastron where the heart must be indicated. Beside them hop little Redpolls, those fluffy darlings of the far north who look so sweetly babyish in their rosy caps and bibs that one must squeeze them.

So, while Winter reigns, the winged Miracles come and go—heartening symbols of love and friendship.

When our season of renunciation is at its end and the south winds are hurrying to us the tropical abundance of summer, I am reluctant for I love Winter, its birds, its fiery sunsets and its fields of pure snow, unbroken save for the ribbon-trail of my skiis and the delicate thread-lace passage of the Partridge. I would fain keep, for a little longer, all Winter's fine reserves. How can I let you go, O Winter? Only because, as truly as the leaves which now are quickening in the elms will grow sere and yellow, you will come again.

AUTUMN

By Albert Annett

Speak low in the woodland's holy hush!
The Lord is in the burning bush,
And a still small voice is passing by;—
Who hears aright shall prophesy.

BEDEL'S RANGERS AT THE SIEGE OF ST. JOHNS

By Samuel Copp Worthen, A. M., L. L. B., Genealogist of the New Jersey Society, Sons of the American Revolution.

The American invasion of Canada in 1775 is chiefly remembered for its disastrous climax, that dark December night when Montgomery's little army pushing up through snow and sleet made its final desperate assault, and fell back leaving its heroic leader dead beneath the frowning walls of Quebec. Little stress has been laid upon the earlier operations, which were highly successful and in which our soldiers behaved most creditably. No popular historical work gives anything like a detailed account of the capture of St. Johns, yet this was the first formal siege of a British fortress by Colonial troops during the Revolution. It should be particularly interesting to students of New Hampshire history because of the leading role played in it by the "rangers" under Col. Timothy Bedel of Haverhill.

The plan of the Revolutionary leaders had been to avoid interference with Canada and to do all in their power to obtain her good will, but this policy was rendered impracticable by the activities of Sir Guy Carleton, the Governor-General, during the early part of the summer of 1775, which clearly indicated his intention of retaking the forts on Lake Champlain captured in the spring by the "Green Mountain Boys." Accordingly Gen. Philip Schuyler was instructed to destroy the boats and floating batteries gathering on the lakes and streams to the northward, and then in his discretion to move against the fortress of St. Johns on the Sorel (now known as the Richelieu) River in the Province of Quebec, and other Canadian strongholds. He reached Ticonderoga on July 18th and began to organize an army. The value of the bold and sturdy frontiersmen of New Hampshire for such service was well known, and the duty of enlisting a regiment of "rangers" in that Colony to join the expedition was assigned to one of the leading military men of "the Coos Country," Col. Timothy Bedel of Haverhill.

On August 17th, Brigadier General Richard Montgomery joined Schuyler as second in command. He was a young Irishman who had served in the British army and after selling his commission had settled in New York and married a daughter of Robert R. Livingston. The army proceeded to Isle Aux Noix in the Sorel River, where they arrived on September 5th, and the following day they set out toward St. Johns. They repulsed an attack by Canadians and Indians, but Schuyler, receiving exaggerated reports of the strength of the fortress, returned on the 7th to Isle Aux Noix to await reinforcements. He complained of illness and proposed to abandon this position also, but Congress gave him permission to retire from the front, and the active command devolved upon Montgomery. Schuyler had in fact been suffering for some time from a severe fever, and was physically unfit to conduct the campaign.

Meanwhile the expected reinforcements arrived, including Col. Bedel and his New Hampshire regiment. The men had assembled at Haverhill and marched through the Green Mountain wilderness, guided by spotted trees, to the mouth of the Onion (now the Winooski)

River on Lake Champlain. Eighteen men with ten days' provisions had been sent from Ticonderoga to meet them. On September 16th they embarked at Baker's Harbor on a boat called the *Lake Monitor*. When they were about three miles out a heavy storm arose and the master becoming frightened returned to land. Col. Bedel angrily ordered him to set sail again at once, and though suffering great discomfort and drenched to the skin, they proceeded in the darkness through rain and wind to the south end of Grand Isle. The next day they sailed down the lake to the outlet and along the Sorel River to Isle Aux Noix.* On Sunday, September 17th, Montgomery transferred his forces, now consisting of 1400 men, to the west bank of the Sorel, and began the investment of St. Johns.

The commander had to contend with many unfavorable conditions. His supplies were meagre, his artillery too light and his gunners unpracticed; the mortars were defective and ammunition was scanty. The ground, especially south of the forts, was low and swampy, so that the men were compelled to pile up bushes, bark and flags in order to prevent sinking over their shoes in mud and water. They began at once, however, to cut roads and to prepare the ground for the erection of batteries. On the 18th Major Brown, who had been for some time in the country to the northward reconoitering and endeavoring to recruit Canadian volunteers, was attacked by a force of three or four hundred men having several field pieces. Col. Bedel was ordered to pass the forts and march to his assistance, and after a sharp skirmish, he put the enemy to flight.

In disposing the forces for the siege Bedel was placed in command of the advanced posts north of St. Johns, small parties being stationed near Chambly and at La Prairie, while the main body of the advanced guard was immediately north of the forts at what was called "Bedel's Encampment." The lower camp was south of St. Johns in the midst of the swamp. There were also about 300 men on water craft in the river. On September 25th the batteries were completed and opened fire. The enemies' batteries responded and thereafter the artillery exchanges were constant. Fighting of a more or less serious character occurred daily.

For the greater part of the time throughout the whole siege, cold and stormy weather prevailed. From September 26th to October 4th was a particularly trying and inclement period. The low land became one vast quagmire in which the wet and weary Colonials were floundering. Sickness broke out and provisions and ammunition ran low. These gloomy conditions were soon, however, somewhat ameliorated. Another circumstance unfavorable to success was the lack of cordiality between the commander and his subordinate officers and men. Montgomery with his impetuous Irish temperament and his training in the severe discipline of the British army, could not understand the cool, calculating "Yankee" whose inbred notions of equality rendered it difficult for him to see why he was not "just as good" as his superiors in military rank and why something resembling the methods of the town meeting

*These facts are related in the diary of Private Bayze Wells, one of the 18 men detailed to meet Bedel's regiment.

should not be brought into the army. Montgomery therefore complained bitterly of the character of his troops, not realizing that they were excellent raw material requiring only a little experience in the field to convert them into a most effective military force.

The independent attitude of the army is shown by the frequency with which it was necessary to hold councils of war and by the manner in which the commanding general's wishes were sometimes disregarded. For example, without Montgomery's orders and against his judgment it was voted to erect a battery on the easterly bank of the Sorel River. The battery was put in operation on October 14th, and a day or two afterwards it sank an armed schooner, thereby opening a safe passage down the river.

Perhaps a knowledge of conditions inside the fortress would have comforted Montgomery with the realization that his troubles were not unique. The commander of the garrison could neither prevent his soldiers from deserting nor his officers from quarreling. On one occasion an officer spat in another's face and called him a liar, whereupon he was promptly knocked down. It required a court of inquiry to adjust their differences.*

The next important event was the capture of Chambly, a fort on the Sorel about seven miles north of St. Johns, by Col. Timothy Bedel with a force of 300 men. Artillery was placed on batteaux and on a dark night conveyed past the forts to the head of Chambly Rapids where it was mounted on carriages and taken to the point of attack. This movement had been rendered feasible by the destruction of the armed schooner which had guarded the river. On October 18th after a brief resistance Major Joseph Stopford surrended Chambly to Col. Bedel with large quantities of provisions and military supplies, including 22 iron and 17 brass cannons and about six tons of powder. The colors of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, the first colors of a British regiment to be taken during the war, were sent as a trophy to Congress.

By means of the artillery and ammunition captured at Chambly, Montgomery was able to press the siege of St. Johns with renewed vigor. He transferred his headquarters to the north camp and erected a strong battery on an eminence scarcely 250 yards from the fort. The garrison was reduced to extremity. Sir Guy Carleton attempted to come to its relief but when crossing the St. Lawrence on October 31st was attacked by 300 Green Mountain Boys under Seth Warner and defeated. The news of this disaster removed all hope of assistance, and on November 3rd, the fortress of St. Johns was surrendered. About 500 British regulars besides Canadian auxiliaries became prisoners of war. The schooner *Royal Savage*, carrying fourteen guns, an armed galley, ten or twelve batteaux, eleven bark canoes and a considerable quantity of naval and military stores were among the spoils taken. Bedel immediately dispatched a courier to the New Hampshire Committee of Safety with news of the surrender which was received with much satisfaction.* The commanding officer who had made such a gallant resistance was Major Charles Preston

*See diary of Major Andre.

*See *American Archives 4th Series, Vol. III, pp. 1207, 1208, and Vol. IV, p. 23.*

of the 26th Regiment of Scottish Rifles, afterwards 5th Baronet of Valleyfield, Fife.

The other events of the campaign,—the capture of Montreal, Arnold's march through the trackless woods of Maine to join Montgomery before Quebec and the bold assault on that well nigh impregnable fortress—do not fall within the scope of this article. The nature and results of the siege of St. Johns are well summarized thus in the diary of the Rev. Benjamin Trumbull of Connecticut, who served as a volunteer with the Colonial army.

"The fatigue and hardships of the men during a siege of fifty days have been unusually hard; they lay in a swamp and travelled a great part of the time in mud and water, had an obstinate enemy to encounter, well skilled in defense and secured by strong works, well supplied with military stores and had a fine artillery as well as a large number of men to defend the forts. Nevertheless, God delivered them into our hands."

ALONE

By Frances Mary Pray

The fire now is burning low,
I see its dying embers fall,
As last year we together sat
And watched their rosy glow.

The busy day with all its care
And many duties now is past.
I think of all the hours brot,
The light and shadow here and there.

I look,—forget. Your name I call
A little confidence to tell.
No answer comes. I start—awake—
Alone I watch the embers fall.

EDITORIAL

It is good to know that the people of New Hampshire are coming to appreciate the value of the historical research which is being done in and for this state by Mr. George B. Upham, several of whose articles we have had the pleasure of printing in the Granite Monthly during the past two years. His contribution to this issue upon the subject of the Province Road, New Hampshire's first 'cross-state highway, is an excellent example of his perseverance in rescuing for record the facts of our early history and of the interesting manner in which he puts upon paper for our instruction and entertainment the results of his research.

Mr. Upham searches for facts in regard to early New Hampshire with the same zeal, energy and enthusiasm which others display in the collection of old books, old pictures or old furniture. He is, in fact, one of our most successful collectors of old facts and in the quest for them he spends day and after day alike in the field or in the library in personal interviews, or in correspondence, in collating and comparing scraps of information, and, finally, in producing from his mass of material a coherent and conclusive chapter of our early history.

While engaged in this work in Sullivan county, recently, in connection with the article printed in this issue, Mr. Upham evidently encountered a man of kindred tastes, for the Argus and Spectator, of Newport, publishes a communication from one of its readers in which Mr. Upham's investigations are described, great value given to his painstaking and arduous research work and the co-operation with him called for of all who realize the importance of preserving this historical material before it is too late.

It is a very encouraging sign that such a letter should be written to the press and given extensive circulation. It well may be that not only will Mr. Upham receive aid thereby in his endeavors, but that the idea of such research as his will appeal to others and we may have in the not distant future a corps of collectors of New Hampshire history in the field. The opportunity for such occupation is everywhere present and those who embark upon it will soon find in it the same fascination which always attends the sport of difficult, but in the end successful, hunting. Mr. Upham can tell us that there is as much fun and work in hunting an elusive historical fact as in stalking a game bird or casting for a game fish, and a more permanent satisfaction in the quarry, once secured.

Hundreds of books and thousands of magazine and newspaper articles dealing with New Hampshire history have been printed. A great amount of similar material exists in public and private collections in manuscript form. But the whole story is far from told. Any individual investigator, whatever the field of New Hampshire history he may choose for his work, will find much new ground to be traversed, as well as many old mistakes to be corrected; and if he tills this new ground with such intelligent perseverance as Mr. Upham, for example, displays, he is sure to harvest a rich crop of historical matter.

It is needless to say that it will be the desire of the Granite Monthly to co-operate in any and every way possible with those who thus seek to delve into New Hampshire's by-gone days. Our motto is to preserve New Hampshire's part as well as to record her present and promote her future.

A BOOK OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

THE WALL BETWEEN. By Sara Ware Bassett. Frontispiece by Norman Price. Cloth, $1.90 net. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

From the Cape Cod country, which has been the scene of her previous successful works of fiction, Miss Sara Ware Bassett turns inland, this year, and tells a tale of the New Hampshire hills, making it evident that she knows our highland country almost as well as she does the sands by the sea. Much of her descriptive writing is delightful, as when she tells how "the substantial mansion with its colonial doorways, surmounted by spreading fans of glass, its multi-paned windows and its great square chimney, breathed the very essence of hospitality." We can see "the great elm before the door" and, below, "the valley with its shifting lights;" and we do not wonder that the heroine from the West soon came to love "the music of the brook, the rock-pierced pasture land, the minarets of the spruces that crowned the hills, the faintly definable mountains, blue against the far-off sky."

The theme of Miss Bassett's story is the familiar one of a feud between old families; not as frequent a happening among the hill people of New Hampshire as among those of Kentucky, yet one that has come within the personal knowledge of most of us. Who should repair "The Wall Between" two fine farms was the point at issue for generation after generation, with the result that it was not repaired, and at the time when this story begins had become a picturesque line of scattered stones. It requires no Sherlock Holmes to deduce that the pretty niece from the West will fall in love with the handsome Yankee on the next farm and refuse to consider him as an enemy whatever her hard and embittered old aunt may desire. But the aunt, Miss Ellen Webster, has the brain that should go with that family name and makes an ingenious attempt to keep the pair apart after her death as during her life. Of course she fails, but Miss Bassett gives us the impression that because of her plan the old lady died a happy death with the hymn of hate still on her lips.

The author has conceived some true to life characters for the embodiment of her plot and we give her praise for making the New Hampshire farms which she describes well-tilled and prosperous. In that respect "The Wall Between" is a welcome change from most books about the New England back country. We could wish, however, that Miss Bassett had more of the tones of sympathy and of humor in the pigments of her word painting. As it is her Yankee portraits have a hardness of line that almost makes them caricatures.

A BOOK OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

WILLIAM F. THAYER.

General William Fiske Thayer, one of New Hampshire's best known bankers and financiers, died at his home in Concord, October 3. He was born in Kingston, March 13, 1846, the son of Calvin and Sarah Wheeler (Fiske) Thayer, and was educated in the public schools and at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, of which he was a trustee at the time of his death and for many years previous. In 1865 he came to Concord as clerk in the postoffice and soon was made chief clerk. In 1871 he entered the First National Bank as a clerk, thus beginning a continuous connection with that institution of almost half a century. He was made assistant cashier in 1873 and cashier in 1874, and since January, 1885, had been the president of the bank which, under his direction, soon became one of the leading institutions of the kind in the state, and at the time of his death had the largest resources in its history. Mr. Thayer was also treasurer of the Union Trust Company, a director of the Northern Railroad and engaged in various business enterprises, prominent among which was the real estate development of the West End residential section of Concord.

A Republican in politics, Mr. Thayer had been the treasurer of the state committee since 1892 and was a delegate to its national conventions in 1908 and 1912. He was the treasurer of the city of Concord for 34 years and served as quartermaster general on the staff of Governor John McLane. For many years he was a trustee of the State Hospital.



THE LATE WILLIAM F. THAYER.

General Thayer was a member and liberal supporter of the South Congregational church, Concord, and actively interested in several philanthropic institu-

tions, including the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital, Concord, of which he had been treasurer since its foundation. Distinguished for his patriotism and public spirit he freely gave his services, ability and experience as the treasurer of funds for various worthy purposes and undertakings and always could be depended upon to do his part for the welfare and progress of city and state. He was a member of Blazing Star lodge, A. F. and A. M., and of Mount Horeb Commandery, Knights Templar.

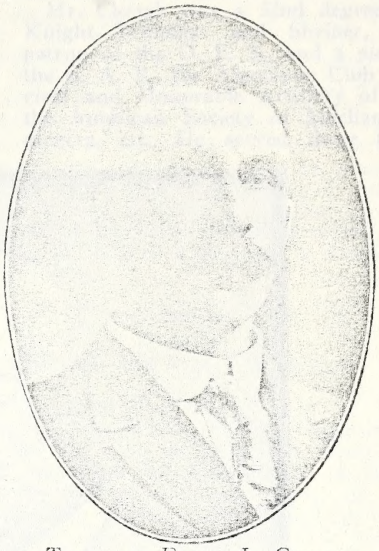
Mr. Thayer married, October 20, 1874, Sarah Clarke Wentworth, daughter of Colonel Joseph and Sarah (Jones) Wentworth. She died January 24, 1916. Their daughter, Margaret, born August 9, 1882, graduated from Bryn Mawr College and is the wife of Frank J. Sulloway of Concord. Their son William W. Thayer, born April 15, 1884, graduated from Harvard in 1905, from Oxford (England) University, where he was a Rhodes Scholar, in 1908, and from the Harvard Law School in 1910. He is a lawyer and banker in Concord, and has succeeded his father as treasurer of the Union Trust Company.

HERBERT I. GOSS.

Herbert Irvin Goss, judge of probate for Coos county, died October 13. He was born at Waterford, Vt., December 4, 1857, the son of Abel Brown and Lucy Stoddard (Ross) Goss, was educated at St. Johnsbury, Vt., Academy, studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1883. He had practiced his profession in New Hampshire, at Lancaster, Gorham and Berlin, since 1885; was county solicitor, 1894-1900; a member of the Legislature in 1903, and was elected in 1917 to fill a vacancy caused by death in the executive council. He was a director of the Berlin Savings Bank, Guaranty Trust Company, Berlin Street Railway and Berlin Water Company; and was a member of the county and state bar associations and of the I. O. O. F. A wife, daughter and four sons survive him.

EDWIN L. CHILD.

Edwin Leighton Child was born at Cornish, May 15, 1867, the son of William H. and Ellen Francis (Leighton) Child, and died at his home on Pembroke Street, August 29. He was educated in the public schools, at New Hampshire College and at the University of Vermont dairy school, where he was an instructor for a time. He was superintendent of the creamery at Cornish from 1897 to 1909; of that at Leavitt's Hill, Deerfield, from 1909 to 1912; and since the latter date had been proprietor of the Pembroke creamery.



THE LATE EDWIN L. CHILD.

Butter made by him received gold medals at the Paris and Buffalo Expositions. He was a deacon of the Congregationalist church; Mason, Odd Fellow, Patriarch and Rebekah, district deputy of the New Hampshire State Grange, director and first president of the Suncook Bank; president of the Suncook Board of Trade in 1915, and for 10 years superintendent of exhibits of the Granite State Dairymen's Association. Mr. Child married, February 15, 1894, Ida L. Ford of Danbury who survives him, with their son, Russell Towle and daughter, Edna Lizzie. He leaves also his mother, Mrs. W. H. Child of Cornish, and two sisters, Mrs. R. C. True of West Lebanon and Mrs. Alfred W. Sibley of Worcester, Mass.

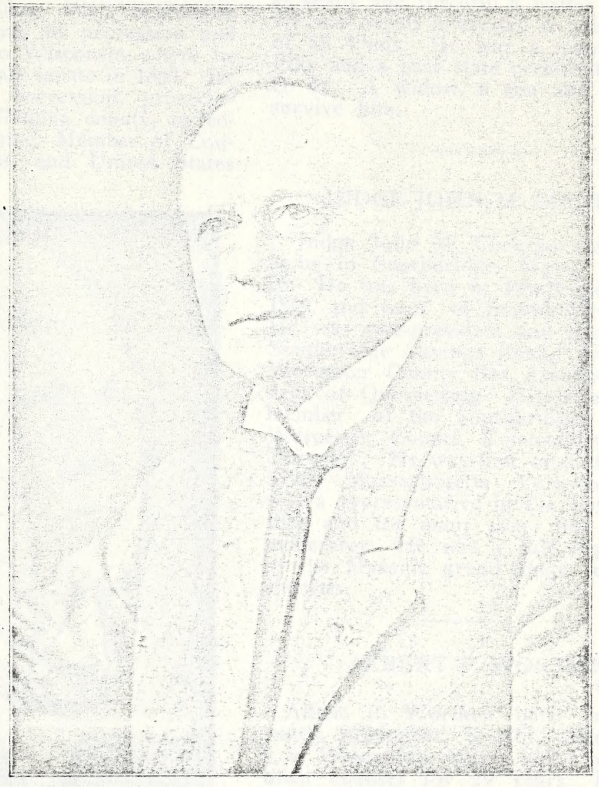
GEORGE MAIN

George Main, the oldest Odd Fellow in the world at the time of his death, passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Walter S. Holt in Manchester, on October 5, aged 100 years, 11 months and 18 days. A sketch of his life from the pen of his long-time friend and fraternal associate, the late Frank J. Pillsbury of Concord, was printed in the Granite Monthly for February, 1920, with a portrait.

HON. WILLIAM ROCKWELL CLOUGH

William Rockwell Clough, inventor and manufacturer, and prominent in New Hampshire public life, died at his home in Alton, September 29. He was born in Manchester, November 8, 1884, the son of John and Lydia Jones (Treddick) Clough. Educated in the public schools of Alton, at the Franklin Academy, Dover, and the Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., he became an expert accountant, and was employed in the United States Internal Revenue service at Boston. He had an honorable record in his country's service in the Civil War and was commissioned first lieutenant. In early manhood he began his career as an inventor of articles of general use such as miniature corkscrews, paper clips, etc., and the machinery for their manufacture. This business he established at Newark N. J., in 1875 and had conducted at Alton with great success since 1885. For his inventions and manufactures he had received high awards at international expositions at Philadelphia, Paris, Chicago, and St. Louis. He had extensive interests in England, France, Italy and Germany, and had traveled widely in those countries.

Mr. Clough was a 32nd degree Mason, Knight Templar and Shriner, a past patron of the O. E. S., and a member of the G. A. R., the Algonquin Club and Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, etc. He served three terms in the state legislatures of 1897, 1899 and 1917, and at the last named session was chairman of the standing committee on National Affairs, in that capacity securing an address to the General Court by Ambassador Naon of Argentina on the possibilities of South American trade. He had served his home town, also, on its school board, and as justice of the district court. He is survived by his wife who was Miss Nellie Sophia Place of Alton; their son,



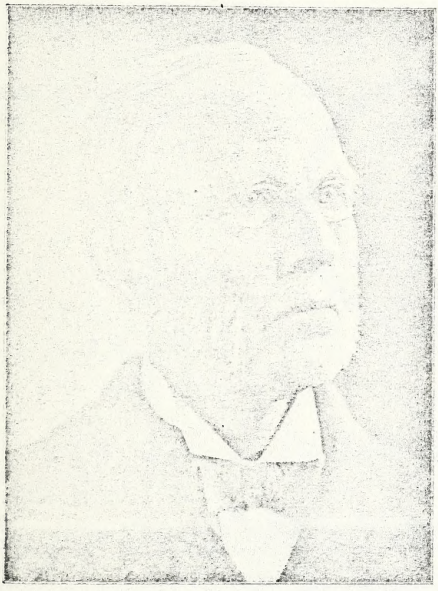
THE LATE W. ROCKWELL CLOUGH.



William Rockwell Clough, Jr.; and a daughter by a previous marriage, Mrs. Gertrude Dugan. He was a successful man of affairs, interested for the public weal, and of wide acquaintance, both in this country and over seas.

HON. G. W. H. HAZELTON.

Gerry W. H. Hazelton was born in Chester, February 24, 1829, the son of William and Mercy (Cochran) Hazelton, and died in Milwaukee, Wis., September 29. He was a lawyer by profession and in early life went to Wisconsin where he was elected to the state senate in 1860. He was afterwards, in succession, prosecuting attorney for Columbia county, collector of internal revenue, Member of Congress for two terms, and United States



THE LATE HON. G. W. HAZELTON.

District Attorney, holding the last named office for 10 years, until 1885. He was United States Commissioner to the time of his death, and for a quarter of a century attorney for the Grand Trunk Railroad. He was a staunch Republican and an elder in the Presbyterian church. He is survived by a daughter, Miss Anna Hazelton, and a brother, Hon. George C. Hazelton of Washington, D. C.

CHARLES J. O'NEIL.

Charles J. O'Neil, United States marshal for the district of New Hampshire, died at his home in Walpole, September 23. He was born in Keene in 1861, but during most of his life resided in North Walpole. He was a member of the town school board for 18 years and a leader of the Democratic party in the legislature at six sessions. For a time he was the proprietor of the Cheshire Republican newspaper at Keene and showed himself as ready and forceful a writer as speaker. He was deeply interested in athletic sports of all kinds. He was a member of the Elks and a past state president of the A. O. H. A widow, a son and a daughter survive him.

JUDGE JOHN M. COCHRAN.

Judge John M. Cochran died at his home in Southbridge, Mass., September 25. He was born in Pembroke, April 11, 1849, and went to Southbridge in 1871. He was vice-president and trustee of the Southbridge Savings Bank, president of Worcester County Bar Association, president of Quinnebaug Historical Society, member of the Southbridge Club and Worcester County Commandery Knights Templars. He was first captain of K Co., Sixth Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, was a representative in the Legislature in 1880 and for many years has been town moderator. He was a past grand master of the Masonic grand lodge of Massachusetts.

ALBERT P. WORTHEN.

Albert P. Worthen, born in Bridgewater, September 8, 1861, died October 5, at Weymouth, Mass., where he had been town counsel for 29 years. He was a graduate of New Hampton Literary Institution and the Boston University Law School and had been a member of the Massachusetts Association of Town Councrat in politics he served on the judiciary committee of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1893. He was president of the Weymouth Planning Board, president of the Massachusetts bar since 1885. A Democils and City Solicitors, a director of the Weymouth Savings Bank and a director of the Tufts Library Association. His wife, two sons and a daughter survive him.

CHARLES A. HAZLETT

Charles A. Hazlett, who died in Manchester, September 17, was born in Portsmouth, July 1, 1847, the son of William and Hannah S. (Davis) Hazlett. His life work was as a banker and he was at different times cashier of the First National bank and president of the Piscataqua Savings bank at Portsmouth. He was trustee of the Portsmouth and Greenland public libraries, an ex-president of the Piscataqua Pioneers, secretary of the Thomas Bailey Aldrich Memorial, a warden of the North Church, Portsmouth, a Mason and an Odd Fellow. He was the first bicyclist in Portsmouth, riding an imported wheel as early as 1878, and was at one time a director of the American Wheelmen's Association. He was deeply interested in local history, upon which he had written much, including the editorship, with Miss Florence A. Mathes of "The Historical Calendar of Portsmouth." His wife, who was Miss Josephine Richardson of Manchester, died a few years since.

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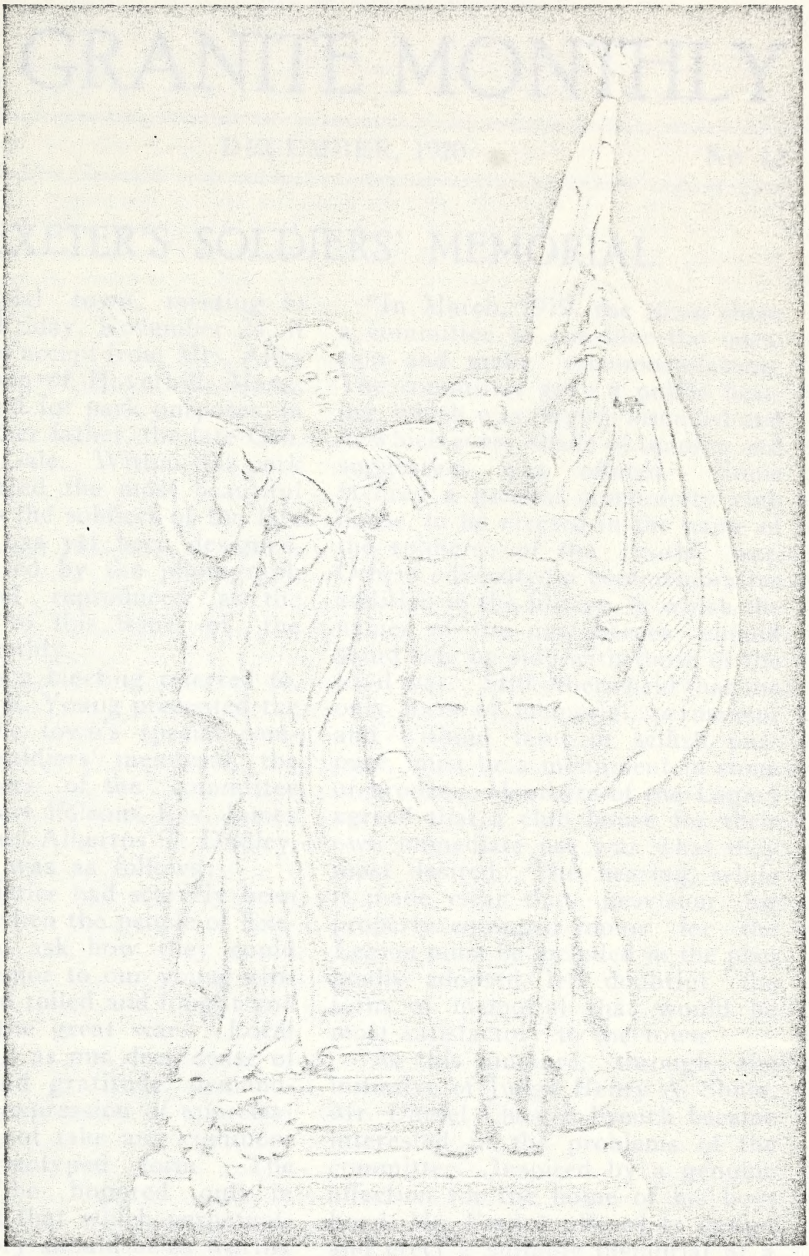
FORTY YEARS A SHAKER

By Nicholas Briggs

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher
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EXETER SENDS HER SON FORTH TO WAR.

MODEL BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH OF SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL FOR HIS NATIVE TOWN OF EXETER.



THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LII. DECEMBER, 1920 No. 12

EXETER'S SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL

At a special town meeting in Exeter on Friday, November 24, it was voted to accept from Mrs. Alice C. G. Hobson of Haverhill, Mass., a gift of land for park purposes, in memory of her father, the late Gen. Stephen H. Gale. Within this park will be erected the most beautiful memorial to the soldiers of the late war which has yet been designed, as is indicated by the photograph of the model reproduced as the frontispiece to this issue of the Granite Monthly.

At the town meeting referred to, Judge John E. Young presented the report of the town's special committee on soldiers' memorial, the other members of the committee being W. Burt Folsom, Rev. James W. Bixler and Albertus T. Dudley. This report was as follows:

"The armistice had scarcely been proclaimed when the people of Exeter began to ask how they could best show honor to our young citizens who had toiled and fought and suffered in the great war. Local pride, as well as our deep sense of obligation and gratitude, demanded that our expression of appreciation should not take any commonplace or stereotyped form. The dead could be honored only in memory, but that which perpetuated the memory should be as worthy of preservation as the record of patriotic devotion which it commemorated; the survivors should be made to feel, while they yet lived, that they were the specially favored of the community. The problem was two-fold.

"In March, 1919, the town chose a committee to consider the question and make recommendations. The committee gave a public hearing, which was largely attended and in which every shade of opinion and suggestion was offered. Some favored a general community club house, to be erected in the name of the soldiers of the world war. Others advocated a commemorative addition to the library, in which the names of the new heroes should stand side by side with those of the Civil war. Still others held that the only form of memorial, permanent and without taint of selfish purpose, must be a monument in stone or bronze. Members of the Legion agreed that a club house for their own immediate use was what they most desired. The hearing, while it made clear that provision for properly equipped rooms for the Legion must be included in the plan finally adopted, left doubtful the form of memorial that would be most satisfactory to the town.

"At this juncture, through the initiative of Judge Henry A. Shute, Mr. Daniel Chester French became interested in the problems of the committee. Inspired by a genuine affection for the home of his boyhood, Mr. French offered to design and erect a suitable memorial at a cost within the means of the town. This offer from the first sculptor of America, whose work, but for the sentiment with which he regarded Exeter, would have been far beyond our reach, brought the committee quickly to a decision. At the an-

EXETER'S SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL

nual meeting of March, 1920, the town voted to remodel the upper story of the Town Hall to serve as a club for the Legion, and to engage Mr. French to design and erect a memorial to the citizens of Exeter who had taken part in the world war. New committees were elected to carry out this vote.

"The problem of a site for the memorial had now to be faced. When the first small model of the proposed group was shown to the committee, revealing in its miniature, unfinished form full promise of the beauty and distinction which should be manifest in the completed work; when the committee understood that the question was not of an ordinary soldiers' monument, but of a work of art that would become in time as famous and as eagerly visited as the Minute Man in Concord, or the Shaw Monument on Boston Common—the necessity for situation and surroundings worthy of the memorial could not be overlooked. For a bronze group standing seven feet above its pedestal ample space must be provided. It must not be hedged in by close confining walls nor made insignificant by humdrum or commercial associations; it must not be abandoned to the dust and pollution of the street. It should possess grounds of its own so laid out as to make it the center of a general scheme of decoration, with approaches and views bearing directly upon it at the proper angles. All the physical circumstances should be made appropriate and dignified. To purchase and prepare such a site lay beyond the ability of the committee, and quite outside the intent of the vote of the town.

"Perplexed in their quest of a proper location for the memorial, the committee consulted Mrs. Alice C. G. Hobson with regard to the triangular lot at the corner of Front and Linden streets, on which stands the old Tilton house. Mrs. Hobson, entering fully and cordially into the spirit of the need and the opportunity, offered at once to deed to the own as a gift in memory of her father, the late Gen. Stephen H. Gale, the lot in question, cleared and prepared as a park for the reception of the memorial.

"Such a park, becomingly adorned as a site for a monument destined to gather fame with the passing years, would form a conspicuous and beautiful head of a stretch of street that contains within its limits many of the chief edifices of the town. From the historic Square and the Swasey pavilion, past the county buildings, the churches, the old houses, the libraries, the Academy quadrangle, through the overarching elms, the visitor would be led to the crown of the way, the Gale park and the French monument. In park and monument the town would have a magnificient reminder of the devotion of its friends, and give beautiful and lasting expression to the honor in which it holds its soldier sons.

"Your committee recommends the acceptance by the town of the very generous offer of Mrs. Hobson."

The report of the committee was adopted, the gift accepted in accordance with its recommendations and a vote of thanks extended to Mrs. Hobson for her generosity, all this action being unanimous.

The town of Exeter, which showed its patriotism, public spirit and appreciation by the amount of its appropriations for the purposes of a memorial, is to be congratulated upon the happy combination of circumstances which enables it to secure so beautiful a monument in so ideal a location. It will be one of New Hampshire's shrines of greatest interest and inspiration.

FORTY YEARS A SHAKER

By Nicholas A. Briggs.

"Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for tonight."

I am to portray the inner life of the Shakers as experienced by the boy of ten years and all the way up through youth and manhood to the mature age of fifty-three. In all the sketches of this interesting people frequently appearing in the newspapers and magazines their homely every day life, their peculiar methods and quaint customs have never been described. No Shaker has ever done it and no one who has not been a Shaker could do it.

I was very early entrusted with official duties, and in the course of my life with them filled every official position except that of the ministry, and I was proposed for this office only a little before I withdrew from the society, but I was opposed by a few conservative leaders because of my known more liberal views, and my dissonance in this respect finally led to my complete disconnection from the Society.

With great reluctance and sorrow did I part with these people and the home endeared to me by so many years of conscientious endeavor, my one and only home, and the friendships gained by an unselfish and devoted life, to seek, in new fields and occupations with which I was unacquainted and perhaps unfitted by my peculiar training, a livelihood during the remainder of life.

While I have often regretted that this step was not taken earlier, my peculiar position made it practically impossible, as it required a gradual ripening up of experience and judgment to ultimately compel this to me most important decision. Being thoroughly innoculated with the Shaker belief that the Shakers possessed the only true gospel, and that the whole world was in error and on a lower plane; that eventually in the long vista of the future all must become Shakers; that they who begin this angelic life on earth would be first in the Kingdom of Heaven, a strong mental effort was necessary to convince me of the very apparent inconsistency of such a doctrine, and for quite a time I was on a bridge of doubt.

"There lives more faith in doubt
Believe me than half the creeds."

—*Tennyson*

Then again I could but reflect that I had been teaching and defending these errors. Many others had been held to the Society and even brought into the Society through my effort and influence, and my withdrawal would very naturally seriously affect them. Here was a responsibility of no trifling nature. Except for this fact I would un-

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Mr. Nicholas Briggs, who begins in this number of the Granite Monthly to tell the story of a part of his life, has been for some years a respected resident of Concord, with a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. When a boy ten years of age he became a member of the Shaker Community at East Canterbury, this state, and there remained for four decades, being affectionately known, towards the end of his stay there, as "Uncle Nicholas." His reminiscences give the most accurate, intimate and interesting account of life among the Shakers which ever has been published and the recorded impression made upon him by the Shaker beliefs and practices, with his final decision to leave the community, constitute a human document of value.

doubtedly have severed my connecton some years before, and much to my personal advantage.

I saw as plainly as I see it now, that Shakerism was a thing of the past. It has diminished full more slowly than I had expected, but the culmination now seems very near. There now remains few more than two hundred souls in all the few remaining communities as against four thousand forty years ago.

The Society of Shakers is probably the most successful communistic experiment the world has ever seen.

I am not able to give the exact number of their members at the height of their prosperity, but I think it must have been nearly eight thousand of all ages. Seventy years ago there were eighteen societies, located in New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine, Ohio and Kentucky. These Societies were divided into communities termed Families of from twenty to nearly two hundred each.

There was always a Church Family so called because the Society Church or "Meeting House" was there situated, in the upper part of which the Ministry resided. This Family was the Holy of Holies, so to speak. No admission of adults was ever permitted direct from the world without into this Family. Another Family termed the Gathering Order was given to this purpose.

After new members had really become Shakers to the satisfaction of the ministry, they might be received into the Church Family, but they must relinquish and consecrate their property if they were possessed of any, and over their signature agree not to demand compensation for any services rendered by them to the Society. Members of the other Families might retain their money, but must give to the said Family the income of such property.

In the original design no person was to be admitted into the Church Family who was mentally deficient or physically deformed. There was usually a second Family, so called, into which the less perfect people could be received.

Everyone of all these Families were perfectly organized with a full equipment of Elders, Deacons and Trustees, and were independent of each other financially, and bought and sold to and from each other in the same manner as with the world outside. They owned their separate tracts of land, and occupied clusters of buildings at convenient distances from each other.

These Societies were grouped into ten Bishoprics of from one to two or more Societies. The head of the Bishopric was the Ministry, consisting always of two of each sex, who divided their time between the societies under their care. They were officers of consultation, and made all official appointments in union with the officers and members of the Families affected.

The Ministry was appointed by the Ministry of Mt. Lebanon, New York, to whom they were at all times responsible and whom they consulted upon all matters of importance. All these official orders were composed of two of each sex, as the Shakers recognized from the beginning a perfect equality of the sexes. The government was mildly theocratic and patriarchial. In no sense was it democratic. This description of the peculiarities of the Society will aid the reader to understand what follows in this article.

I was ten years old when I went to live with the Shakers, my mother by the loss of her husband being left in straitened circumstances with three children, my sister eight years old, a baby brother and myself. A friend of mother before her mar-

riage had some acquaintance with the Canterbury Shakers of New Hampshire, and he was so favorably impressed with them that he strongly advised mother to visit them in view of a possible home with them.

Mother decided to do so and one day in the latter part of July, 1852, we left our home in Providence, Rhode Island, and started on our journey. Arriving at the lonesome railroad station at Canterbury about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, we were surprised to learn that we were yet eight miles from Shaker Village. The mail carrier had just returned from his daily trip and it required the inducement of double fares to make another trip for us.

Our driver was not very friendly to the Shakers and his conversation on the way caused mother some misgivings and she feared she had made a mistake in coming, but there was now no alternative but to go on. The route from the station to Shaker Village traverses the town almost its entire length from west to east. In a hot July day this did not make for our comfort. When within two or three miles of Shaker Village as we ascended a hill we caught a glimpse of it perched upon a still higher hill unrelieved by any shade trees, as at that time no such trees were permitted near the buildings.

We arrived at the Village tired and dusty. Strictly in accordance with their custom we should have proceeded to the North Family where all applicants were supposed to be received, but the driver deposited us at the office of the Church Family, and one might hazard a shrewd guess that he was quite willing to avoid the additional half mile drive necessary to land us at the other Family.

Dear, kind and hospitable Mary Whitcher received us cordially and very soon we were enjoying an appetizing supper of most delicious real cream toast, not the variety made of skim milk thickened with flour, but a toast I have never known anywhere else, reinforced by the nicest apple sauce and most delicious apple pie and cheese.

After supper, in conversation with Sister Mary, mother was told that her introduction to the Society must be at the North Family to which a brother would convey us in the morning.

On leaving the supper table David Parker, the senior trustee, took me in hand and we romped together as two boys. He seemed to adopt me at once and I certainly became attached to him, and this acquaintance ripened to a friendship increasing as the years came and went, entailing deep sadness at his death fifteen years later. It has always been a pleasure to me that in his last illness I was chosen to be with and assist in caring for him until the end. Possibly he may have requested this. I hope so. He was esteemed as one of the ablest business men in all the society. He was made a consultant by those within and without, and was of such reputation for ability and honesty that he was in frequent demand as referee in disputed cases. He was known as "the honest Shaker."

Mary Whitcher was a fitting companion for him in the trusteeship. Hers was a genial, loving heart and she was everybody's friend, loved dearly at home and esteemed by all who came to know her. She possessed a rare faculty of bestowing small gifts and favors so graciously as to greatly enhance their value in the eyes of their recipient.

In due time we were shown to our room for the night. As this room was a fair sample of all the dormitories throughout the Society, I will at the risk of being tedious, give a description of it. It was a

large room and in it were two wide beds. No bed springs were here. There was no such an article in the village. Cords were drawn tightly from side to side and from end to end of the bedstead, and upon these cords reposed a mattress made of corn husks. In winter there were feather beds upon these husk beds. In summer the sheets were of cotton cloth; in winter they were of flannel. In those earlier days the almost universal rule was two persons to each bed.

At one side of the room and recessed in the wall was a capacious clothes closet, also a case of drawers with a cupboard on top, reaching from floor to ceiling. The floor was of pine, painted chrome yellow, and upon it in front of each of the beds was a drawn-in carpet extending across the room. Between the two windows was a small table with a metal whale oil lamp thereon, and at the opposite side of the room a small wood burning box stove with shovel, tongs and hearth brush hung in a bracket affixed to the wall. Over the table was a funnel with a small tin tube leading into the chimney to carry off the smoke from the oil lamp.

Across two sides of the room were pine boards with wooden pegs inserted, upon which to hang garments. There were four chairs, straight-backed and seated with flags or narrow ribbons of cloth.

Every bed was in the morning stripped and the clothes neatly folded, two of these chairs to each bed, and on Friday of each week the beds were not made up until late in the day in order to completely air the bedding. Every article in the room, stove included, was manufactured by the Shakers.

After breakfast next morning, a brother came with horse and wagon to convey us to the North Family, leaving us at the office building. Mother and the two eldresses had a good long talk together, discussing the rules for admission of members, the order of government, and religious belief, and in conclusion they gave her the Society's publications for her to read. Mother was invited to mingle freely with the sisters and to familiarize herself with the life of the people.

Meantime I roamed at will over the farm, accompanying the brethren to the hay field and going berry picking with the sisters, all of which was new and enjoyable to a city boy.

One week passed. Mother had conceived a love for the people. She saw no objection to their mode of life or their faith. She had won the confidence of the leaders and there seemed no reason why she should not unite with them. She left the office and was ere long made assistant nurse in the infirmary, keeping the baby with her.

As there were no children in the North Family it was proposed to mother that sister and I be taken into the Church Family where were better facilities for the care of children, and where the school was located. Mother at first demurred at the idea of a separation from her children, but being assured that we could see each other as often as we desired, she consented. The promise thus made was faithfully kept. No influence to prevent my visiting my mother was ever used. Indeed my caretaker would without any expressed desire on my part very frequently send me to see her.

The second elder of the Church Family came to conduct me to my new home and to the "Boy's Shop" and introduced me to the caretaker and his assistant. All rooms occupied by the people except nights and Sundays were designated as shops. The boys' shop was one large room. On the south side of it was a row of small wooden chairs of which every boy owned one, and

there was only one place to keep it. Each boy had his place according to his age and I was the eighth or ninth from the head.

We were divided into two classes, the large and the small boys. An imaginary line running through the center of the room divided these classes, and the large boys were quite insistent that the other class kept on their own side of the shop. I thanked goodness that I was classed as a large boy. Each class had a capacious clothes press, each boy owning a space with wooden pins for his clothes and his name attached thereto.

At one end of the room was a joiner's bench, over which was a book case with a few books. These I read faithfully. I recall the Rollo books, Watts on the Mind and American Antiquities as some them. A large stove and sink with running water completed the furnishings of the room. These details will convey some idea of the systematic methods of the Shakers.

One of the first things to be done with me was to fit me out in Shaker garb. My own clothes were good but they were "world's clothes" and must not be worn by the Shaker. All Shaker boys must dress alike. So I was taken to the tailor's shop to be fitted to uniform garments. I was fitted to three complete suits, one to be worn only during the service on Sunday, one for Sunday wear and evenings, and one for working clothes.

The coat of the meeting suit was woolen, in style like that of one hundred years ago and of drab color. That of the adults was precisely the same but likely to be of finer texture goods. This was the uniform garment worn both summer and winter at funerals and other occasions demanding uniform dress.

The vest was blue cotton in summer, drab woolen in winter. It had flaps as in Revolutionary times. The trousers were striped blue and white cotton in summer, dark brown woolen in winter. A fine cotton shirt accompanied this suit and was worn only at the service. These clothes were kept in a closet at the Boys' House, their living room on Sunday.

The evening suit had a frock coat either a butternut drab, or a changeable blue and white mixture. The winter coat was drab, a take down Sunday coat. Vest and trousers were the old and worn of the Sunday suit. The summer work a day suit was a coarse linen butcher's frock, trousers of the same material and hand down vest of the better suit. In summer the every day suit was washed every week.

Finally I was introduced to the Sister at the "second house," who took care of the boys' clothes and acted as nurse when they were sick. The very youngest boys were under the exclusive care of this sister.

At precisely half past eleven the bell on the large dwelling house rang and soon the boys began coming into the shop affording me the first acquaintance with my future associates. At ten minutes of the hour the bell again rang, and then the boys must become seated in their assigned places and ready for dinner. If tardy they must stand before the clock as many minutes as they were late, and this action they took voluntarily and good humoredly. During this interval before dinner the boys might read or talk softly.

The family dining room seated sixty-four people, and so as the family numbered at least one hundred and sixty, three sittings were necessary to serve them all. The children ate at the second sitting, therefore they were not called until about one half hour later. This gave the boys plenty of time in

which to exercise their patience. At about twenty minutes past the hour the first sitting had emerged from the dining room, which fact was announced by a stroke or two of the bell.

The caretaker now gave the command to fall in and the boys formed in double file according to their ages. Every boy had his place, and keeping step marched to the sitting room in the dwelling house. All around this room were rows of pin boards filled with the long pegs upon which hung a nice striped blue and white napkin for every one, old and young, with his name neatly marked thereon.

Soon a little bell rang and the boys again formed in ranks and proceeded to the dining hall below, while the little girls, about the same in number as the boys, emerging from the sisters waiting room on the opposite side of the house, marched down a separate stairway. The children were in full view of each other and I could thus obtain a glimpse of my sister at every meal time.

Entering the hall all took their regularly assigned places at the tables, then, led by one of the brethren, all knelt for a moment in silent prayer. We will not vouch for the devotion of the youngsters on these occasions for these were moments that tried their souls, and it is quite possible that to these hungry boys the temptaton to discover what the savory before them might be was sometimes more powerful than the desire to pray; and if here and there an eye was opened while they were still on bended knee, we will make due allowance for poor human nature rather than doubt the absence of piety in the boys.

There were five long tables, each seating three squares of four persons, and a small table for four persons. No covering was on the tables, but the wood was beautifully finshed and great care was enjoined against marring their beauty.

The first course of food was always one large dish in the centre of the square from which each one helped himself. This was replenished by a sister waiter who paced up and down the tables and who always remained until all had finished eating. Each square had brown bread and one slice each of white and graham bread served on a wooden plate. The white and graham bread was for the purpose of clearing the plates, as it was a serious breach of propriety to leave the plate in a dirty condition, or to leave any food upon the plate. A blue and white striped quart mug of milk supplied the children with drink each meal of the day, and this was true with the adult members.

At supper the older ones might have "liberty tea" decocted from one of our wild plants, and at breakfast a coffee made from brown bread crust or of Avans root. Real tea was not to be had except as a medicinal remedy at the infirmary. Often at dinner we would have sweet buttermilk of which I was very fond.

Breakfast was invariably baked potatoes and picked up codfish, with butter gravy. At times we had also mince pie hot from the oven, all we wanted of it and that meant a whole lot. Always we had bread and butter with plenty of nice sauce, usually apple. Much of the time our waiter would pass around steamed bread, nice and hot and to this, too, I was partial. Supper usually consisted of good rich meat hash with nice juicy apple pie with tender crust and fat insides, with plenty of rich cheese to go with it; a quarter of a large pie, and more added by the waiter if wanted, and it usually was.

The menu for dinner differed every day in the week. Tuesday was always boiled dinner. Practically we had meat, fish or eggs every week day. Frequently it would be fish, egg and potato, a very highly prized dish by people outside. The eggs might be scrambled with rich milk. Whatever it was there was no stint in the quantity. Fresh fish in a box with ice was brought to our door from Portsmouth once every week.

As we had sheep, mutton was served through the summer and our herd of 40 cows furnished veal in the spring, while in the fall two pairs of oxen and some cows that had done their duty as milk producers were fattened and as cold weather came on were killed, giving us fresh beef through the winter and corned beef through the year. Our flock of 300 hens gave us a reasonable amount of meat of its kind.

The Shakers formerly kept swine and ate their flesh, but just a little time before I went there they were by an edict supposed to be from Divine Source, prohibited from eating swine's meat and that naturally banished the hog from their domain.

The Sunday menu was in a class by itself. Breakfast was invariably boiled rice, served with thick maple syrup, also the usual bread and butter. Dinner was at eleven o'clock and consisted of baked beans, cold boiled rice and apple pie. Supper was at four and the main dish was beans prepared with cream. One having never eaten beans served this way cannot conceive the superlative deliciousness of it.

Our sisters as cooks were resolved into three crews and each crew served a term in the kitchen of four weeks. During their term they would pinch out a little from their weekly allowance of sugar and to the last Sunday supper of their term would serve us to a lovely rich cake, or pie sweetened with sugar and liberally stuffed with raisins. The pies usually were sweetened with molasses. By this means we always knew when the changes of cooks occurred.

I was transferred from the North Family to the Church on Saturday morning. On Saturday afternoon no work was required of the boys. Until 3 o'clock their time was spent on their little gardens at the "Island", an acre of land in one of the mill ponds that the boys, assisted by their caretaker some two or three years previously had redeemed from its wildness of rocks and bushes, and made it suitable for tillage, also making a road connecting it with the main land. This land was set with apple trees which served as dividing lines, and every boy large enough to use tools was given a plot for his very own to raise thereon anything he desired.

Some of aesthetic taste raised flowers, at least in part, but most of them were more practical and went in for eatables, tomatoes, melons and pop corn. Melons they ate and gave to some preferred older brother. The pop corn stood by them all winter. The Island became one of the places of interest to visiting friends from other societies and on such occasions each little farmer stood by his piece and received such praise as the excellence of his work merited. It was surely interesting to note the difference in ability and character there displayed.

Only a few days before my coming a boy had been sent away who had one of the best pieces on the Island, and this piece our caretaker gave to me rather to the envy of some other boys. But the piece did not suffer in my hands and it afforded me great pleasure. The next spring two of the boys and myself sought and obtained permission to develop a half acre piece of land adjacent to the Island. It was veritable wild land, replete with rocks and bushes. We little fellows worked like beavers in

our spare time. We drilled and blasted and dug out the rocks, cut and twitched out the bushes with one or two pair of oxen as we could get the use of them, and finally plowed and planted our land to melons and pop corn, raising a good crop of both. For fertilizer we gathered the droppings of the cows in the pasture. We planted apple trees over the piece which for many years yielded some of the best fruit the farm afforded.

At three o'clock on Saturday every boy must be seated in the row at the shop. While they were at dinner the sisters had placed in the waiting room a bundle of clean clothes for each boy and each took his bundle to the shop and now the boys resumed their bundles and marched down to the pond for a bath, the caretaker accompanying. Having in view their moral as well as their physical safety the caretakers were instructed always to be present on these occasions.

Returning to the shop the every day suit was changed to the evening suit, the soiled clothes deposited in a large basket and it was conveyed to the laundry by two of the boys. The entire company then repaired to the "Boys House", a large building of which one entire floor was devoted to their use. On the north side were two sleeping rooms used for most of the company, the remainder, chiefly the younger ones, slept at the second house. A stove in each of these rooms made it possible to warm them, but I do not remember their ever having been used for this purpose, nor do I remember ever being uncomfortable from the cold. With bodies sunk deeply in the feather beds, with wooled sheets and thick quilts our young blood was proof against the weather.

I regret to say however that hygienic precautions were feebly observed. The windows in the coldest weather tightly closed, with eight children in a room of about eighteen feet square, certainly does not spell for much ventilation.

It was pretty cold dressing in the morning, but then we had few articles of dress to contend with. We slept in the shirt worn through the day; we wore no drawers nor undershirt; and little time was necessary to slip into trousers, vest and coat. Our foot gear often caused us more trouble. We wore long legged boots, and when on the preceeding day the leather became soaked with moist snow, we would in the morning find our boots frozen so hard we could not get into them without much rubbing and pounding.

The large south room was the boys' Sunday dwelling. There was no carpet nor rug upon the floor. A large stove in the middle of the room gave warmth and near it was a long table at which the boys could read and write. On the south side of the room were small tables attached to the walls by hinges for the older boys and larger tables at the west end for the caretakers. The caretakers' clothes closet was at this end while at the east end was the boys' closet.

On their arrival at the House the boys seated themselves in one long row in their little wooden chairs in the same order as at the shop. The caretaker entered his closet and beginning with the oldest all in turn visited the caretaker for confession, this being an important ordinance of the Society. When my turn came my caretaker very gently explained the object of confession, emphasizing the fact that the confession was really made to God, and that he was only a witness to its honesty. He said I should first confess all my world's sins, meaning those committed before coming to the Society. I was not conscious of having been sinful and in effect told him so. He did not press me nor annoy me with

questions. Did not explain to me in what sin consisted, but said if any remissness occurred to me I must be free to speak of it, and after some general counsel dismissed me.

During all my experience there as a boy, youth and young man I received the same kindly consideration from my confessors. I was never catechised nor made to believe my word was doubted. I wish I could assert this to have been true in all cases, and that the confessors did not assume the authority of judges instead of witnesses only. It was supposed to be the duty of every good Shaker, old and young, to report to the Elders any malfeasance on the part of others, and this duty was insistently required of the children, hence every week there were liable to be statements of deviations from the straight path by their companions. The accused boy was recalled and invited to make due admission of his fault. This was unquestionably a check upon the lawless and was a powerful aid in good government, but was debasing in its effect upon their young minds. If a boy held a grudge against another boy this easily could be made a means of revenge, and without a doubt was so used not infrequently.

After leaving the confessional the boy could leave the row for his own assigned place in the room, but must abstain from talking until every one had been to confession. It was a little severe upon the younger ones who must sit in silent meditation awaiting their turn. A bad feature about this business was that warm personal friendships were discouraged and practically tabooed. If two boys were supposed to especially love one another they were stigmatized as being married which to a Shaker was a very reproachful term. There was, to be sure, some reason for this attitude, as boys thick together might influence each other in wrong doing, but the baleful effect resulting was to destroy the pleasures of companionship, and tattling assumed the place of conscientiousness.

With the brethren, in their treatment of youth and young men, this thing was not made offensive, but the young people of the other sex suffered materially from this cause, to the extent of great unhappiness to many of them, and it was a potent source of discontent and eventual secession from their home. This thing savored strongly of woman's inhumanity to woman. It was an element, I might even say, a weapon, of great power with some of the Elders, and sometimes was used with mischievous effect. It was naturally a temptation for an Eldress to desire the chief love of her sisters, especially the younger ones, and to be jealous of a development of affection for each other lest it might proportionately diminish the love that might otherwise be given to her.

After supper, which was at 6.30, the boys held a religious service under the direction of their caretaker marching and dancing in the same way as that of the Family, and continuing about one half hour. Soon after they all formed in a row, knelt for a moment and retired for the night. All talking was now forbidden until they knelt again on arising in the morning. If this rule was broken the boy must kneel again. The boys must lie back to back in bed and go to sleep with hands pressed together near their faces, and the caretaker was supposed to inspect the rooms to see that this was attended to before he retired for the night. The caretakers slept at the east end of the living room.

The bell on the "Great House" pealed the signal for arising at 4:30 next morning and some of the boys were dressed almost before the last sound was heard. Out into their row again they pranced, both caretakers this time kneeling with

them. The herdsman had already driven in the forty cows from the pasture and the older boys assisted the brethren in milking them. "Old Jewel," she of the crumpled horn, was assigned to me. On Sunday the milking was always done by the brethren and before breakfast in summer time. In winter they milked after breakfast and made their own beds before breakfast.

The children breakfasted at 6:30 in summer and 7 o'clock in winter, the sisters making their beds while they were eating, and thereon hangs a tale. We were curiously instructed as a preventive of daintiness to eat a little of every variety of food upon the table.

Now I did not relish that inevitable rice and maple syrup every Sunday morning, and fearing to offend if I omitted the rice and began first upon the bread and butter, I chose to forego the breakfast altogether, and so with permission I remained at the house during the morning meal. One of the sisters who was there making beds untactfully, possibly jocosely, hinted that I remained there to solicit their notice. This imputation I warmly resented and left the house, nor did I ever thereafter remain in the house when they were present, however cold it might be. I retained a resentment against that woman until coming into intimate association with her in duties I found her to be really a kind hearted and motherly woman and I came to respect and love her.

An hour of the Sunday forenoon was usually given to a drill in the various worshipful exercises of the people, or in what were termed "The Manners," really, as I came to learn, old Scottish dances, very quaint and pretty when accurately performed, but some of them were quite complicated and required much practice to render nicely. This formed a interesting part of the entertainment for visiting friends from other societies, and those from outside the society.

Another hour was spent in the study of the "Catechism," of the Bible from Genesis to Revelations, with frequent rehearsals of it to our caretaker, our answers to the questions being given by the whole company in unison. One object of this was to prove to strangers that the Shakers did really use the Bible, as it had been asserted that we did not.

We had to learn also the "Juvenile Guide," a Shaker revision of Chesterfield, with many changes to render it conformable to Shaker ideas of propriety, and it covered very completely our conduct upon all occasions. For our other reading we had of course the Bible, and the voluminous publications of the society, as uninteresting to the child as can possibly be imagined, but every one of which we were urged to read. The Almanac was the only worldly publication permitted in this our Sunday home, and we boys often wondered why this exception was made, and why the witty quibs therein were not deleted.

At one o'clock we all assembled in our row for "Retiring Time," a half hour of solemn silence and meditation, a preparation for divine service. Sitting so long immediately after their hearty meal of beans it was small wonder that piety succumbed to drowsiness even to an occasional nod. When this occurred the culprit must rise and make a bow, which made him wakeful for that period.

The hour for service was 1:30 and this was the only occasion of the week in which the children met with the Family for worship. They marched to the "House" in their shirt sleeves in summer, with their drab coats if in winter, but at the

waiting room these must be removed, as in the worship no coats were ever worn. In the Shaker belief the worship of God demanded a zeal and activity of body no less than soul at least equal to manual labor, in which no one would think of wearing his coat.

Entering the Meeting Room, keeping step and bowing low as they entered, the boys walked on tip-toe to the west side of the room and formed in a row standing. On the opposite side of the room the little girls were ranged in the same manner in number about the same as the boys. The Ministry, two of each sex, entered by opposite doors bowed and walked to the north side of the room and became seated. The little bell now rang and the Family, each sex by its own door, entered, all bowing, and formed in ranks, the sexes facing each other; but the Ministry remained facing the south.

The service began by singing an anthem. Every one, down to the youngest child, who could read, had a book and was expected to unite in the singing, or, if unable to sing, to move their lips, repeating the words. The singing was in melody only. Harmony was excluded in worship, possibly from the difficulty of adapting it successfully to the entire congregation. Instrumental music was not permitted, being a mechanical aid and detracting from a symbolism of full consecration of body and soul in worship. It was a clinging to the old Pilgrim conservatism, as was the retention of the antiquated styles of clothing and of the yea and nay instead of yes and no. But it was not alone at religious worship that musical instruments suffered prohibition. None of them, not even a Jew's harp, was permitted within the precincts of the society. Sometimes a rude fiddle or drum would be made, and a few choice spirits would secretly meet for a little musical sweetness, but ere long discovery would be made and the contraband treasures ruthlessly confiscated.

After the singing of the anthem the senior minister made a few introductory remarks, and then the first elder would say "We will now go forth in the Square Order." This was a beautiful evolution when accurately and gracefully executed, and the people devoted many hours to its drill to make it as perfect as possible; and the children were assiduously instructed in it.

This form was not in use by the other Families, as older people had difficulty in acquiring precision in it. In public meetings a modified form of it, called "Stepping Manner," was used. The people formed in solid ranks, the sexes on opposite sides of the room, all facing the north. A row of singers facing them. At the start of a wordless tune all advanced three steps, brethren with left foot first, sisters with right foot; then turning, brethren to the right, sisters to the left, all moved three steps backward; turning again and making three taps with the feet. This movement was repeated. Now, again three steps forward, and three taps, three steps backward without turning and three taps more. These movements again repeated occupied the first half of the tune. Then followed the shuffle which cannot easily be described, and then the entire operation was repeated.

Next followed the united singing of a short piece and then came the "circular march." A band of singers of both sexes formed an elliptic circle in the centre of the room. Around this circle was another one of the youth and children, and outside of these a double circle of the older members. In marching, the inner circle moved to the right around the singers, the

outer circle to the left around the room. Some of the marchers were very slow, others quick to double quick in movement. The exercises was varied by a "slow song" in which all were facing the centre of the room and all singing.

On the last march, at a time when all were in a convenient position, the elder gave a signal by a stamp of the foot and the sexes passed to their respective sides of the room, formed in elliptic circles and continued marching. Just now the elder would usually call for a "quick song." This meant a dance, and was the only form of worship thus designated by the Shakers. There was no method in this form and never any drill for it. To the stranger not in sympathy with the devotional spirit of the worshipers it might excite derision and did so when performed before strangers at our public meetings; yet it was really the most devotional of any part of the worship. It was expressive of zeal and spiritual activity. It was fraught with manifestations of love for each other and most earnest desire for truest spiritual development, and the entire assembly was pervaded with a depth of fervor impossible to adequately portray.

Differing as I now do from many of their ideas and the beliefs to which I once held, I must concede to them the deepest sincerity, and in these devotional services the most exquisite spiritual refinement. Howbeit, a more independent and intelligent conception of obvious facts, forces me to the inevitable conclusion that much of its power consisted of a high degree of unconscious hypnotism produced by the intense concentration of a multitude of minds, aided by somewhat intense physical activity. This was practically admitted at a later date when the society relinquished all this exercise in their worship, and with no pretense of being guided by Divine influence in so doing.

I would greatly rejoice to believe it possible to ascribe the various phenomena of those occasions to some reaching down from the spheres above, the whirling, the messages from departed friends, the improvisation of song, some most marvelous. Most deeply did my young mind enjoy it all, and when I came to doubt it the most tender part of my life was cruelly bruised. But gradually I was compelled to see that this faith was largely the offspring of desire. Because we so earnestly wanted these things to be, we made ourselves believe them, but long ago I ceased to trust unreasoningly to faith.

One demonstrated fact is worth a thousand visionary fancies. Give me facts even at the death of fondest dreams, or most cherished hopes. This may seem rather dangerously skeptical, but it is honesty.

There is no question about the sincerity of the Shakers of long ago. There can be no doubt as to the honesty of their lives. In their relations of the sexes they were absolutely clean and wholesome, in every way true to their profession. In thus according full tribute to their many virtues I can consistently assume the right to criticise their defects.

These meetings continued from one to two hours, depending upon the interest and enthusiasm maintained, the leading elder deciding. In those earlier days there was very little speaking except by the ministry and elders, but a more general participation in that part of the service was encouraged until it became universal and occupied a large part of the service.

(*To be Continued.*)

THREE OLD LOVE LETTERS

By Wm. M. Stuart.

The rambling old house where we live has been in continuous possession of the family for over two hundred years. Portions have been rebuilt and others added, but much of the original structure stands in about the same condition as when it was built by old Roger Boynton in 1690. Constructed of imported Holland brick and snugly ensconced in a thick grove of cedars, it has withstood the assaults of time well.

It is full of relics and mementoes of by-gone days and the garret contains enough heirlooms to stock a museum.

On rainy days it was my delight as a boy to climb to this storehouse of old memories and there delve, dig and explore.

This penchant has never left me. It was only last week that I discovered a small, brass-bound box which proved to be unlocked. Lifting the cover, I found it empty except for a peculiar brass object, composed of small sheets of metal, and a package of three old letters tied with a faded blue ribbon. Upon closer inspection, I concluded that the brass object was an officer's epaulet of a vanished pattern.

I turned my attention to the letters. They had no envelopes but had been closed and sealed in a peculiar manner by folding the sheets upon which the messages were written.

I opened one and read. Growing interested, I failed to note the flight of time. "Here," said I, "is a story." True, the theme was old—old as the story of Cain's expedition to the land of Nod—but withal as new as the romance of Susie Burke, the kitchen maid, who last week eloped with the hired man, but recently returned from France.

The first letter was addressed to Mr. Hugh Boynton, The Cedars, Albany County, N. Y. The date was October 22, 1813. The writing was in a lady's hand, the characters being as smooth and even as copper plate.

How stilted they were in those days. What high-sounding phrases. What erratic spelling. But as I read further, I asked myself: "Did they love more deeply a century ago? Did they remember better? Were the men more honorable, chivalrous and brave?"

I shall take the reader into my confidence but leave the answer to him—or her. I have changed nothing but the spelling of a few words and the capitalization of many. The letter writers of a century ago had an odd habit of capitalizing the verb and beginning the proper nouns with small letters. I have not even enclosed the letters in quotations marks.

Read as I did and thrill as I did if you are old fashioned enough to believe in the passion that flourished in the days when a man loved but one woman and the divorce evil was unknown; if not, just turn the pages of the magazine and look for something more to your taste.

Be warned, this is not a story of a beautiful and childless society woman who fell in love with her husband's best friend—or his chauffeur.

My dear and respected friend Hugh:

Your letter of yesterday was brought safely to my hands by old Cato and I have delayed until today to answer, as I wished to spend the night thinking over what I should say.

Cato was very insistent on an immediate reply and pleaded: "Massa, Hugh was trampin' up and down and he say, 'Cato, damn you, bring

THREE OLD LOVE LETTERS

me a letter from Miss Peggy tonight or I wring yo neck'; so Miss Peggy you has sho got to write to Massa Hugh now or he will explufercate."

I hope you did not wring his neck, for he is a faithful old slave. I shall set down in order the reasons for my former letter in which I desired that our engagement be broken.

I wrote rather than waited to see you because it was easier that way. I quailed at the thought of meeting your fierce eyes. You know you have a very bad temper, Hugh.

One reason for my breaking with you was undoubtedly because I am stubborn by nature, and the thought that our respective parents had destined us to marry enraged me. I wish to be courted rather than be claimed as a bit of property that passes in a deal.

I have also thought that you were not a stranger to this mood either and that—in short—you did not love me enough. It is my belief that a maid will love a man if only he love her enough. His is the more active passion and hers does but respond to his, be it never so ardent.

Then again I am a little jealous. You will think this a bit inconsistent, perhaps, but you know that is a prerogative of my sex. One night, not so very long ago, I glimpsed a miniature of a beautiful young lady in your watch case and you failed to gratify my curiosity by explaining. It was probably one of your old flames of Columbia college days.

And now, Hugh, I come to the greatest reason why I cannot marry you. In this day of national peril, when we are in danger of losing the independence your father and mine helped to win at Saratoga and Yorktown, you stay meekly at home hunting, fishing, gaming and drinking, with apparently never a thought of your bleeding country.

I cannot doubt your courage—men talk yet of your wonderful fight with the giant wolf two winters agone—it must, therefore, be just plain indifference. Indifference, even while your state is being invaded! This, in my opinion, is worse than cowardice; for a coward can, if he be patriotic enough, conquer his weakness and finally make a great end. And you are the son of old Colonel Boynton who was with Washington at Valley Forge!

Your gambling I could forgive, your drinking I could tolerate, your laziness overlook—for you are rich and do not need to work—perhaps your somewhat languid love I could learn to reciprocate; but one who does not place love of country above all else cannot hope to wed with Peggy Livingstone.

And now, dear old friend, if I have hurt you I am sorry but I cannot change one word, for all I have said is true. I am blunt by nature, even as my old father is. And would you not rather have me thus?

Believe me, I am with great esteem,

Your old playmate,

Peggy Livingstone.

The next letter was addressed to her who had signed the previous one. The writing was in a bold, masculine hand, yet the characters indicated that he who held the pen was either old or weak. It was dated August 8, 1814, and was written at Fort Erie, Upper Canada:

My old-time sweetheart, Peggy:

It seems ages since I last heard directly from you by the medium of that letter in which you so frankly informed me of my sins of omission and commission. Although that was considerably less than a year ago, I believe I have changed mightily since then. Certainly my condition is vastly different then it was a year ago.

Because of circumstances which

will later appear I now feel privileged to make some explanations that I was too proud to make at that time. I wonder if my condition would have been different had I done so.

I received your letter just as I was setting out to ride the bounds and I took it along with me. I have it yet. I had always liked to ride the bounds but on this day, after reading your letter, I took no pleasure in my task. In the morning I had thought the wood beautiful with its dress of scarlet, gold and brown. The sky too was blue and clear of clouds and the stillness in the forest was almost oppressive. The air seemed charged with something that filled me with longing—a delightful yet withal a bitter longing after something I could not attain. I now knew, or thought I knew, what that longing was.

I suppose we never realize how much we want a thing until it is beyond our reach.

As I rode along my way the forest seemed to grow dark and forbidding, yet the sun still shone in a cloudless sky. The plump of my horse's hoofs in the soft mold had a most mournful sound—like clods of earth falling on a coffin. I had not until then realized how much you were to me. I had always taken you for granted. Now I could not even hope—for I knew your stubborn breed.

A rabbit darted from a coppice and frightened my horse so that he shied suddenly and nearly unseated me. A rage seized me. "Napoleon, you damned scoundrel!" I cried as I lashed him.

Then I remembered your words: "You know you have a very bad temper, Hugh." But those were not the words that cut me, little playmate; it was the last part of your message. To have a temper is nothing to be ashamed of. Most men with any force of character have that.

But to have you think that I was indifferent to my country's welfare—aye, there was the rub. Why, ever since the war began I had been wild to go, and would have gone too only for father. He knew what was in my mind, so one day he called me to his bedside.

"I have only a little while longer to stay, Hugh," he said. "Bide with me lad till I pass over, then go to the war and do your duty as your family has always done it. Nay, lad, I will be gone long before the struggle is over. Bide a while with your old father, Hugh."

And so I stayed—could I do else? To smother my impatience, I suppose I did indulge in drinking and gaming to excess. No need to deny it.

Another thing to explain? Oh yes—the miniature. That was a small reproduction of a painting of my mother done by Trumbull when she was twenty; the year of her marriage. I never thought to explain. I did not know you had observed it. Never did I have a flame while at college, nor have I ever loved other than you.

And so at last, just before the snow fell, father died and was buried with his fathers. Through family influence I secured my commission, joined the army of General Jacob Brown at Black Rock and was assigned to the 21st regiment in time to participate in the invasion of the peninsula.

I will not tell you of how we whipped the British at Chippewa—of that you have read—nor of our various marchings and countermarchings. But I cannot refrain from saying that we have an absolutely unbeatable army here. No better ever marched forth to battle.

Its motto seems to be: "When in doubt, attack!" But I must on to the end of my story.

On July 25, General Brown despatched the first brigade commanded by "Old Fuss and Feathers" (General Scott) to make a demonstration toward the British position at the falls in order to deter them from making a raid on our stores on the American side of the river.

The brigade, 1300 strong, left our camp on Chippewa Creek about four o'clock in the afternoon. As the long gray column, with drums beating and colors flying, passed down the dusty road, which led away through green fields and patches of wood, a rainbow played over it, one end seeming to rest in the Niagara River.

About an hour passed and then a most tremendous cannonade broke out beyond a point where the column had vanished. Instantly General Brown ordered the second brigade to advance to support our comrades. We had proceeded but a little way when a horseman burst from the wood ahead and dashed up to the General.

"General Scott is engaged with the enemy twice his number and is in danger of being cut off. Reinforcements are needed instantly," the messenger said.

Double quick time was ordered and our brigade advanced rapidly and in perfect order. The oblique rays of the July sun beat down fiercely and our brave regulars panted under their burdens of heavy knapsacks and equipment. For about two miles the killing pace was kept up, the roar of the battle sounding plainer each second.

We passed through a piece of wood and a picture at once inspiring, thrilling and horrible burst on our sight.

In a field which lay just below a hill to the north, about one-half of our heroic first brigade lay dead or wounded. The remnants of the three infantry regiments had been consolidated into one battalion which was about to make another charge as our column came up.

It was now about half past eight and growing dark. From the right the roar of the mighty Niagara came to our ears during the intervals between volley firing.

On the hill in front a long line of heavy cannon—nine in all—marked the center of the British position. Both on the hill and the flanks red uniforms gleamed thickly through the gathering gloom. The enemy outnumbered our first brigade at least two to one and hearty English cheers indicated the arrival of reinforcements simultaneous with our own advent.

General Ripley, who commanded our brigade, turned to my colonel—Miller of New Hampshire—and said: "Colonel, that battery on the hill is the key to the enemy's position. If we capture that, the day is our own. If we fail, our army will be cut to pieces. Do you think you can take it?"

Miller saluted and answered quietly: "I'll try, sir."

He formed the regiment into a long double line. The men came to "support arms." On our left the 23rd moved into line.

It had now grown quite dark. There was a moon, but rolling clouds of smoke almost totally obscured its feeble light.

On the hill the position of the British battery could be made out by the flaming torches carried by the gunners. Our regiment stood like two lines of statues. The white cross-belts of the men gleamed through the darkness.

There was an interval when an almost complete silence reigned, then our colonel wheeled his horse, raised his sword and cried: "Men of the 21st., forward!"

Our lines moved forward with as

perfect discipline as though on parade.

On the hill a hoarse voice shouted something. Instantly the gloom was dispelled by flashes of the enemy's artillery. Then the red infantry opened with volley firing. Grape and canister, solid shot and musket balls hurtled through our lines. Men pitched forward on every side. I could hear bones snap as the shot struck the bodies. The men neither halted nor hesitated, but with grim faces pressed steadily on up the hill.

As for myself I never expected to reach the top, but I did not seem to fear. One thought was uppermost in my mind: "I wonder if she will believe that I really dared."

We neared the top of the hill and could see the cannoniers working furiously at the guns. They looked like smiths at their forges. We could not see the infantry but we knew it was there.

But a few yards separated us from the guns when we received orders to fire. A flash burst from our line and by the glare we saw a heavy line of infantry with leveled muskets behind the artillery.

We swept over the guns and bayonetted the few surviving gunners. The cannons were turned around and opened upon the infantry which stood but a few minutes and then vanished into the darkness. The British center was broken and his guns were our own!

Our men feverishly emptied their canteens and rested on their arms. They said little but showed pride. They had defeated Wellington's veterans in their chosen position.

"Let the men rest in line of battle. The enemy will attack presently," said General Ripley. "The Johnnie Bulls won't give up their guns without another struggle."

I was surprised to find myself yet alive. Several balls had penetrated my clothes but I was untouched. I had had a premonition that I should not survive the fight. But the battle was not yet over. "The ides of March were come but not gone."

The fitful moonlight broke through a rift in the smoke cloud and partially lit up the field of battle. As you know, Peggy, moonlight always made me feel romantic.

"How many scenes like this," I speculated, "has that old moon looked upon. For thousands of years, by day and by night, men have been engaged in killing other men while the women at home have urged them on. Why is it so? These men we are fighting tonight are men of our own race. Why do we hate them and they hate us?"

And then I thought: "Was ever a young soldier about to die in like condition unto myself? Here I am, where I longed to be, thinking of the only girl I ever loved, while she is at home despising me because she thought it was but her words of scorn which sent me forth to battle for country. Well, tomorrow it won't matter. I shall be buried here in a foreign land and she will forget, just as countless other girls have forgotten, countless other and better men since war became a national pastime."

The moon seemed to fascinate me. I stared at it while a most peculiar sensation, vision, thought or whatever you may call it, crept into my mind. Possibly the battle fever and some half-forgotten memory of a lecture on reincarnation, heard while at college, were responsible for it.

It seemed to me that I had loved and lost you before—I mean in another period of existence. It seem that thousands of years ago I was a junior officer in the army of the king of Assyria, and you were a lady of high degree. I loved you and at first you seemed to recipro-

cate my passion, but finally you got to despise me—for what I know not now. In a fierce battle with the Medes I was wounded unto death. You hastened to my side and poured endearing words into my ears. Yes you said, "I love you," as you knelt beside me. But I died—aye, I died and so lost you.

From my trance I was roused by a sound as of an approaching host which came from the darkness at the foot of the hill whence our foe had vanished.

"Do not fire until their discharge illuminates their line of battle," ordered our General. Steadily the sound of marching feet approached. Gruff voices sounded, giving words of command. Click of steel and rasp of leather, but nothing could we see. The moon had once more hid its face as if afraid to look upon what must soon transpire.

A gush of flame and a stunning roar dispelled the darkness and shattered the silence. So close it was that we felt the rush of hot air. Bits of wadding hit our men in their faces, but most of the bullets went over their heads.

The discharge that burst from our line was far more effective as groans and hasty commands proved. For about twenty minutes volleys flashed from the opposing lines only a few yards apart. Our men fired by section, platoon and company. So continuous and constant was the firing that when the smoke lifted or was blown aside by the breeze, the enemy's red line and our own gray one stood out in bold relief against the surrounding darkness.

I marked the flushed and scowl-disfigured face of one of the foemen. His bulging left eye gleamed with passion; his right was hidden in the shadow cast by the raised hammer of his musket. He was so near I could have tossed my chapeau and hit him. I seemed to look directly down his musket-barred. The hole was black and apparently of enormous size, while the circle of steel around it gleamed like silver in the glare of the ever-flashing musketry. I leveled my pistol and fired; he dropped like an axed bull.

They could not stand our fire and vanished once more, but a long line of twisted figures marked where their line had stood.

"Well done men. I guess they now understand they are not fighting the Monsooers," boomed the voice of General Ripley.

Another silence while the men wiped their foreheads and prayed for water. There were no springs on the hill.

Again an advance from out the darkness. Once more the close-range murder with artillery added to help the slaughter. Almost muzzle to muzzle the cannon stood so that the discharge from a piece drove flecks of burned powder into the faces of the opposite artillerymen.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." These men were like unto one another. Who would first confess defeat?

Once more they yielded us the field. It was now midnight.

"The next will be the last," said a voice, "and it is like to be the worst."

He was right. This time they received our fire in their teeth and rushed on to test the bayonet. Our men flinched not from the shock. As the lines met, the musketry died out and the men fought in nearly total darkness. Bayonets grated on gun barrels and groans and oaths intermingled. Confusion reigned. It was a surging, struggling, gasping mass. My sword was sunk more than once into bodies which it met in the darkness.

Our line absolutely refused to budge. The enemy was, therefore,

AN OLD-FASHIONED SNOW STORM

By Charles Nevers Holmes

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

"Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow:
And ere the early bed-time came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts."

—*John Greenleaf Whittier*

"All day had the snow come down,—all day
As it never came down before;
And over the hills, at sunset, lay
Some two or three feet, or more;
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone;
The windows blocked and the well-curbs gone;
The haystack had grown to a mountain lift,
And the wood-pile looked like a monster drift,
As it lay by the farmer's door."

—*Charles Gamage Eastman*

Those of us who never leave the city, and those of us who dwell, every winter, amid perpetual summer in the pleasant South, have no adequate idea of a real snow storm. Within the city, our view is limited and confined, and the newly fallen snow is soon removed or trodden down under foot. Within the country, however, our view is almost unbounded, and the snow lies like a spotless mantle over vale and hill, long after it has wholly disappeared from city thoroughfares. And although, alike in city and country, there is not much else to be seen, during a great snow storm, other than white flakes whirling hither and thither, there is something in the peculiar freshness of rural air and the surroundings associated with a large, comfortable farmhouse, which appeals more to us than such a storm in a city. Dur-

ing an old-fashioned snow storm in the country, we hear voices of nature unheard in the city. Somehow the wind sounds different, and the snow flakes seem whiter and thicker. We are surrounded by real winter, with very little else to attract our attention.

When we retire for rest, not a star is to be seen, and a peculiar chill in the air indicates the coming of the Snow-king. When we awake, we feel, without raising the window-shade, that the Snow-king reigns and rages. Our bed-chamber is unusually cold, and we can almost hear the soft falling of the snow. We rise and raise the curtain. We gaze upon a weird, white world. A strange, frozen world of whirling snow flakes. Myriads and myriads, descending steadily or, suddenly, flying hither and thither, driven by a gust of wind. We stand in silence and admiration, looking through the half-encrusted window-pane, dreaming perhaps once more of far-off days in childhood. Then, after a while, we leave the window and our bedroom, and amid the warmth of the comfortable farmhouse we almost forget the great storm which is raging out-of-doors.

All day long that storm continues. The night comes very early, and, following a bountiful supper, the family gathers in front of a cheerful hearthstone. A big and homelike fireplace, where the flames roar frequently a defiance to the Snow-king, that is reigning like a despotic monarch in the world outside. Here, as time passes, the family reads or dozes, or discusses some national or local topic. Occasionally, its members hearken to gay music, from the piano in the corner. Finally, "bed-time" comes, and, one by one, the family says "good-night," until the large room is wholly deserted, excepting the big dog and the black cat, that lie half-asleep, peacefully side by side, basking amid the pleasant warmth from the fireplace. The room is now in darkness save for the light from that fireplace, whose embers still glow brightly as the small clock on the mantel and the large clock in the hallway, the former rapidly, the latter slowly, announce the hour of midnight.

Another morning dawns, and the great storm is over. Again, King Sol shines amid a cloudless sky. He shines in a cold, clear, azure firmament upon a weird, white world, upon vale and hill that look exactly alike in their spotless mantles. Everywhere out-of-door there is a dazzling glitter of frozen crystals, a brilliant sparkling and reflection of solar rays. All is snow—snow—snow! No roads, no fields, no forests, no man, no beast, —all snow. Even the neighbors' houses and barns are mostly covered with snow, and the distant spire of the old Orthodox Church is absolutely invisible. It is indeed a veritable universe of snow, framed by the sapphire splendor of a cloudless firmament.

Presently a sound reaches the ear. The clock of the old Orthodox Church is announcing the hour of nine, but its voice is muffled and faint. Nevertheless, it proclaims that mechanical life still exists in the outer world. A little later, and the telephone rings. Shortly afterwards the merry, welcome bells of a laboring sleigh are heard, and the scrapings of a snow-shovel, clearing the front walk. At last a neighbor passes by, struggling on foot through the drifts, leaving behind him huge footprints in the snow-heaped roadway. Little by little, human life awakens out-of-doors, and friends "drop in" to discuss the great storm and the few incidents which have happened while it was raging. We go out of doors, to breath in deeply the

cold, pure, wholesome air. How delicious it is, almost as delicious as a draught of cool, sparkling water drawn from a well, on some sultry day in summer. All is white and blue, all is bright and beautiful, all is fair and pure. We gaze upon the snow-bound landscape as "upon a world unknown," and upon unfamiliar surroundings where we behold, "No cloud above, no earth below,—a universe of sky and snow!"

And, after the sun sets and gloaming has departed, when night has come, we again go out of doors, and are entranced by the spectral splendor around us. Such splendor and scene have been incomparably described by the poet Whittier:

"The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible."

CHRISTMAS WREATHS

By Mabel Cornelia Matson

Twenty Christmas wreaths in a verdant row
Only one who fashioned them could love them so.

Prince's pine and bitter sweet, charming wreaths are these
And the pungent graceful juniper is sure to please
The rings of wandering ground pine are beautiful to see
And the feathery gray green hemlock curving gracefully.

But, oh, the wilful holly, as it round the circle bent
Pricking and protesting, every separate inch, it went.
All glossy green with scarlet nests it shines among the rest.
Did the bleedng fingers help to make it lovliest?

Twenty Christmas wreaths in a verdant row
Only one who fashioned them could love them so.

EDITORIALS

Mr. Brookes More, whose generous offer of prizes for the best poems printed in Contemporary Verse during 1920 has aroused so much interest, pays the Granite Monthly the compliment of making it his medium for a similar competition in the year 1921; so that we are able to announce an honorarium of fifty dollars to be awarded the most meritorious piece of verse appearing in the next twelve issues of this publication.

We are honored further in the acceptance of invitations to act as judges by Miss Katharine Lee Bates, Mr. William S. B. Braithwaite and Governor John H. Bartlett. Miss Bates, professor of English at Wellesley College, is widely known as author, editor and educator. Mr. Braithwaite is America's best anthologist and a critic of the highest and fairest standards. Governor Bartlett's "Victory Song," inspired by the World War, recalled to some of us the promise shown by his poetical contributions to college publications during his Dartmouth days; and though he has since found little time to woo the muse, he is eminently qualified to act with Miss Bates and Mr. Braithwaite in this pleasant duty.

The donor of this and similar prizes, Mr. More, has himself found time, amid large business interests to write and publish a few volumes of poems which have been praised highly by the critics. He believes in verse as a medium of self-expression and of spiritual interpretation, as well as of word painting, emotional appeal and the historical record of the balladist. His worthy motive in offering these prizes for poetry is to stimulate interest in American verse among those who write it and those who read it. It is needless to say that the Granite Monthly takes pleasure in being privileged to co-operate with him in this endeavor to some slight extent.

The failure of the people of New Hampshire to ratify any of the amendments to the constitution submitted to them on November 2, is to be regretted. Some of the proposed changes would have been of little practical effect save to rid the constitution of dead wood, but others were of immediate and considerable importance and their defeat is an injury to the progress and welfare of the state. Some of the delegates to the convention took pains to inform the people of their towns as to what the amendments meant and why they should be ratified. Where this was done the effect was noticeable in the vote cast. If it had been done to a much larger extent the $60,000 which the convention cost the state might not have been money wasted. The state press, including this magazine, might have done more to call the attention of the voters to the ballot containing the amendments and thus help to secure an expression of opinion from more than the 48% of the total vote recorded which settled the fate of these important matters.

knows the native men and women of rural New England better than they know themselves.

BRITE AND FAIR. By Henry A. Shute. Illustrated by Worth Brehm. Pp. 274. Cloth, $1.90. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

"The Real Diary of a Real Boy" was and is one of the funniest books ever published. We never have seen a normal person who was such a non-conductor of humor as to be able to resist its laughter-producing current. "The things they didn't dass print" in previous editions of Plupy Shute's youthful autobiography, including, especially, the exploits of "the Terrible 3," now have found a censor they could pass; and, after introducing a new element into the pages of Good Housekeeping, the woman's magazine, now appear within book covers and are given the advertising publicity they deserve; also, some good pictures by Worth Brehm. The humor of "Brite and Fair" is universal. It is not necessary to have been in Exeter or to have read the News-Letter in order to appreciate it. But without doubt we New Hampshire folks get some additional pleasure out of its pages through having known in the flesh "General Mastin" and some of the other worthies who are minor characters on the comedy stage of which Plupy and Beany and Pewt occupy the front center most of the time. Whether the church picnic or the town fair or the midnight fire is the subject of the funniest chapter it is hard to decide, but there will be unanimous agreement with Plupy's final verdict that for a boy in Exeter with a father and mother and sisters and chums like his "it is fun to be alive."

MASTERS OF THE GUILD. By L. Lamprey. Illustrated by Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis. Pp., 240. Cloth, $2. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

One of the most successful books for young people published last year was "In the Days of the Guild" written by Miss Lunette Lamprey of Concord and put out in attractive style by Stokes. It achieved the somewhat unusual distinction of meeting with equal approval on the part of parents, teachers and librarians, and the boys and girls under their charge. This was due in part to Miss Lamprey's very readable style in both prose and verse, in part to the enticing make-up of the book and in part to the fact that it was something new about something old; English history told us by the woodcarver's apprentice, the goldsmith's son, the shoemaker's boy, and so on.

All those who enjoyed "In the Days of the Guild" will be glad to know of the appearance this winter of a second book from the author's pen, "Masters of the Guild," taking us in the manner of its predecessor into the Europe of the Middle Ages, and making us see how the people lived, what they wrought and how and why, their adventures and their sports, their religion and their romances. It is good to know all these people from the brave young Sir Gaultier to Dickon, the smith, and while the publishers say that like its companion the book is designed especially for young people from 12 to 18, we believe that in many households every member will be numbered among its interested readers.

It is unusual to find in a "juvenile" book such verse as Miss Lamprey's "Galley Song," to mention just one of the uniformly good

knows the native men and women of rural New England better than they know themselves.

"The Real Diary of a Real Boy" was and is one of the funniest books ever published. We never have seen a normal person who was such a non-conductor of humor as to be able to resist its laughter-producing current. The things they didn't dass print" in previous editions of Plupy Shute's youthful autobiography, including, especially, the exploits of "the Terrible 3," now have found a censor they could pass; and, after introducing a new element into the pages of Good Housekeeping, the woman's magazine, now appear within book covers and are given the advertising publicity they deserve; also, some good pictures by Worth Brehm. The humor of "Brite and Fair" is universal. It is not necessary to have been in Exeter or to have read the News-Letter in order to appreciate it. But without doubt we New Hampshire folks get some additional pleasure out of its pages through having known in the flesh "General Austin" and some of the other worthies who are minor characters on the comedy stage of which Plupy and Beany and Pewt occupy the front center most of the time. Whether the church picnic or the town fair or the midnight fire is the subject of the funniest chapter it is hard to decide, but there will be unanimous agreement with Plupy's final verdict that for a boy in Exeter with a father and mother and sisters and chums like his "it is fun to be alive."

poems which accompany each chapter of "Masters of the Guild."

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Pp. 144. Boards, $1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

Abbie Farwell Brown was born in the heart of the city of Boston, under the shadow of the state house, and lives upon

".....a narrow city street
That clambers with a will
Between two ragged cliffs of brick
Upon a windy hill."

But she comes of Hampton, New Hampshire, ancestry and in this book of poems she sings with rare charm of how

The Hampton marshes to the sea
Stretch out a colored tapestry;
A woven, iridescent gleam.
Patterned with many a sea-filled stream,
Where dips the heron silently.

Above the Hampton meadows soar
Wisps of a quaint, forgotten lore,
Wild legends of another day,
Sea-born and salty, like the spray
Flung from the great tusks of the boar.

And as I wander down the street
Of Hampton Town with loitering feet,
A fragrance breathes from gardens old,
Drawn from the centuries of mould,
Thyme, bleeding-heart, and bitter-sweet.

The ghosts of lovely ladies rise
With terror in their haunted eyes;
Witches and redskins, soldiers grim;
Pirates and Puritan—oath and hymn—
All in a web whose thread I share.

The Hampton pines these legends know,
And gossip them in whispers low.
They spin an eerie charm that twines
About the lovely Place of Pines,
To blood that throbs from long ago.

"The Rock of Liberty: A Pilgrim Ode, 1620-1920," is the long poem of the book, some of the others deal particularly with the Pilgrim Fathers, and practically all breathe the Pilgrim spirit.

Some were inspired by the war, including "Three Golden Stars," in memory of three Radcliffe college girls who died abroad. One of them, Lucy N. Fletcher '10, was of Concord, New Hampshire, but as Miss Brown writes

".....a Briton born and Island bred,
Chose for America to serve, and bless
Our wounded with her strength and steadfastness.
She sleeps in France among her Yankee dead."

The tasteful little book is well named, for in its pages Miss Brown reaches and interprets the "heart of New England."

BLIND. By Ernest Poole. Pp., 416. Cloth, $2. New York: The MacMillan Company.

"This meandering book of mine is only a string of memories," writes Ernest Poole, as Lawrence Carrington Hart, along about the middle of his latest novel; and he has written his own review thereby. But the "string of memories" are the most interesting that any man of our generation could have and they are set down with the purposeful art and labor of one of our most sincere writers. They are of life on a New England homestead; of undergraduate days at Yale; of newspaper work and play writing and "seeing life," all kinds of life, in New York; of Germany in the first years of the war, of Russia in its last years; of the great war riddle that seems as far as ever from an answer. In writing of Poole and his work one always harks back to his magnificient debut in "The Harbor"; and truth to tell, there is not in "Blind"—there could not be from its nature—that splendid irresistable progress to an inevitable end, like the rising of the tide, in "The Harbor." But "Blind" gives us the best idea we have received thus far from any war fiction of how the world has been twisted

and torn and how very far it is today from being mended and healed. As one of our mountain folks for a considerable portion of every year, Mr. Poole belongs, we feel, to New Hampshire in large degree, and his adopted state appreciates and is proud of the high purpose and standards of his work and his art.

THE MORNING COMETH

By Fanny Runnells Poole.

I treasure not the vague, portentous words,
Night comes alike to all.
Remembering the joyous lilt of birds,
And the rathe dewiness the dawning girds,
Wherefore not say: To all
Cometh the Morn?

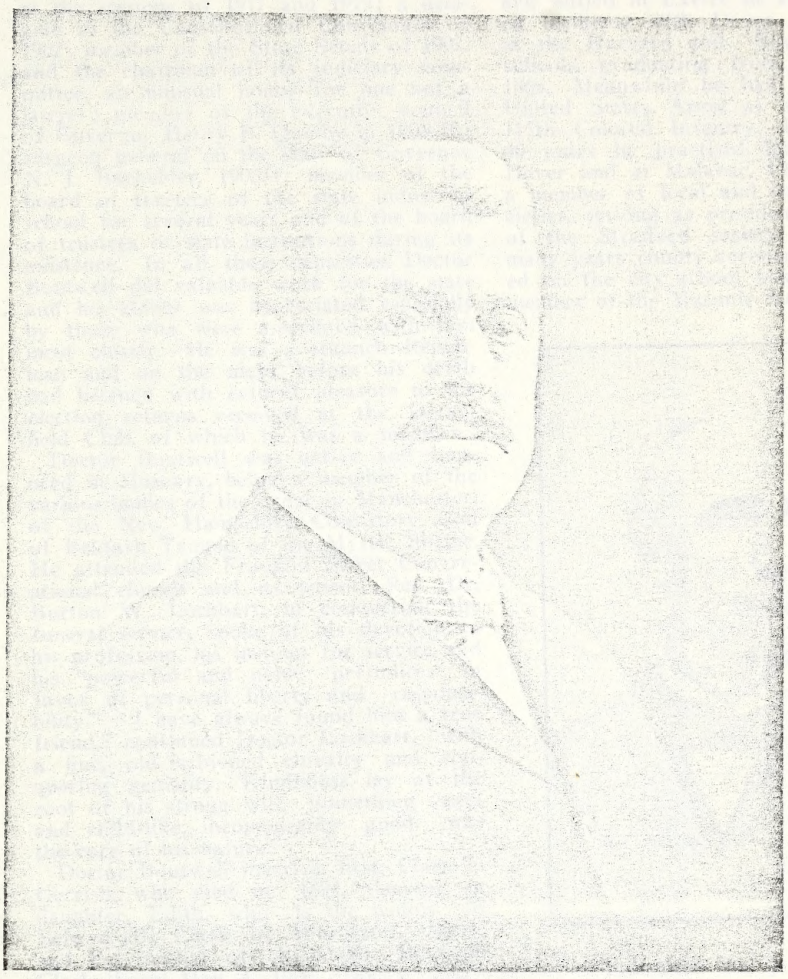
Yet we would not dethrone thee, blissful Night,
Whose benediction beams;
We, who have known thy stars, know thee aright,
Soother of sorrow, hallower of light,
Mother of sweetest dreams!

For every one his mood. I do not doubt
As true a bard was there
Who sang, "Into the night go all," as, out
Of brimming heart, one gave th' inspiring shout,
"'Tis always morn some where!"

But if I found myself in regions drear,
Companionless, forgot,
Voices of morning I would choose to hear,
See rich mid-day, nor link with darkling fear
Man's immemorial lot.

Life's promise unfulfilled, should we meet Death,
Dear Heart, we need not grope,
But greet the utmost wonder with glad breath.
Though brave deeds fail, we yet may challenge Death
With that undying Hope:
Cometh the Morn.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY



Henry W. Boutwell.

DR. HENRY W. BOUTWELL.

Henry Winslow Boutwell, M. D., one of the foremost physicians and best known public men in New Hampshire, died suddenly at his home in Manchester, November 3. He was born in Lyndeborough, August 2, 1848, the son of Rodney C. and Nancy J. (Barnes) Boutwell, and as a boy attended Francestown Academy. Coming to Manchester, he engaged in business as a druggist and at the same time studied medicine with Drs. George A. Crosby and W. W. Wilkins. Entering the Harvard Medical School, he graduated in 1882, and from that date has been a highly successful practitioner. For many years he was surgeon to the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company and president of the medical staff of the Sacred Heart Hospital.

In public life he was equally prominent

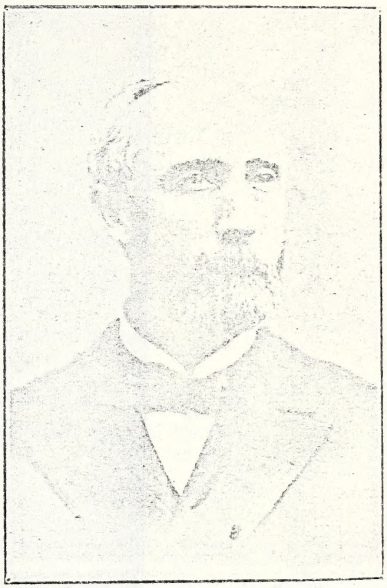
his service to the state including all branches of its government. He was a member of the House of Representatives at the sessions of 1917 and 1919; a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1902; member of the State Senate of 1907, and the chairman of its judiciary committee, an unusual honor for one not a lawyer; member of the executive council of Governor Henry B. Quimby in 1909-10; surgeon general on the staff of Governor N. J. Bachelder, 1903-4; member of the board of trustees of the state industrial school for several years and of the board of trustees of state institutions during its existence. In all these capacities Doctor Boutwell did valuable work for the state and his ability was appreciated especially by those who were associated with him most closely. He was a staunch Republican and on the night before his death had listened with evident pleasure to the election returns received at the Derryfield Club, of which he was a member.

Doctor Boutwell was active and honored in Masonry, being a member of the various bodies of the order in Manchester, of the New Hampshire Consistory, and of Bektash Temple of the Mystic Shrine. He attended the Franklin Street Congreational church and its pastor, Rev. Dr. Burton W. Lockhart, in conducting the funeral service, spoke of his devotion to his profession, his instinct for service and his "powerful and noble prejudices in favor of personal liberty and responsibility." "I have always found him a true friend," continued Doctor Lockhart, "with a fine, old-fashioned chivalry and conquering geniality. Kindliness lay at the root of his strong will. Something sweet and child-like, incomparably good, was the core of his nature."

Doctor Boutwell married, first, Clara L. Gerrish, who died in 1894, leaving a daughter, Edith, who is the widow of Selwyn B. Clark of Worcester, Mass., and the mother of Elizabeth Boutwell Clark, born May 4, 1906. Doctor Boutwell is survived by his second wife, who was Miss Mary Stanton, a native of Sandwich, and by three brothers, George S., Roland H., and Roswell, all of Brookline, Mass. and one sister Mrs. A. J. Hawthorne of Paris, France, with several nephews and nieces.

DR. JOHN R. HAM.

John Randolph Ham, M. D., prominent physician of Dover and well known student of local history, died at the home of his daughter in Palmer, Mass., October 31. He was born in Dover, October 23, 1842, a lineal descendant of William Ham, who came from England and settled in Exeter in 1646. He studied medicine with Dover physicians and at the Harvard and Bowdoin medical schools, graduating from the latter in 1865. Meanwhile he had served in the United States Army as surgeon of the 115th Colored Infantry. For more than 40 years he practised his profession in Dover and at Malabar, Florida. He was a member of local and state medical societies, serving as president and secretary of the Strafford society. He was for many years county coroner and had served on the city school board. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity and for

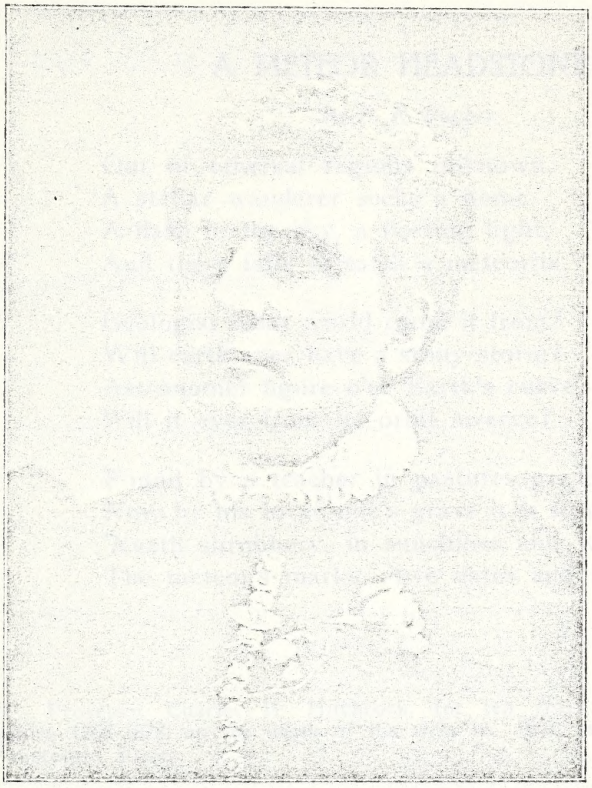


THE LATE DR. J. R. HAM

a long time senior deacon of the First Parish Congregational church in Dover. Doctor Ham wrote much upon historical and professional subjects and contributed to the New England Register a genealogy of the Ham family. He married Emily Caroline Hersey, daughter of Gen. George W. Hersey of Wolfeboro. She died in 1909 and Doctor Ham is survived by two daughters, Miss Emily F. Ham of Palmer, Mass., and Mrs. W. H. Foster of St. Albans Vt., a brother, Dr. Edward B. Ham of York Beach, Me., and a sister, Miss Charlotte Abigail Ham, of Dover.

MRS. MARILLA M. RICKER.

Mrs. Marilla Marks Young Ricker, one of New Hampshire's ablest and most widely known women, died at Dover, November 13. She was born in New Durham, March 18, 1840, the daughter of Jonathan B. and Hannah D. (Stevens) Young, and attended Colby Academy at New London. She married John Ricker of Madbury, who died in 1868, and after his death she spent several years abroad. She was a Republican in politics and her offer in 1910 to become the candidate of the party for governor attracted much attention. She was a Free Thinker and had written much, including four published volumes, in support of that doctrine. "An early abolitionist, pioneer suffragist, and ardent disciple of Paine and Ingersoll, she has travelled widely and spoken and written much and forcefully in advocacy of her principles."



THE LATE MRS. MARILLA M. RICKER

Returning to this country, she took up the study of law at Washington, D. C., and was admitted to the bar in 1882, taking the examination with 18 men, all of whom she outranked. She was admitted in 1890 to the New Hampshire bar, being its first woman member, and in 1891 to practice before the supreme court of the United States. She was a pioneer worker and speaker for woman suffrage and for years made it her custom to pay her taxes at Dover under protest and with the demand that she be allowed to vote.

HOWARD A. DODGE.

Howard A. Dodge, veteran Concord business man, who died in that city October 25, was born in Lempster 77 years ago; the son of Amos and Emily (Everett) Dodge. He attended the public schools of Tilton, Concord High School and Eastman's Business College at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and during most of his life engaged in the hardware trade. He was the last surviving member of the original board of trustees of the Loan and

Trust Savings Bank and was for many years, until his death, a trustee of the Centennal Home for the Aged. He was the senior deacon of the South Congregational church and an untiring worker in all of its activities. In politics a staunch Republican, he was the colleague of the late Senator Wiilliam E. Chandler from Ward Five, Concord, in the Legislature of 1881, and had been president of the common council and a member of the board of alderman. He was a member of White Mountain lodge, I. O. O. F., and of Capital Grange, Patrons of Husbandry. Mr. Dodge married, October 18, 1870, Fannie E. Webster of Concord, by whom he is survived, with their daughter, Frances, two brothers, George A. W. Dodge of Washington, D. C., and Kirk W. Dodge of Hyde Park, Mass., and three sisters, Mrs. Mary E. Reed of Concord, Mrs. E. R. Warner of Jackson, Mich., and Mrs. George A. Fernald of Winchester, Mass.

A METEOR HEADSTONE

By P. R. Bugbee

Out of ethereal regions unknown,
A stellar wanderer seeks a home.
A flash in the sky, a fleeting light,
And there falls to earth a meteorite.

Geologist what world came it from?
Will earth ever have a stony storm?
Astronomer figure o'er Earth's curve,
Will it ever from its orbit swerve?

Found by a teacher in pastures green,
Now by his loved-one's grave it is seen
'Neath shrubbery, in sunshines and rain,
The meteor's marks,—two dates and a name.

NOTE:—Professor Charles H Hitchcock, for ten years State Geologist of New Hampshire 1868-1878, on the death of his wife in 1892, marked her grave with a large meteoric stone.

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This Company is an extensive manufacturer of medium grade women's shoes, under the Trade Name of "Constant Comfort," being in fact the largest exclusive manufacturer of flexible women's shoes sold direct to the retailer. The output of the Company is staple, free from important variations in style and is in constant and increasing demand.

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